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THE JOURNAL

of

The AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

JOHN G. COYLE, M.D.,
EDWARD J. McGUIRE, LL.D. } EDITORIAL
VINCENT F. O'REILLY, } COMMITTEE

VOLUME XIX
FOR YEAR 1920

37 WEST 39TH STREET
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American Irish Historical Society

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PRESIDENT-GENERAL

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
159 West 95th Street, New York City.

VICE-PRESIDENT-GENERAL

JOHN J. LENEHAN,
192 Broadway, New York City.

SECRETARY-GENERAL

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,
37 West 39th Street, New York City.

TREASURER-GENERAL

COL. LOUIS D. CONLEY,
37 West 39th Street, New York City.

LIBRARIAN AND ARCHIVIST

VINCENT F. O'REILLY,
19 Forest Street, Montclair, N. J.

HISTORIOGRAPHER

MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN,
230 Echo Place, New York City.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

ANNA FRANCES LEVINS,
53 West 39th Street, New York City.

ANNUAL MEETING.

January 24th, 1920.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the American Irish Historical Society, held at the rooms of the Society, 37 West 39th Street, Borough of Manhattan, on Saturday, January 24th, 1920.

Present: President-General Clarke in the Chair, Miss Levins, Judge Lee, Patrick F. Magrath, Alfred M. Barrett, Edward H. Daly, Captain O'Brien, Santiago P. Cahill, John J. Murphy, Bernard J. Joyce, Joseph F. O'Connell, Col. Conley, Herbert D. A. Donovan, John G. O'Keeffe, and William J. Farrell.

President-General Clarke welcomed the members in behalf of the Society and thanked them for re-nominating him to the office of President-General.

REPORT OF PRESIDENT-GENERAL

The after-war year which has just passed into history has been notable for the whole world and, in our smaller way, notable for the American Irish Historical Society. It was our general belief, founded upon past experience, that a single year would suffice to bring the United States and the other nations at war, back to peace conditions, reorganized where necessary and newly stabilized along the paths of commerce, industry and inter-communication. The new year of 1920, was, according to this forecast, to be rejoiced over at its coming by the peoples of the world once more moving jubilantly and facing a superb and cheering future. But as the magnitude of the war-struggle had been great beyond all previous records on its purely militant side; had involved the exclusive services of many more millions of combatants; engaged the supporting efforts of more races and nations than ever before, so its cost in life, in munitions, in food and clothing for non-producing elements, in positive destruction of wide populous areas; in a thousand other sources of horrible waste from the unprecedented destruction of shipping to the undermining of the health and strength of tens of millions of non-combatants, the

mass of things to be righted exceeded all historic derangements in the history of the world.

In examining the aspect of our own great country and the old and new nations, as the Great War has left or has evolved them, we find the country so dear to us all, the direct motherland of most of us, Ireland, still a prey to governmental conditions not of her choosing. While her master, the English government, has vacillated between plans for Home Rule, that she never applies, and actual oppression, the people themselves by a large majority have decided to create an Irish Republic. The struggle of ages, therefore, has taken a new and ominous face, and the call is loud in the ears of her children to help her and to pray that a settlement may be reached without further sacrifice of her wasted population and destruction of the little means between her and annihilation.

Outside, then, of things material, outside the vast necessary reparations, outside the organizing of new nationalities calling into play olden greeds, as well as new aspirations, the survey of the nations became through the past year more and more disturbing. The very problem of beaten and shattered Germany and Austria, was an anxious one for the victors as well as for the nations themselves.

But still another problem was offered for solution, namely, whether government at large should shift its base from the people as a whole to a class in the name of the proletariat. Originating in Russia as a live force, though no novelty in revolutionary speculation, this Bolshevism or Communism became a potent source of unrest through the civilized world. Even the Democracy of the United States where the people have ruled in freedom for over one hundred and thirty years, faced perfidious assaults upon its safety. It would have been strange if our citizenship had been for a moment unequal to dealing with this enemy, but a watchfulness, a sternness in decisions have become necessary, and, as we witness daily, are applied, or prepared for application.

The great war moreover left other acute problems for the United States, the question of the share of labor in all its functioning with private capital, the resumption of private ownership control as against the continuance of governmental control in

the great matters of transportation, the continuance or suspension of ship construction by the government.

With the many-faced factors pressing the Peace Council of the Allies, it is not surprising that the formulation of the Treaty of Peace should not have been reached before the middle of last June, and that its ratification by the friendly and enemy powers should have brought us to the threshold of the present, is in keeping with the vaster proportions of the propositions before the nations.

The tension in the United States has been kept up in no small degree because the United States Senate after having the Treaty of Peace seven months before it has so far failed to ratify it, largely on account of the terms in which the Covenant of the League of Nations has been formulated. We are, therefore, still nominally at war with Germany, and enterprise is to a large extent tied up in our marts and factories.

On the other hand, our great army of four million men has been successfully disbanded, the two million men sent overseas have been returned, and so far as is visible all or nearly all have been absorbed in the ways of peace, and are actual producers once more. Our labor problems, though acute at times and threatening, have mostly been settled or are settling, and capital fairly reassured, is laying its development plans on a large scale, consonant with our great unimpaired resources. The United States emerges the premier power of the world in cash, credit and other material.

The slow settlement of European and near Eastern affairs has, however, necessitated a continuation of the blessed work of relief in the devastated and impoverished countries, their various pressing claims having precedence with the charitable public through 1919, and still demanding recognition and support.

In this connection, namely of the continuance of calls for philanthropic objects, it may be noted that the institutions of learning through the whole country feeling sharply the inadequacy of their endowments in face of the rise in the cost of living and commodities, have been conducting a series of "drives" for new funds on the largest scale. From Harvard University with its subscription in excess of \$10,000,000 down through all the universities and colleges the response has been wonderful, giving new proof of

America's thoughtful, stimulating generosity, aside from such mighty personal gifts as the recent \$100,000,000 gift to educational uplift by John D. Rockefeller.

While such loud and insistent calls are being made upon American goodwill, the voice of a body like the American Irish Historical Society must obviously await its turn to be heard. Its cause, however, is a noble one, and its claims upon the Irish-born and Irish-descended citizens of America will in time secure a well-deserved response.

The Society even now has to announce that out of the welter of the great war and the unrest of the days since the armistice of November 11, 1918, it comes forth in better condition than ever to carry on its work. Numerically the membership has but slightly increased. New memberships, life and annual, exceed by a score, the losses by death and the very few resignations. The pressure of the war times upon the Society has been most felt in non-payment of dues, often a matter of neglect. Endeavors to awaken those thus neglectful henceforth will not be wanting.

Where the Society has most gained has been in the region of bequests. Through the passing away of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet early in the year, the legacy of his famous Irish library to our Society has been noted. Its coming into our possession awaits the probate of the will of the great scholar, surgeon and patriot. A gift greater in money value but inestimable in moral and example has been the bequest by our well-known and lamented fellow-member, the late Dr. John T. Nagle, of \$60,000 in cash and a fine house in the heart of New York, free of all liens, to serve as a national headquarters. In the proper place and at the proper time the tribute due to Dr. Nagle's memory will be made. Suffice it now to say that the gift comes from the hand of an upright, gifted, modest man filled with love of Ireland and the Irish race and whom I, who address you, knew as such during nearly half a century of very pleasant acquaintanceship in the City of New York.

Alterations to fit the large five-story dwelling, No. 132 East 16th Street, bequeathed to us, and now the property of the Society, to the purposes indicated, will be undertaken with no more delay than the present leased occupancy warrants. A fire-proof structure for our valuable books, a fine meeting hall and reading room,

offices for our officials and a number of meeting rooms for societies with cognate aims will result. And it is believed by the distinguished alterations Committee, of which Mr. John J. Murphy is Chairman, that the changes can be made and the "John T. Nagle Memorial Hall" opened to the Society and its members by October of this year.

In preparation for this heartening event the Society at large and every member of it should join in a "drive" for members in numbers worthy of our present good fortune. It may be looked on as certain that new accretions of valuable books and bequests of funds in line with the splendid gifts of John D. Crimmins, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. John T. Nagle, will continue to come our way as long as the Society shows that it is serious in its work, that it is honestly and economically administered and possesses character in its officials. Our greatly extended library, ultimately embracing the full history of our race in the United States and Ireland and reaching out to all parts of the world wherein Irish brain and muscle have been effective, will be the centre to which all who seek knowledge on Irish subjects must come in order to learn the last word upon them. Our spacious Reading Room and Assembly Hall for all members will be a continual attraction. Our increased funds will make it possible to issue a monthly bulletin in addition to the yearly volume of the Society's Journal inspiring the State Chapters to special exertion. We are in fact offering ever-increasing attractions without any rise in the cost of membership—five dollars a year.

In the direction of increased expenditures we may feel called upon to employ extra help for which we expect to be reimbursed from the rentals of the upper floors.

A matter in this connection which I lay before the Society in full confidence that it will take it up for satisfactory solution is the urgent need that the Society has for the full services of its brilliant Historiographer, Michael J. O'Brien, on terms worthy of his historic genius, his highly specialized scholarship and his needs of existence. For the main supply of the latter he has been filling a position of consequence in the ranks of a great corporation where he is one among many, a position which naturally exacts from him a full day's work for a full day's pay, imposing upon what are the resting hours of others, the magnificent brain

work to which he has shown such unique devotion and wherein he has wrought with such complete success. He is a man in a million. Let us treat him as such. The publication of his great work "A Hidden Phase of American History," treating so fully and so masterfully the part taken by Irish soldiers in the war of the Revolution has made an epoch in American letters. It has been the centre of discussion during the year and emerges victorious above all assaults, from those in the United States Senate to the bone-dry upholders of the ignorance and prejudice of the past by fugitive commentators and amazed creatures with flippant pens. The strain of the difficulties of laying this work before the public fell heavily upon Mr. O'Brien, as well as much of the cost, but he has borne it all manfully, although at the risk of his health as well as his money. It is a condition from which it is our imperative duty to see that he is rescued for his own sake as well as ours.

Such potent works as "Ireland" by Francis Hackett and "Ireland's Fight for Freedom" by George Creel, both appearing in America during the past year, and "Father Duffy's Story" by the great Chaplain of the Fighting 69th, are proof that the good seed is working in the ground and flowering in all men's view; but the master worker who by word and pen is capable of heading an American Irish Renaissance must be solidly enthroned in the high seat he has conquered for himself. I commend this vital matter to the Executive Council for vigorous action, and I appeal to the membership to do justice to the talents and manhood of Michael J. O'Brien.

Let the Society, then, work vigorously upon the problem of largely increased membership and on the necessity of adequately endowing the chair of Historiography. We should have 10,000 members and additional endowment of \$50,000.

The Treasurer-General's report and that of the Secretary-General exhibit the condition of our finances: that the Society has no debts; that its endowment funds are intact; that the issue of the Journal, belated by war-conditions and strikes in the printing trades, was made. That another volume will speedily be issued and measures taken for its regular appearance. The cheerful efficiency of Alfred M. Barrett and Santiago P. Cahill has deserved well of the Society.

To the Society which has retained me in the President-Generalship for the last seven years, since the untimely death of President-General McGowan in 1913, I return my gratitude. Although anxious to retire from the Presidency for the last three years, I confess to great pleasure in my renomination for the ensuing year wherein it is my hope to live to see the American Irish Historical Society firmly established in a dignified home of its own and well set upon the road of prosperity and progress, thanks to the fine spirits of those who have gone to a better world and before they left us remembered our aims and our desires.

January 23, 1920.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

Mr. Daly moved that the President-General's report be received and placed on file.

MR. CLARKE: The next order of business is the report of the Treasurer-General.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER-GENERAL.

YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1920.

Balance on hand at December 31, 1919, date of last report	\$2,694.13
Received since date of last report.....	15,613.99
Total	\$18,308.12
Disbursed since date of last report.....	15,005.36
Balance of Cash in hands of Treasurer-General.....	\$3,302.76

ASSETS OF THE SOCIETY.

\$1,000 N. Y. C. 4 per cent Corporate Stock 1936....	\$1,006.56
1,000 N. Y. C. 4 per cent Corporate Stock 1955....	966.56
1,000 N. Y. C. 4 per cent Corporate Stock 1959....	1,014.94
1,000 N. Y. C. 4¼ per cent Corporate Stock 1960..	1,013.89
1,000 N. Y. C. 4¼ per cent Corporate Stock 1962..	990.47
3,000 U. S. Liberty Loan 3½ per cent 1947.....	3,000.00
2,500 U. S. Liberty Loan 2nd Conv. 4¼ per cent 1942	2,500.00
10,000 U. S. Liberty Loan 3rd—4¼ per cent 1928...	9,152.25
Total Investments	\$19,644.67
Furniture and Fixtures.....	995.00
Cash on hand—All funds.....	3,302.76
Total Assets	\$23,942.43

**SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
FOR THE YEAR 1920.**

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand December 31, 1919.....	\$2,694.13
Received since date of last report:	
Foundation Fund—W. C. Durant gift.....	\$10,000.00
Life members fees—11 members.....	550.00
Membership fees—53 new members.....	265.00
Membership fees—old members.....	3,020.00
Journal	16.00
Rentals	302.50
Rents—Nagle property.....	772.69
Interest on bank balances.....	105.44
Income on Investments.....	582.36
	<hr/>
Total receipts for the year.....	15,613.99
	<hr/>
Total to be accounted for.....	\$18,308.12

DISBURSEMENTS.

Printing Journal and expenses.....	\$1,066.06
Administration Expenses	1,910.87
Administration—Legal—Nagle house.....	48.00
Advertising death notices.....	113.35
Historiographer	625.00
Engrossing Certificates	12.30
Press Clippings	18.36
Miscellaneous	9.00
Deficiency Annual Banquet 1920.....	23.45
Annual Banquet expenses 1919-1920.....	45.00
Purchasing Books	20.00
Rent	1,400.00
Rent—Bonus Nagle lease.....	500.00
Exchange on checks.....	11.72
Foundation Fund investment.....	9,152.25
Furniture and Fixtures.....	50.00
	<hr/>
Total Disbursements	\$15,005.36
Balance cash on hand:	
Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank.....	\$95.76
Metropolitan Trust Co.—Foundation Fund.....	2,849.37
Metropolitan Trust Co.—General Fund...	84.94
Metro. Trust Co.—Rent Nagle Spec. Acct.	272.69
	<hr/>
Total Accounted for.....	\$18,308.12

RECEIPTS.

Amount of subscriptions heretofore reported.....	\$6,365.82	
Received from other sources.....	2,102.36	\$8,468.18
Received since date of last report, March 22, 1920—		
W. C. Durant gift.....	\$10,000.00	
Interest bank balances.....	87.33	10,087.33
		<u>\$18,555.51</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

Amount heretofore reported since date of last report.	\$6,513.75	
April 16, 1920—\$10,000 U. S. Liberty Loan, 3rd, 4¼ per cent due 1928 at 91.46 and com.	9,152.25	
Accrued interest thereon collected Sept. 15 reported in Income on Investment.....	40.14	15,706.14
Balance on deposit, Metropolitan Trust Co., N. Y. City		<u>\$2,849.37</u>

REAL ESTATE.

(John T. Nagle Bequest)

RECEIPTS.

March 20, 1920—Rent net.....	\$321.30	
June 25, 1920—Rent net.....	147.39	
July 21, 1920—Rent net.....	304.00	
Total		<u>772.69</u>

DISBURSEMENTS.

August 20—Bonus to purchase tenant's lease.....	500.00	
Balance on deposit Metropolitan Trust Co.—Rent Special Account		<u>\$272.69</u>

ALFRED M. BARRETT.

MR. CLARKE: Gentlemen, you have heard the report of the Treasurer-General. What is your pleasure?

MR. MAGRATH: I move that it be received with an expression of the Society's thanks to Mr. Barrett for his efficient manner in presenting the report. Motion seconded and carried.

MR. CLARKE: The next order of business is the report of the Secretary-General.

MR. DALY: The Secretary-General has been called out for a short time but has left his report to be read should he not get back in time to read it himself.

Secretary-General's report:

TO THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE AMERICAN
IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The undersigned as Secretary-General of the American Irish Historical Society begs leave to submit the following report for the year 1919.

The Annual Banquet of the Society held on the 4th of January last was a decided success. Those present had the pleasure of hearing Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, late United States Minister to Denmark speak on "The Martial Race."

Major Thomas T. Reilly, 165th U. S. Infantry, just returned from the other side, spoke of "The Old 69th in the European War," and Hon. Martin Conboy had as the subject of his address "The Irish in the Draft."

Rev. Patrick J. Healy, D.D., gave a masterly oration on "Ireland and Democracy."

William P. Larkin, I. L.D., Supreme Director of the Overseas War Activities of the Knights of Columbus spoke on the work of the order on the other side.

No Field Day was held during the year 1919.

Volume 17 being for the year 1918 appeared last July. The lateness of the appearance of this volume of the Annual was due to the trouble in the printers' trade, namely, strikes, etc.

The Secretary-General has had numerous requests for back numbers of the Annual Journal of the Society, and where possible, he has supplied the same. These applications have come in in considerable numbers from Boston.

A committee was appointed by the President-General to take up the subject of collecting data in relation to Irish boys or boys of Irish descent who fought in the late war. I understand that this Committee has not formulated any definite plan as to the method by which it will collect the necessary data for the reason that it has been waiting until other organizations, notably, the Catholic University in Washington, have formulated their plans in respect to the matter, so that the Committee of this Society can work in conjunction with them.

In the meantime, a large number of newspaper clippings and other data of a similar character have been collected.

The Society has not received during the past year as many publications from other societies as in other years. This evidently is due to the fact of the trouble in the printing trade and the high cost of paper, so that the various societies have been compelled to reduce the amount of their publications.

It might be mentioned in passing that two valuable books were received from the University of California, namely, "The North West Company" and "Catalogue of materials in the Archivo General de Indias."

The Executive Council of this Society held four meetings during the past year. All these meetings were held at the rooms of the Society No. 37 West 39th Street, New York City.

The total membership of the Society is now 1260 Annual Members and 130 Life Members. There were admitted to the Society during the past year 52 new members, that is to say Annual Members.

The following Life Members were admitted to the Society:

Brig.-Gen. D. F. Collins, Elizabeth, N. J.

Thomas Hughes Kelly, 5 Beekman St., New York City.

James J. McGraw, Ponca City, Okla.

E. I. Donovan, Langdon, N. D.

Cornelius Corbett, Detroit, Mich.

Col. Louis D. Conley, New York City.

John H. Farley, Cleveland, Ohio.

Philip J. Kearns, New York City.

William J. Corcoran, Boston, Mass.

One Honorary Member was elected to the Society, namely, Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia.

The Society has lost by death 29 members; notable among these might be mentioned Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. John T. Nagle. Dr. Nagle left by his will, a house on East 16th Street besides \$60,000, a more detailed account of which has been given in the report of the President-General. Sufficient to say, that the Society is now in possession of this house.

Dr. Emmet bequeathed to the Society by his will all his books relating to Ireland, but it has not as yet received these from the executors of the estate.

The Society received the sum of \$940.82, being the amount of the legacy left to it by the late John D. Crimmins, less the transfer tax.

The Secretary-General has been in communication with the various branches of the Society, notably that of Illinois, which seems to be a most active branch of the Society.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Dated, January 24, 1920.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL.

MR. CLARKE: Gentlemen, you have heard the Secretary-General's report, what is your pleasure?

CAPT. O'BRIEN: I move that the report be accepted as read. Motion seconded and carried.

MR. O'BRIEN: Is it not a fact that the reserve fund is known as the Building fund, and if we now have a building why do we need a building fund?

MR. MAGRATH: The Building Fund or as it is termed the Foundation Fund was created for a specific purpose and we cannot touch the money for any other purpose.

MR. BARRETT: We took a thousand dollars from the Foundation Fund and put it in the General Fund last year, but that thousand dollars was only transferred from the General Fund to the Foundation to be taken back at any time should we need it in the General Fund.

MR. CLARKE: The next business in order is the report of the Nominating Committee:

Report of the Nomination Committee read by Judge Lee.

REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

To Joseph I. C. Clarke, Esq.,

President-General and to the Executive Council of
The American Irish Historical Society.

The Nominating Committee duly appointed at a meeting of the Executive Council of the American Irish Historical Society to

make nominations for the offices to be filled at the annual Election of the Society to be held on the 24th day of January, 1921, do hereby report the following names selected by it to fill the following offices respectively:

President-General,	Joseph I. C. Clarke, N. Y. City.
Vice-Pres.-General,	John J. Lenehan, N. Y. City.
Treasurer-General,	Alfred M. Barrett, N. Y. City.
Secretary-General,	Santiago P. Cahill, N. Y. City.
Librarian and Archivist,	Vincent F. O'Reilly, Montclair, N. J.
Historiographer,	Michael J. O'Brien, N. Y. City.
Official Photographer,	Miss Anna Frances Levins, N. Y. C.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Hon. Chas. Scanlan,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Patrick F. Magrath,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan,	N. Y. City.
James L. O'Neill,	Elizabeth, N. J.
Patrick Cassidy, M.D.,	Norwich, Conn.
Thomas S. O'Brien,	Albany, N. Y.
Hon. Thomas Z. Lee,	Providence, R. I.
Patrick T. Barry,	Chicago, Ill.
Hon. Joseph F. O'Connell,	Boston, Mass.
R. J. Donahue,	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
John G. Coyle, M.D.,	N. Y. City.
Edward H. Daly,	N. Y. City.
John G. O'Keeffe,	N. Y. City.
Frank S. Gannon, Jr.,	N. Y. City.
Alfred J. Talley,	N. Y. City.
Edward J. McGuire,	N. Y. City.
Henry L. Joyce,	N. Y. City.
Edward M. Tierney,	N. Y. City.

STATE VICE-PRESIDENTS

Arizona,	T. A. Riordan.
California,	Robert P. Troy.
Colorado,	James J. Sullivan.

Connecticut,
 Delaware,
 Florida,
 Georgia,
 Illinois,
 Indiana,
 Iowa,
 Kansas,
 Kentucky,
 Louisiana,
 Maine,
 Maryland,
 Massachusetts,
 Michigan,
 Minnesota,
 Mississippi,
 Missouri,
 Montana,
 Nebraska,
 New Hampshire,
 New Jersey,
 New York,
 North Carolina,
 North Dakota,
 Ohio,
 Oregon,
 Pennsylvania,
 Rhode Island,
 South Carolina,
 South Dakota,
 Tennessee,
 Texas,
 Utah,
 Vermont,
 Virginia,
 Washington,
 West Virginia,
 Wisconsin,
 Wyoming,

Capt. Laurence O'Brien.
 John J. Cassidy.
 J. J. Sullivan.
 Michael A. O'Byrne.
 John McGillen.
 Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey.
 Jerry B. Sullivan.
 Patrick H. Coney.
 James Thompson.
 Rev. Michael Kenny, S. J.
 Charles McCarthy, Jr.
 Michael P. Kehoe.
 Cornelius J. Corcoran.
 Cornelius Corbett.
 C. D. O'Brien.
 Dr. R. A. Quin.
 Hon. O'Neill Ryan.
 Rt. Rev. M. C. Lenihan.
 Rev. M. A. Shine.
 James F. Brennan.
 Col. David M. Flynn.
 Rt. Rev. John Grimes.
 Michael J. Corbett.
 E. I. Donovan.
 Thos. Plunkett.
 J. P. O'Brien.
 Thomas Hobbs Maginnis.
 Michael F. Dooley.
 William J. O'Hagan.
 Robert Jackson Gamble.
 Joshua Brown.
 Richard H. Wood.
 Jno. J. Galligan, M.D.
 Thomas Magner.
 Daniel C. O'Flaherty.
 William Pigott.
 Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Donahue.
 Hon. James McIver.
 Eugene McCarthy.

OTHER VICE-PRESIDENTS

Canada,	Leo D. Ryan, Montreal.
Dist. of Columbia,	Rev. Patrick J. Healy, D.D.
Ireland,	Michael F. Cox, M.D., Dublin.
Australia,	Most Rev. Daniel Mannix, D.D. LL.D., Melbourne.
Philippine Islands,	Rt. Rev. Michael A. O'Doherty, Manila.

Dated New York, January 24th, 1920.

THOMAS Z. LEE,
Chairman Nominating Committee.

MR. MAGRATH: I move that the Secretary-General be instructed to cast one ballot for the acceptance of the Nominating Committee's report and the election of all named.

MISS LEVINS: I second the motion.

MR. CAHILL: The Secretary-General announces that he has cast the ballot and declares the officers duly elected.

Mr. Cahill read a letter from Chicago from Mr. O'Donnell declining the nomination of Vice-President of the Society for the State of Illinois, inasmuch as the Chicago Chapter had elected Mr. John McGillen President of that Chapter and therefore wished Mr. McGillen to remain as Vice-President of the Society for the State of Illinois.

MR. CLARKE: I thank the Society for re-electing me President-General. I was quite anxious to be relieved of the office until I saw the very handsome bequest of Dr. John T. Nagle and I was then anxious to be retained in office until I saw the Society firmly established in a dignified home of its own and well on the road of prosperity and progress.

MR. MAGRATH: We must express our thanks to Miss Levins for the photograph she has presented at this meeting of the Society's new home.

MR. CLARKE: The Society owes Miss Levins its thanks for the many things she has done for it and for the pride and interest she takes in all matters concerning the Society.

MR. MAGRATH: Now Mr. O'Brien as a prop of the Society let us hear from you.

MR. O'BRIEN: Before I say anything else I must confess that I am very much surprised that no one has even mentioned the greatest movement of the day; not one has mentioned the buying of bonds of the Irish Republic.

MR. CLARKE: The Society cannot invest its funds in any project that does not pay a rate of interest and they can only be invested in some safe productive investment. The funds could be invested probably in something paying eight per cent if the Society could take a little risk, but not being able to take any risk with the funds of the Society they can only be invested in something paying a smaller rate of interest.

MR. DALY: As I understand it the buying of these bonds is really a donation to the Irish Republic. In that case the Society could vote to make a donation to this cause.

MISS LEVINS: I make a motion that the Society buy a bond of the Irish Republic. Mr. Daly seconded the motion.

MR. MAGRATH: I think that if the Society bought a hundred dollar bond of the Irish Republic and spoke of it tonight at the dinner that it would look ridiculous. A Society like the American Irish Historical Society with members all over the Union subscribing for a hundred dollar bond would look very bad. If you subscribe for a hundred dollar or a five hundred dollar bond, do it and say nothing about it.

MR. BARRETT: The Society has not the funds to buy a bond larger than a hundred dollar bond and I do not think this Society should go on record as purchasing anything so small. If the Society could afford it I would like to see it purchase a bond in the thousands, but as I say you cannot afford to buy but a small one and this Society would look ridiculous buying a hundred dollar bond and publishing the fact.

After discussion it was voted to have Mr. Murphy draw up a resolution to be read at the Dinner expressing its sympathy with the aims of the Irish Republic and endorsing the drive for ten million dollars and urging the members of the Society to contribute to the success of the movement.

The following resolution was adopted:

"WHEREAS the Dail Eireann has authorized a bond issue to raise money to promote the economic development of Ireland;

and whereas there is now in progress in the United States a drive for the collection of \$10,000,000 for that purpose;

BE IT RESOLVED that the Annual Meeting of the American Irish Historical Society gives its hearty endorsement to the proposal and urges its members everywhere to contribute, and lend their aid, to the success of the movement and requests that notice of contributions, or the contributions themselves, be sent to the Treasurer-General of the American Irish Historical Society, Mr. Alfred M. Barrett, 165 Broadway, New York City, for transmission to the American Commission on Irish Independence."

Mr. Daly called the attention of the meeting to the magnificent bequests made to the Society by the late Dr. John T. Nagle in his will. These bequests consists of a four story dwelling at 132 East 16th Street to be used as the headquarters of the Society and that the premises be known as "Dr. John T. Nagle Memorial Hall" and after the Society obtains possession of the building that such name be placed thereon in prominent letters and that in the hall of the building there shall be a tablet upon which shall be placed various names of Dr. Nagle's family as set forth specifically in said will.

The will also bequeaths to the Society all Dr. Nagle's diplomas, certificates, medals and other items of a personal interest connected with his family and also Dr. Nagle's books relating to Irish matters.

The will further provides for a bequest of \$10,000 in trust to be used and applied by the Society for the promotion of the objects for which it was organized and for the purpose of maintaining the said Dr. John T. Nagle Memorial Hall, being the premises devised to the Society by the Doctor's will.

The will further gives a bequest to the Society of the sum of \$50,000, said sum of \$50,000 to be used for the promotion of the objects for which the Society was organized.

On motion of Mr. Daly duly seconded

RESOLVED that the Society accept the bequest of the house No. 132 East 16th Street left to the Society by the terms and provisions of Dr. Nagle's will and also the bequests of a 10,000 and \$50,000 respectively and any other bequests coming to the Society under the said will of Dr. John T. Nagle and that the

said bequests be accepted by the Society subject to the provisions and terms of said will and for the purpose of carrying out the intentions of the testator in respect thereto.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,

Secretary-General.

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
22ND ANNUAL BANQUET.
WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL, N. Y. CITY.
JANUARY 24TH, 1920.

SPEAKERS.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, President-General, presiding.

MR. CLARKE: Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Members of the —(applause and laughter) Ladies and Gentlemen, I repeat, I wish to say before I go any further, that I am delighted to be interrupted by laughter at this festival so bright as it has been. You know it is one of the Irish characteristics to have a temperament that rises to all occasions. Some dozen years ago, I decided, at the advice of my doctor, not to drink any more whiskey or brandy or intoxicating liquor and the only thing that troubled me was, how would I get on with the boys, when we were all together, I could see them rising and rising in spirits and mine lowering and lowering, but somehow it didn't turn out that way. It went up and up until I was as drunk as any of them and now if I hear laughter at this stage of the game, it is very encouraging. I wish to congratulate the Society once more upon the happy thought that long before the advent of female suffrage, our Society graced its festive halls with the presence of the ladies, (applause) and in welcoming you to this festival of ours, I doubly welcome the beautiful and charming women that we find among us to-night. (applause.)

The world has passed, and now is passing, through a very fearful time. To be sure the war has ended, but the festering results of the war, the problems of re-arrangement, the difficulties of repatriation, the new nations that were erected, the old nations that have been cut in two—all of these things suggest tremendous problems, and again labor arises from the war stronger than ever in its position before the world. The soldiers fought the war, but labor at home made it possible for the soldiers to fight. They, therefore, were given, and since have claimed, a higher reward than ever; they are welcome to it; but in the course of this fixing

and mixing of the problems of unrest, there arose another danger, a danger from beyond the seas, insidious and daring, the danger that the communistic spirit that dictated its government in Russia as it stands to-day, should be spread amongst us. That became a tremendous problem for our people, but thank God it is settled and being settled in the proper way for freemen and men of freedom to settle it. We are now passing through difficulties, difficulties of re-arrangement and other substantive causes—that must be provided for, but on the whole, we shall remember that the war is over; that four million American soldiers passed under arms; that two million American soldiers have been repatriated who had been sent overseas and that so far as is possible, those men, those splendid men have resumed their place in the civil world. They are laboring now once more as producers, whereas, they were fortified and sent forth as destroyers. This was the case after the Civil War and it is the case in this war, the only difference is on the scale of magnitude. It took barely a year after the close of the conflict in 1865 to see the nation full upon its way again. Now, one full year after the close of the war, we find that the nation is not entirely settled down and we must be patient with it and do our best as American citizens to see that the stability of the Government is unimpaired.

In this question of the re-arrangement of nations, we, as Irish born, or Irish descended people, are vitally interested. There is one small nation to which we adhere in life, in faithfulness, in hope and encouraged for its future, I allude to Ireland (applause). Many and bitter have been its struggles; some of us have partaken in them in the olden days and now in the years of our age, find the struggle as strong, as bitter and as apparently as endless as ever, but the Nation of Ireland has made a choice. On one side it has been for Home Rule and then the Home Rule cup has been withdrawn from its lips. Over and over again has this maneuver been followed by London and now again she has put the proffer out. It is not our business here to decide this question; it is our business to see and judge what is going on. When I was a young man in the Fenian ranks (applause), we did not like—we did not like dictation from abroad, I am sure now that in the much more highly advanced condition of Ireland, that it wants to take its own counsel and follow its own course. It is more than fifty

years ago that I swore allegiance to the Irish Republic (applause). The oath was "to the Irish Republic virtually established." We know, despite the struggles then and since that it has not been really established as we call a government established, but the spirit is, and I contend that no other spirit can come out of Ireland than the republican spirit (applause), therefore, in the struggle just now on in Ireland, it is a great struggle, it is an age long struggle for the same end and to the same purpose. We cannot be indifferent to it, and wherever we can, we should aid it and hope for a better and eventual outcome of independence for Ireland (applause). There is no use in our prophesizing; our duty is to help where we can, and at the proper time, a little later on, one of your speakers will tell you the stand our Society has taken upon it, and I hope to hear it will be received in the proper spirit that is to be expected of men and women like yourselves.

Now, the Society has a great reason to be congratulated. During the war, the pressure for funds was so great and the heavy taxation and everything else that came to take what little money a man had from him, our Society maintained its existence and never went a cent into debt. It carried on its business in a thorough, business-like spirit. It cared for the funds which were entrusted to it and so comported itself that the bequests that have been coming to the Society are proof of the confidence that the Society has inspired. I name as one of the major gifts to it, the library and the thousand dollar bequest of the late Mr. Crimmins. I name next the magnificent library, the Irish library of the great patriot, great surgeon and great citizen, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet (applause), and the surprisingly large and magnificent bequest of the late Dr. John T. Nagle. It is, of course, known to most of you that at the banquet a year ago, Dr. Nagle was present. I had known him for nearly fifty years. When I was a young man on the New York Herald in the early seventies, Dr. Nagle was registrar of vital statistics of the Health Department of New York. He led an upright, manly, quiet and scientific life. He was a constant friend of the Society, a constant attendant at its meetings and the only indication I had heard that he intended to do this great thing for our Society was a remark he made at one of our Society meetings in leaving this hall. He said, "Some day I hope to do something good for the Society," and in his will admitted

to probate he bequeathes to us a large five-story house, twenty-five feet wide in East 16th Street, to be used as a National Headquarters. In addition to that, he has given us the sum of sixty thousand dollars.

Now, that sum and that house are putting the Society on its feet more strongly than it has ever been. We shall be able to alter that house so that it will provide a headquarters in every way; a fine reading room, a large library and a fire-proof structure for the holding of our valuable books. It will be a place that will be a mecca for Americans of Irish birth or descent; where a man from any part of the country with Irish blood in his veins may come and learn to know the Irish record as it is in America. It will be a foothold for our race. There are other provisions in the will, very wise provisions, that portions of the building which are not used for purposes of the Society, should be rented to other similar societies. Already I have had one society come to me saying that the Irish Library Society would be glad to come with us, and I merely mention this to show that already the great work is bringing fruit. I wish to add this personal note, that I wished to retire from the presidency for the last three years, but when it came to this year and I saw this great bequest and the opportunity of living with the Society, as I had been living for the last seven years, and of carrying or helping to carry, to fruition this great work of Dr. Nagle. I said, "You need not take my name off the list as I have no intention of getting out" (applause), and I feel free to admit what I have just said, to confess that small ambition in a way, but to promise you that a good rotation in office shall begin with your next banquet.

Now, I have said that the war was over, and we presume it is. We have not as yet gotten our Treaty of Peace revived, but we are not discussing that here. We shall leave that to the judgment in Washington and we shall concern ourselves, if you please, for the present, with the Great War itself. You know that one hundred and thirty-seven years ago there closed a great struggle in America. Mr. Michael J. O'Brien (applause) in his amazing work, "A Hidden Phase of American History," proved to the handle the proportion of Irish and Irish descended soldiers fighting in the army of Washington, but we know also that our men

fought in the war of 1812, in the Mexican War, tremendously in the Civil War, and right before our eyes, our own people, our blood and bone, have been fighting in the fields of France in the cause of humanity and for the United States (applause). They have conquered, wherever they have set their feet, and with us to-night, we have one who tremendously fought in that struggle, headed one of the greatest divisions of the army, who commanded the 27th Division (applause), the division foremost to break the Hindenburg Line, that hideous network for defensive warfare which was probably unequaled in preparation against an on-coming foe and yet our men, our men of New York, with their weapons in their hands went through those defenses and landed on the other side. All honor to them. You were witnesses, most of you, to the homecoming of the regiments in the earlier part of the year. Among those who came, were those of the 27th Division. You remember the swing, the majesty of those men as they came towards you. You remembered not merely that they were armed and trained, but that they had come through fields where they faced death. You felt within you as that body of men came forward; these are no tin soldiers, these are no parade generals, these are men who have fought and who have bled and who have lived to face the foe again. You knew they were thinking, "We are coming home." With a swing and the ring of their tramp, tramp, tramp, harken to it; time and time again, a vibrating march melody, this tramp of fighting men, the unison of rise and fall of feet to the sound of the continuous repeat; "Home, home, home, we are coming home; we are coming home with victory, with victory we bring it in the beat of eagle's wings, a storm song that the great Archangel sings, we have overthrown the Hun, we are soldiers of the Free, our work is done, the flag above us, see the flag, the proud old flag, the holy flag, we follow it to victory." (applause.)

It is now my duty to present to you this great soldier, this born fighter, this thoroughly equipped commander. It is something to say also that I am presenting to you a New York boy. He is not merely a rich scion, conferred upon us from the ranks of wealth but a man of the people, educated in our public schools, educated in the City College and the University of New York and from there graduating through the army as a side issue from his

practice as a lawyer, becoming so enraptured with this profession that he steeled himself in every way to meet these requirements, that he was not content merely with learning the art of the soldier as he was taught and as he could see it, but he went and graduated at the College of War in Washington so that when the war broke out and General John F. O'Ryan (applause), entered the war as Major General from the New York Guard, I did not believe that Major General John F. O'Ryan would fall below that rank during the war. You will understand that in the fixing and sending out and re-arranging of the army that a great deal of changing was done; that men that were in high positions in the civil army were demoted and changed and very often thoroughly extinguished in the army fighting in France. But as General John F. O'Ryan went to the front as a Major General, he, in spite of West Point, in spite of everything, by his manhood, by his faculties, by his power as a commander, returned as Major General John F. O'Ryan. He will speak on "The Irish American Soldier in the Late War." (Everybody rising, long and continued applause.)

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: When I was a lieutenant of artillery at a certain maneuver camp, an old officer of the army who had been with my battery for some time said to me, "Some day you may be a captain of field artillery and if you are I suggest you follow the advice I am now going to give you because I have been in the artillery for many years and you might as well profit by my experience. When you get the battery, the first thing you do is to look over the roster and see if there is in the battery a man by the name of Murphy. If so, you are reasonably safe." So, when I got the battery, I looked over the roster and found a man named Murphy. I had him pointed out and he was a corporal. I not only followed that advice but it appealed to me so strongly that I went out and enlisted two more Murphys so as to be perfectly safe and so we had three Murphys in our battery.

Now, when our division went to the Mexican border, in 1916, we did not have the up-to-date record that obtained in our army during the recent war and so we did not know the nationalities, the religious beliefs of our men. With the outbreak of this war, the army became the subject of investigation by many boards. Every man's mentality was looked into by a board of experts.

Boards composed of eminent psychologists came down and asked the officers various questions to determine their alertness according to certain prescribed formulas. The religious beliefs of men were recorded and so we came to know a great many things about our men in the form of statistics that never before were available. We soon learned that while we did not have in our division a small Irish army, nevertheless about one-half of the personnel of the division was Irish on one side or the other, rather an interesting thing to mention on an occasion of this kind.

Now, then, the time came when our division was ordered abroad. Naturally we supposed that we would land somewhere in France and immediately be ordered to join the force to which we belonged, namely, the American Expeditionary Force. Confident about our good fortune to serve directly with our own army, we recognized the possibility that we might serve with the French. I found on questioning many of our men—all of whom were volunteers by the way, (that may bear some relation to the fact so many of them were Irish—they don't wait to be called into the fight)—(applause), that they expected, as I did, that we would go with the Americans or the French. I think that was the expectation of our men because in inquiring of them at odd times during the enlist, while the answers were irregular and varying, there ran throughout all of them the idea of gratitude to France.

When we got to our port of debarkation, and were at Brest and St. Nazaire, there was an air of mystery about our future movements. Now, the soldier likes to know, where he is going and what he is going to do. That is a soldier's privilege. If it is done in the right way, it has a good effect upon discipline; if it is done in the wrong way, it has a bad effect upon discipline. His curiosity is a sort of custom in the service. There is in the army an old motto that the War Department puts square plugs in round holes and round plugs in square holes. That has reference to the way the personnel is put on jobs. That motto was fixed in the minds of many men in the divisional units. They said if there was any possible way of fitting a division where it does not belong they will be sure to do it. But this air of mystery was more or less cleared because I was told, and it was a great secret, that shortly the leading units of our division would move north. Well, I knew the French area was not north; I knew

certainly the American area was not north but possibly there might have been some change in the subdivision of the front during the time we were travelling overseas. It really did not occur to our division that we were to go with the British army and finally, as we moved north and through various towns that are not shown on the map and then as we crossed the Somme and got in the region to the west of Cressy, we knew we were in the heart of the British area. British troops were everywhere in the area through which we passed. Now, you can imagine the feeling of our men—the war is over and it is interesting to speak about it here—frankly they did not like it. They really did not, and the feeling was universal from top to bottom.

It was not that they had anything against the British Army, perhaps, but it was because their minds had been settled on service with our own people and if not, with the French. There was so much of romance about the French and so much to be expressed in the way of gratitude for their assistance in the Revolutionary War, that since we, like all Americans, had been brought up on the same school histories and all had the same things in mind, when we learned we were with the British Army it caused much discussion as to what it all meant. There were some officers who said, "What did I tell you about that old army rule about the square plugs in the round holes and the round plugs in the square holes"? The 27th from New York, three-quarters of them Irish, were sent to serve with the British army. It happened, however, as a mere matter of chance. We got there when the British were in need of help. The Fifth British Army in March had been practically annihilated; the rest of the British Army were fighting with their backs literally to the sea. Their line ran north and south as far as the general locality of Montdidier and there it turned southeast and ran down through the French and American sectors to the borderline of Switzerland. So we found the most activity in that area and when our division detrained in the course of a week and we had got back near to the Forest of Cressy with the division headquarters at the little town of St. Riquier we were associated with the Sixth British Division; which was really in very bad condition. It consisted of about twelve hundred quite depressed troops as a result of the dreadful German attack in March. The

British officers were surprisingly optimistic but the truth is that many of the men were pessimistic, to put it very mildly. Some of them went so far as to tell our men their efforts would prove useless; that they had been in the war from the beginning and there had been occasions when they looked for real success, but they did not now. Of course, our boys were talking to men who had been through hell, literally, and it was a pretty good test of the morale of our division for its first introduction into the war area to be confronted with that spirit and to exist in that kind of an atmosphere.

But our men had plenty of morale, unlimited confidence, wonderful physical vigor and were unaffected by these admonitions and this pessimism. Shortly after, our men were equipped with British rifles, British machine guns, British wagons and horses, everything British. We began to be very much concerned as to when this change in equipment would stop. Some of our men began to ask, "Are we to wear British uniforms? How about the buttons? Can't we retain something American?" But they were told that apparently our people did not have these things and the only source from which they could be drawn was the British. The British had a plan to bring about the proper feeling between our division and the British divisions associated with them. The plan was that each British commander would entertain what in the British army is known as his "opposite number," and the Americans would entertain in turn their "opposite numbers." By that I mean that the British division commander and his staff would have a party for the American division commander and his staff; each brigade commander with the American brigade commander, regimental with regimental, battalion with battalion and so on, right down to the non-commissioned officers and, of course, that gave ample opportunity for our people to mix in with these Britishers and get acquainted with them and hear their story and get their point of view and find out what they had to give in the way of advice and suggestion.

Anticipating what might happen on occasions of that character, I got the officers together and told them what, perhaps, was hardly necessary to say, but which was said to them, namely, that we were there for one purpose, to fight the foes. We were not there to discuss anything else and that, hence, they

wouldn't engage in conversation with the British officers on any matter extraneous to the military service and about which they might disagree. (applause.) They did accept and really follow out that advice. They in like manner conveyed it to their own men. Now, I really think that this accomplished what we intended. I do not personally know of an unpleasant incident in our service there. Of course, there must have been some. It would be humanly impossible to have twenty-seven thousand men associated with other men of different nationality and not have some cases occur, but certainly there was nothing of any consequence. Our men were well drilled in this and they liked it. They were reminded that, as Americans, they were naturally good mixers and it was up to them to do the getting along; if any unpleasant instance did occur why the general idea was without further investigation, to attribute it to our own people. That helped somewhat. Then we were told that we were a very small part of the British army and naturally it was up to the cog to work in with the rest of the big machine and not expect the big machine to conform all its complicated movements to the standards and substance of one particular cog. The men all equally saw that, and we really had an agreeable experience throughout our service which was entirely with the British army and with the Australians.

Now, I might give you a little word of advice here. Whenever you have occasion to talk of Australia in regard to the war, never refer to the Australian troops as part of the British army or you will be in trouble. It was the "Australian Corps," not "part of the British army." They told us they came there with a very strong prejudice. We like you Americans, no matter how you are going to like us but there is one fact that will put you on our bad books; don't refer to us as part of the British army. It was very amusing because they were tremendously likeable and they did some of the hardest work of the war. But, they carried that spirit around with them; they attempted to reconcile their actions with their words. Shortly after our arrival, we sent detachments of our division up into the line, and then, of course, things began to happen. We had men wounded. We had men killed. We had our men in local combats and right along doing what constituted the routine work of

trench warfare. We saw the British officers and soldiers killed and wounded and all got to know each other very well. Men are forced to know each other very well when they are sharing common dangers of that character, when they are dying together and when they are helping each other with dreadful wounds, and, there were occasions when our men rescued officers and rescued soldiers of the British army at the risk of their own lives. Some were killed and some were wounded in carrying out these efforts. The British Government and our own Government awarded medals to some of these men for their gallantry on these occasions. In like manner, the British officers and soldiers died and others were wounded and some escaped injury in rendering similar service and in making similar rescues for our men in these operations during the period of trench warfare.

Then after that we were sent up into Flanders in General Plumer's sector and we became a part of the Nineteenth British Corps under Lieutenant General Watts, a very fine officer whom we all admired very much indeed. He was a fine officer to serve under and a very good friend to me and to all of our officers and men. Our service there was for two months in trench warfare. We were in that part of the sector known as Dickebusch Lake, near Mount Kemel. Our service terminated with the battle of Vierstaat Ridge when the 27th and 30th Divisions and one British division attacked and took the ridge that runs north from Mount Kemel. We had twelve hundred or thirteen hundred wounded and killed in our division. Then we were withdrawn for rest and left Flanders and went down into Picardy. There we were subject to special training with tanks and in the use of smoke bombs, in attack positions, practice trenches and wire entanglements, and I might tell you here, ladies and gentlemen, of the schools of the army in the towns behind the line, because during a war of any consequence, new methods, new tactics, new devices are constantly being tested and are tried by both belligerents and, hence, to meet these new plans, schemes and devices, other kinds of schemes, plans and devices of a defensive character are necessary and so this constant warfare between the offensive and defensive goes on. Everything is tested out in schools behind the lines and there they are improved. Troops when they are withdrawn for a rest are always engaged in this intensive training.

The soldier smiles at that word, "rest"; he is always engaged in training in these new methods and just as soon as he is in good shape it is just about time to go in for another term in the line.

After three weeks of practice we were sent from the vicinity of Boullens and that area through the devastated region up to Ronssoy, east of Amiens, where we were told the 27th and 30th Divisions were to lead a column and attack the Hindenburg Line making a thrust through that part of the line between Cambrai and St. Quentin; part of the line consisting of the St. Quentin tunnel, a distance of about six thousand yards. I won't attempt to describe that position but only to remind you of this that, perhaps, I might illustrate it by telling you what most of you know that if I had here a spear with a steel spearhead, or a lance, eight or nine feet long, weighing perhaps ten or twelve pounds and gave it the ordinary thrust that a normal man could give it with the weight of his body behind it, you would drive it through the human body. Now, take that same spearhead and break off the end and ask someone to do it over again reminding him it was the same point, he wouldn't attempt it. He would say, "How can you expect me to do that? I can't poke that through a man's soft shirtfront." Yet, it is the same point that a moment before was sent through the body of the man. This shows the part the shaft plays in relation this spearhead and that an attack or thrust of troops to be effective must be backed up by a shaft or column of supporting troops. Otherwise we can well imagine that if only the point itself were to come along, the enemy might let the men go through and have the military police arrest them. There must be weight and power behind the point. There must be a shaft, and so, the 27th and 30th Divisions, American, were made the point and behind them came the Third and the Fifth Australian Divisions than whom there were no better troops on any side. Then, came two Scotch divisions and some Tommy divisions and a cavalry corps, with about fifty whippet tanks. These are fast moving tanks. When this column hit the Hindenburg Line, you can imagine what happened to the point. We got some pretty rough treatment. The British, with simple frankness, told us what was coming to us and some were good enough to say it was up to us; that we were about the only people left who could take the kind of punishment

that the head of the column would get. On our right and left, other divisions were expected to move forward, that is, they were theoretically expected to move forward, but it was admitted to us that they would not after all they had gone through. We listened to them. We liked their frankness. We had a great many casualties in these operations and the subsequent La Salle River operations. In all our division had over eight thousand casualties with no replacements until after the fighting was over.

Our service with the Australians was very interesting; they are an agreeable people and very remarkable soldiers. I suppose you have heard a great deal about them but there is no harm in mentioning some of the things said about them because they are so well understood. One is a criticism that has to do with their discipline; many people say frankly they haven't any. Now, I can tell you that the first impression a soldier gets of the Australians not in actual operations is just that—that they have no discipline; but as one who served with them and who saw them in battle, I can tell you that no matter what their manners in rear may be, their *battle* manners are perfect. They can kill with abandon that would put joy in the hearts of the most sanguine fighter. So, our men and their men got along very well. They tell a story about the Australians. They say that on one occasion in the town of Abbeville on the Somme, in a rear area, when Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig came along and got out of his car to make a purchase in some shop, he saw four or five Australians he had to pass. He knew they wouldn't salute, and they didn't. They just leaned up against the building with cigarettes hanging out of the corners of their mouths and noticed nobody. In fact, one when he saw the General coming, put his hands in his pockets. So, the General walked on and was about to enter the store when, as the story goes, he said, "No, I can't do this, I must go back. I have criticized my own officers many times for neglect of this kind" and he returned, thinking, perhaps, they didn't see him, he gave them the benefit of the doubt. He walked past them and looked them over and they returned his glance without saluting. He whirled around and approached them. They never came to attention. They continued to lean against the wall and he said, "I want to tell you men something; I want you to know this; I am Marshal Haig; I have been a

soldier all my life; forty years at this game, and I have seen the soldiers of the world, practically of every country. In all that time and experience I never have seen any such lack of discipline. You Australians are about the most hopelessly ill-mannered and undisciplined crowd I ever saw. That is all." He turned on his heel and was walking away when one of the Australians came to life and pulled the cigarette out of his mouth and he said, "Hey, General, tell that to the New Zealanders; they will be sore as hell." (laughter.)

A great many of the American soldiers, of course, were transported to the other side in British bottoms and landed in Liverpool, from where they were transported to London and shipped across the Channel. So that even in the early days of our effort in the war, London was troubled by our soldiers. In the 27th and 30th Divisions we evacuated practically all of our wounded to London. Shortly after the armistice, I went over to England to visit some four thousand of our men who were in various hospitals, to let them feel that we had not forgotten them. On the way down to Winchester, we passed a very attractive looking inn which the British officer who was with me acting as a guide said was a mecca for all the various brands of soldiers who were in that vicinity—the British Colonials, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh. He thought I might find it interesting to stop in there which we did. The proprietor was an interesting man of the ordinary innkeeper type, who did not speak our "American English," but spoke that brand of English known as "Cockney." We engaged him in conversation as I was anxious to find out his idea of the soldiers. I asked him how he found the soldiers he had in his place off and on throughout the war, whether they were quite the same. "Quite so, sir, they are quite the same," he said, speaking in his Cockney dialect, "that is to say, sir, all excepting the Australians and the Americans. Meaning no offense, sir, they are quite different from the others." I asked him in what way they were different. He replied, "Well, sir, when the Australian comes in here, he acts as if he owns the whole place." I asked, "What about the Americans?" He said, "No, sir, when an American comes in he acts as if he didn't care who owns the place." (applause.)

Of course, there are many things in war or about war that one can only learn by participation in it; things that are not in books. For example, we learned that the custom of gathering souvenirs played quite a part in military operations and the value of souvenirs seemed to depend very largely upon the risk involved in gaining them. And so the souvenirs most highly prized were those taken from the Germans in combat, such as field glasses, German automatic pistols, etc.

Now, a battle ultimately resolves itself, when it is an assault along the divisional lines into a series of local combats. That local situation is so painted that all of you ladies and gentlemen here have heard something of it. One man will tell you something that bears little relation to what some other man who has been through the battle will tell you and yet both tell you actual facts and circumstances. Each tells you what he saw, as I have said, in his own immediate vicinity. Now, in many cases hardly were these local combats concluded; hardly were the prisoners secured when some of the men would go promptly search these prisoners, take the cream of what would serve as souvenirs which they might have in their pockets, wave the prisoners to the rear and go on, because in every attack the troops are in wave formation, the original wave being followed by others, in some cases there are seven or eight waves. In getting through the craters created by the bursting of shells and smoke bombs these prisoners going to the rear are relieved of all excessive souvenirs as they pass through the successive waves. As they approach each wave they cry out in German, "Kamerad," as they do not want to be shot at over again. Occasionally a man in the succeeding wave will say, "Wait a minute," for instance, frisk him briskly and go on, so that by the time these prisoners had gone through all these waves and through all this frisking and passing the military police, who also gave them a frisking, there was very little left for the military police. You know, this is about the one compensation that the doughboy—the infantryman has in war. Fortunately he is the first in on the souvenirs because he is the fellow who really does the fighting; he does the work. The only criticism I ever heard about our division from a British source had to do with this service. The second day after the Vierstaat Ridge battle, a British officer

came up and told me he had learned rather a severe criticism of our men. I was a little alarmed for a moment until I saw a twinkle in his eye and I said, "I am sorry, what was it?" "Well," he said, (he spoke the English language kind of in the American way) "as a matter of fact, I really know very little about it, but I heard of a lot of prisoners being turned over to our M. P's. All I heard was our British sergeant reporting to our lieutenant and what he said was this: 'Sir, these Yankees are turning over to us a vast number of Huns but I regret to report, sir, they are awfully poor picking'." (applause.)

Another custom that is not set forth in the books of war has to do with the evacuation of the wounded from the battlefield. Of course, as they advance, the troops committed to an attack get more separated, due to losses, due to all the other contingencies of battle, and so it becomes imperative, no matter what sympathy may be in the hearts of the officers and men, to require that no men who are not wounded go to the rear for the purpose of carrying anybody who has been wounded back where he can get help. It was the practice to employ the prisoners to carry back the wounded and usually a group of prisoners carrying litters on their shoulders would go to the rear in charge of a slightly wounded soldier who was acting as their guard. In one of our battles I was going back and ahead of me I saw such a group but the group had come to a halt, the litters were on the ground, the prisoners were standing there and the young man in charge was trying to get them to move on but there they stood. In the group was a large German officer who had been taken prisoner, and the only American in the immediate vicinity was the young man in charge of the party, wounded in the left arm with an automatic pistol in his right hand. He seemed to be undecided whether or not to shoot the German officer I gathered. It turned out I was correct in my surmise that this German officer was refusing to carry one end of the litters, stating that it was beneath his dignity. Between this group which I was rapidly approaching, and myself, I saw another soldier, a sergeant of the 165th by the way. He had an Irish name. His arms were not wounded and he was the type of man who had coercion in both arms and spoke the American language and spoke it very bluntly. He had sized up the situation

as he approached and he gathered from the German officer's broken English what the trouble was. He stopped the conversation, looked the German officer in the eye and he said, "Hey, what's the big idea?" The German turned that over in his mind for a moment looked around and tried to kill him with a look but it didn't work. Then he looked over at the wounded man's hand, put out his chest and said, "I have been an officer," as much as to say "There is nothing doing." The sergeant hesitated for a second, pulled out a big knife from his pocket, approached the German officer as if he was going to cut his throat but instead cut the officer's shoulder straps off and then said, "So, you are now reduced to the ranks, get busy," and he did.

Speaking about the souvenir business we had a number of prisoners on one occasion and some were outside of my shack while we were waiting for one of my officers who spoke German very well to question them. While they were waiting, some of our division headquarters troops approached this group of prisoners and engaged them in conversation. From inside of my place I could hear what was said. One of our soldiers said to his comrades, "Hey, fellows, look at the old guy." I looked out and saw a short bulky dignified little man with a bald head, who looked more like a college professor than a soldier. He had a handbag that was thickly smeared with blood and mud. He evidently was a prisoner because he bore every evidence of having come through that process, that wave business I told you about. He was diligently holding on to a few things he had left, holding them together and one of these soldiers said, "Hey, Charlie, you speak American?" Charlie thought for a moment, shrugged his shoulders and nodded slightly. The soldier then said, "Talk the American language and tell us about the war? What are you fighting for? We have heard the Britishers, we have heard the French, we have heard something from the Russians and all the others around here. Now, you give us your story, what do you think you are fighting for?" He said, "Well, I will tell you. We Germans are fighting for the Fatherland, the Frenchman, he too must be fighting for his beloved France; then, the Englishman, he must be fighting for the King, but the Americans and the Australians, my God, they must be fighting for souvenirs." (applause.)

Now, I have told you of the lighter side of the war; the other side is too recent to talk about, because mixed in with parts of the other side of the war, there loom the faces of men whom we knew intimately and who were snapped off, many of them suddenly; men whom we met day in and day out in the full bloom and vigor of aggressive health, and that side of the war isn't pleasant to reflect upon. During our service we liked to know what was going on in the American area, but we were all so busy, we did not have very much time to think about it, at least before the armistice, but occasionally we heard rumors of our other regiments, regiments that had belonged to our division.

I am not going to encroach upon the preserves of Chaplain Duffy to say anything about the 69th; it has an efficient spokesman in him, but I might close my remarks of my impressions of the war by telling you one I heard in relation to our colored regiment, the 15th New York Infantry. In one of their battles, a French officer, of a certain battery, came up to one of the captains in the line and asked to borrow a half a dozen men, said some heavy shelling had caused a number of casualties in the battery, and that he wanted six men. The captain said, "I am short-handed, but I will give you one; get the rest somewhere else" and they singled out private Jackson and sent him off with this French lieutenant. He had forgotten about the incident for a time but remembered he had one of his men, a perfectly good negro, over with the French battery and his curiosity was aroused as to how the man was getting along and knowing there was a lot of shelling going on he went over there and saw Jackson as large as life. He said, "How are you getting on?" The colored man said, "All right." He said, "What is your job, you don't speak very encouragingly?" He said, "Captain, my job, well, sir, I am de doorman." "What," the Captain said, "the doorman? That doesn't make any sense to me, what do you mean?" He said, "Captain you see I am the man that done open de back door ob de cannon and den dat little fellow dere he puts in de ammunition and I closes dat door." As a matter of fact, it was a very good name for the feeder, they ought to adopt it. The French officer then asked, "What do you do then?" He said, "That little Frenchman he just goes and gives de cannon a view, den he fires and den that gun sure goes off wid some force and

I jumps up on de barrel and I hollers, "Kaiser, count yo' men!" (applause.)

MR. CLARKE: I know well that these days of blood will not be assuaged by one Major General. We have to-night the gallant, the fine, learned, the eloquent and Reverend Chaplain of the 69th, Father Francis Patrick Duffy. (The entire audience arose and applauded.)

FATHER DUFFY: Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen: I am going to quit making speeches; got my voice all worn out talking and it is not good business anyway. The next time I am invited to any gathering like this, I will bring along my book and sell it for \$2.50 apiece.

Some years ago, at a period when it was rather the thing in some portions of the community to make sport of the Irish, a teacher once called upon a child with a name like O'Brien or O'Ryan, to answer the question: What are the chief exports of Ireland? Quick came the answer, "American citizens, ma'am." (Applause.)

There has recently been a lot of talk about Americanizing, but they never had to worry about Americanizing the Irish. (Applause.) In fact, there came along an Irishman here about two hundred and forty years ago named Dongan, who began Americanizing New York by introducing a charter of civil and religious liberties. (Applause.)

It would be a good thing, perhaps, in some ways, if we were all made to think the same way, but, as human nature is constituted, it is only six feet of earth that makes us all of one size. And it is the differences that exist between us that make the interesting phases of life. We have not gotten far enough yet in philosophy or Christianity or whatever it may be, to look upon all men with equal interest. As sons of Adam, speaking ideally, to look upon the whole body of the human family as one looks upon a race or a nation or domestic family. But in point of fact, the only way you can get the best out of people is by appealing to some national or racial feeling. We find these conflicting ideas in much of the discussion of the League of Nations.

The greater intensity of the more restricted appeal shows also in war. The original idea of the men who had charge of creating the army seemed to be to make regiments and divisions melting

pots. They were inclined to overlook the fact that you cannot get better service out of a soldier than when he is fighting alongside of men he knows. The Twenty-Seventh Division was made up of soldiers from New York State; the companies were usually composed of soldiers from the same locality, and you can always get stronger action from a unit such as that than you can from an organization of all sorts of men, from all sorts of places. The British learned that fact long ago. They have Irish, Scotch, and Welsh regiments, each with its own traditions and enthusiasms.

The Irish 69th, who fought in our Army had also its own traditions and it fought to maintain them. Most soldiers fight, not for an acknowledged patriotic motive, but to prove that they belong to the best company of the greatest regiment of the most wonderful division that ever went to war and it is an incentive of that kind that will do more to make men risk their lives than a direct appeal to patriotism. In fact, no man would dare go up to soldiers in the line and make a patriotic speech of the kind we hear around Election Day.

On Decoration Day, 1918, we went into the Baccaret Sector and we Chaplains prepared memorial meetings in the various villages where the men were billeted. In the Indiana Artillery, the Lieutenant Colonel made a patriotic speech on the old fashioned lines and after he was through, the Chaplain asked a big Indiana hoosier what he thought of the speech. The reply was, "It is just that kind of bunk when I was back home that got me into this damn thing." "Well, do you want to go back now?" "Oh, gosh no, I'm going to see the blame thing through."

I myself got another angle on the same sort of spirit as it works out in my kind of a regiment. On the 4th of July I saw a soldier polishing his rifle, sitting with his shirt open and his scapulars hanging out and I said to him: "Where is your flag or your button? Man, dear, I'm ashamed of you." And the answer came, "I've got me rifle and me scapulars! What more does a pathriot need?"

In the first raid that we were in, four or five of the "boys from home," as we called the Irish born lads wanted to see me after confession to put a question. Finally one of them came to it: "Father, do you think we will be afraid?" "No," I said, "you

may feel a little tight across the chest for a few minutes before you go into it, but when you get started your blood will be up and you won't think of it." "We believe ye," he said, "but you know this is the first time we have been in anything like this and we were worrying for fear something might go wrong inside of us and spoil the good name of the Irish."

Well, as you may easily believe, they didn't spoil the good name, nor did the regiment spoil the good name of the Irish and speaking of that, I wish to say, in spite of reports to the contrary, that five-sixths of the 165th Infantry belong to the Irish race and a very large proportion were Irish by birth. Furthermore, I can state that it is the sincere and mature conviction of our senior officers that the best men we had in the regiment were Irish born. And this holds true not only for dash in action when the Irish are supposed to be at their best, but also in the more difficult period of waiting or advancing under shell-fire, which is most trying to endurance and courage. I do not say that all of our Irish born were superior to the men of Irish or other descent born in America, but taken as a class, the "boys from home" were the most reliable body of soldiers we had.

One of our greatest disappointments at the beginning of the war was that of being detached from General O'Ryan's Division. The one thing that reconciled us being the knowledge that the old regiment would be among the first to go to France. Don't think for a moment that we were sorry to be detached from General O'Ryan because he was in the habit of petting us or spoiling us. The material side of a Commanding General's disposition is most nearly illustrated by the story of the elephant that wandered through a field and saw the young in the ground bird's nest. "Poor little things," she said, "here in the cold with no mother to protect you. Lo, I shall be a mother to you," and so saying she sat down upon the eggs. I have known General O'Ryan to do some sitting down upon people—and General Lenihan too.

After our first few days at Camp Mills, we were happy to discover that the General who had been put in command of our brigade was named Michael J. Lenihan and here I wish to say that there is a large job cut out for an organization such as this to prepare the data so that future historians of the race will be able to do in connection with this war the sort of work that Mr.

Michael J. O'Brien has done with so much difficulty, yet so thoroughly and efficiently for the Irish soldiers of the Revolutionary War. In our Rainbow Division, for example, the Commanding General, Charles T. Menoher was of north of Ireland descent, and proud of it. I do not know whether General McKinstry, of the artillery brigade, is Irish or Scotch. By the way, when he and General Lenihan came over to confession, I would make them go down on their knees and stay there fifteen minutes, while the private soldier would be heard standing in fifteen seconds. It is good for those Generals to have somebody to boss them. General Culdwell, who commanded our brigade on the Rhine, wore his shamrock at our St. Patrick Day celebration by right, he said, of racial descent. Others of the "old stock," who bore the title of Colonel were: Colonel Matthew A. Tinley, of the 168th; Colonel Henry Reilly of the 149th F. A.; Colonels Donohue and MacDonald of the 151st F. A.; Colonel Kelly of the Engineers, Colonel Devine of the Supply Train and in our own regiment, Colonels McCoy and Donovan and Lieut. Colonels Anderson and Moynahan. This list includes only the highest officers in a single division which represented not a predominantly Irish portion of the country, but practically the whole country with the exception of New England.

One of the hardest tasks for the historians of our organization is going to be to discern just who, amongst our heroes can be counted as having Irish blood. Names help up to a certain point but they often fail.

We had Irish born soldiers for example, with names like Elwood, Mansfield, Stokes, Maddock, etc. The name of Lieut. Colonel Alexander Anderson sounds Scotch enough, but he is a red hot Irishman and a good member of the Friends of Irish Freedom (applause) a nephew, by the way, of Colonel Edward Duffy, who commanded the regiment in '98. What has the historian to make of names like Dudley Winthrop; Wilton Wharton; Fred Almandinger; George Van Pelt and Albert Ettinger. I select only a few of many names, the owners of which proclaim proudly that they are Irish. I have embodied a large number of them in an appendix to the history of the regiment, as a guide post to future historians who may be inclined to refuse credit

to the old race to all men whose names did not begin with "Mac" or "O."

My topic, I believe, is "Irish History in the Making." It is a very large subject. There is a great deal of Irish history being made just now and it was not all made in the battlefields of France. We hope, however, that one of the results of the great war will help in the making of a more satisfactory Irish history at home. Two hundred and fifty years ago, an Irishman came out here to Americanize New York; in our own generation, a New Yorker, with a Spanish name went from here to Ireland to help in the task of "Hibernicizing" Ireland. (Applause.)

The Irish have contributed very generously to the prosperity and the liberty of America. For a century and more there has been a continuous stream of sturdy, healthy, cheerful, religious but tolerant men and women coming across the Atlantic Ocean from Ireland. They did their share in the up-building of this great country in time of peace and in war they have maintained the martial traditions of their race from the Pennsylvania Line in the Revolution right down to the New York National Guard, composed so largely of Irish soldiers in the late war, and now that Ireland asks help and support from without, to develop her own prosperity and maintain her own liberties, it is the duty of all of us, not only those of the "old stock" but of every man who sympathizes with the struggle for human freedom, in every way to advance the Cause of Liberty in Ireland. (Applause.) As the President-General has well said, it is not for us to say in what way the political destinies of Ireland should be carried out; but it is our place to insist and we are in a position to insist that there should be no backing down from the principle of self-determination enunciated by our President and assented to by the other powers. (Applause.)

We of Irish descent, went into this war and went into it wholeheartedly. We didn't go in because of all the talk about "martyrs of liberty" and "broken treaties" and the "rights of small nations." When they talked about "martyrs of liberty," our minds turned to a series of such martyrs from Shane O'Neill down to Patrick Pearse. (Applause.) Then when they talked about "scraps of paper" and "broken treaties" a far cry came down to us "remember Limerick." (Applause.) But uninflu-

enced by that, when the call of America came, men of Irish birth and descent were amongst the readiest to volunteer. In this city, the 69th was the first to fill its ranks and if there be any doubt as to the political sympathies of the kind of men we got, it will be settled when I say that to-day, not only the Irish in the regiment, but others who joined us, whether Jew or Gentile, Scotch, Italian, or Indian, are all Sinn Feiners now.

I hope and pray that the beautiful ideals for which we fought may be brought to pass and that at the next banquet of the American Irish Historical Society, we may be able to drink a joyous toast to our sister republic, great, glorious and free. (Applause.)

MR. CLARKE: Sometimes the very good speakers are reserved towards the close of the evening and I can promise you from the lips of Dr. James J. Walsh who sits smiling like the cherubs upon us, a treat in discussing and telling us of "Irish Discoveries in Medicine." (Applause.)

DR. WALSH'S ADDRESS.

DOCTOR WALSH: Ladies and Gentlemen: I must apologize for being late. Trains have been so disturbed by the management of a paternal government and now by the act of Providence during this awful winter that I am sure that you will forgive me. You will also forgive my appearance without the festive garments of the occasion. I started out this morning at ten o'clock to assist in a dedication ceremony for the League of Political Education and then I went to Plainfield at four o'clock after having spent the intervening hours at lunch with a Civic Forum group. I have lectured there twice, and my train was nearly an hour late returning and here I am. My appearance reminds me of a story they tell about Mark Twain. One evening when Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was celebrating her birthday in Hartford, Mark went around in the full regimentals of society, as he thought, to attend the celebration. After a while he noticed that the ladies present kept looking at him very intently. Of course, he was somewhat embarrassed by their attentions, but like any man he came to realize after a time that the poor things they could not help it, and so he set himself down complacently to enjoy himself. He left somewhat early and on the way out as he passed

the pier glass in the hall he noticed that he had no necktie on. This revealed to him the reason for the attention of the ladies. He went home and wrapped his necktie up and calling a messenger boy sent it with a note to Mrs. Stowe which read, "The ladies were looking for my tie. I am sorry they could not see it; show it to them now so that they will know that I have one, otherwise Mrs. Clemens will probably never forgive me." Sometime I may have the chance to show you that I do own a dress suit, though just now I appear without it to my regret.

I hesitate all the more to appear in black before you because I have just been hearing what the significance of it may be and how opposed to white in its symbolism. A Sunday school teacher was recently explaining that white was the color of happiness and that heaven was all white and that it was because of this symbolism that brides always wore white. And just then the proceedings were disturbed by a little boy in the back of the class who piped up with "Why does the groom always dress in black then."

I am mighty glad I was here to hear what Father Duffy said to you, only I am sorry that you have to listen to me after having enjoyed his brilliant sallies with regard to the subject we are all so much interested in, what our own accomplished over there. I wonder if you have read his book. Now that he has gone and we can spare his blushes I shall not be afraid to talk about it. I do not think that I have read a book written by an Irishman in modern times that I am so proud of as Father Duffy's "Own Story." It is such another bit of literature as A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland" long ago. It is by far the most interesting book written about the war, and unlike the vast majority of them it is literature and not merely just journalistic scribbling bound in the covers of a book. It is so written from the heart, so humanly sympathetic, so much more than the mere catalogue of names and events that at first blush it might seem to be because there is so much that he has to chronicle, that I think it is one of the few war books that will live. Certainly we can be proud of it as we are of Father Duffy himself and what he did over there.

I am going to try to tell you something about that ancient medicine of Ireland and I am sorry for you that you shall have to listen to some rather serious history. I need scarcely tell you that we Irish have made some rather important contributions to medicine

and surgery in modern time. I went down to Johns Hopkins at Professor Osler's invitation some years ago to tell them the story of the Irish school of medicine. That address was published in the Johns Hopkins Bulletin and from the number of requests that came to me for reprints of it I know that it attracted a good deal of attention on the part of those who were interested in the history of medicine. The names of the three protagonists of the modern Irish school of medicine are forever enshrined in medical history because of their attachment to discoveries in diagnosis that they made. Robert Graves' description of the disease, Graves' disease, exophthalmic goitre, was a very important contribution to modern medicine. Stokes, who introduced the use of the stethoscope into the English speaking countries has his name attached to Cheyne-Stokes breathing and to certain other original work of his. The Corrigan pulse is the evidence for the magnificent powers of observation of Sir Dominick Corrigan who completed the task which even Laennec, the greatest clinical observer of modern times, had failed in.

These Irish who thus stamped themselves on modern medicine have also a place of at least as high honor in ancient medicine. That is not nearly so well known. It is of that that it is my privilege to tell you this evening and I hope that you will bear with me while I try to give you what seems to me an extremely important chapter not only in the history of our Irish people but in the history of world civilization for the old Irish anticipated many more of the advances in our modern medicine which we are accustomed to think of as novel than most people have any notion of.

Probably the greatest tribute that history brings us with regard to the ancient Irish is the fact that we have from them some medical traditions which compare with even the best of the ancient time, and certain features of care for their fellows that are to be found nowhere else. Before the coming of Christianity there were no public hospitals, in our sense of that term, among the nations that were considered the leaders of civilization. Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece and even Rome, made no provision for the ailing poor. No one considered himself his brother's keeper; practically, it was every man for himself, and the sooner a poor fellow who was ill finished it all by dying, the better for

him and all connected with him. It was not that they did not know how to create hospitals, and above all, it was not that they did not know enough about care for the ailing to make such institutions really valuable. There were magnificent health resorts for the rich—for example, those at Cos and Epidauros which rivalled even the most elaborate of our modern institutions of the kind. It was the lack of human feeling, and therefore the absence of incentive to relieve human suffering, which has made it an historical truth that nowhere among the excavations of the cities of the older civilizations are any traces of hospitals to be found.

It is true that both in Greece and Rome public institutions for the care of wounded and sick soldiers and for injured and sick slaves were established. These people belonged respectively to the State and to their masters, and there was a great deal of interest taken in conserving their health and strength. Because it was extremely important to others that they be kept in good condition, special care was provided for them. It is indeed a reflection on the limitations of even a highly intellectual civilization to find that the Greeks made no provision for public hospitals; but it is after all what might be expected, knowing what we do of the Greek religion. Although the Greeks probably were the most highly intellectual people the world has ever known, their religion was absurd. Their gods had all their own vices exaggerated. John Boyle O'Reilly once said: "Why is it that men always make their gods worse than themselves?" Man-made gods, whether the Calvinistic deity of predestination, or the curious divinities that other sects worship, are always remarkable for being worse than the men who deified.

To the historical rule of no hospitals in ancient times there are two noteworthy exceptions. They occurred on the confines of the civilized world, separated from each other by thousands of miles and at the very opposite poles of the humanity that we know anything about. One of these was in India, the other in Ireland. It is not so surprising as it might otherwise be to find that there were hospitals in India when one knows that the old East Indians—that is, the Buddhists—who lived in what we call Hindustan, developed a magnificent surgery from three to five hundred years before Christ, the most distinguished name in its annals being

that of Charake. These ancient hospitals in India cared not only for human beings, but also for animals.

At first glance this would seem to indicate the development to a very high degree of human feeling and brotherly love, or as we prefer to call it in these modern times—though I am sorry to say I do not like the term—social service. This first impression disappears, however, once we understand the temper of mind of the Buddhists and what these hospitals for human beings and animals meant. According to their belief in reincarnation, the Buddhists were convinced that men came back to life over and over again, to expiate their faults or to perfect their virtues, and spent successive lives under various forms on earth. This metempsychosis included also the animals. A dear friend of mine might be reincarnated in the body of a slave on his next visit to earth, or even in the body of an animal. Any one, after death, might find himself existing as some poor sick creature who needed help all his life, or as an animal. Here, then, was the reason for these hospitals. It was not brotherly love, but a refined selfishness, making provision against the possibilities of the future. It was like trying to make arrangements to carry water with one into the other world, so as to have it in case of need—for who knows but that one might need it? Some of our millionaires in this same spirit are said to have thought of having their bonds printed on asbestos. Unfortunately for them, however, there are no pockets in a shroud. So there you are!

The other exception to the rule of the absence of hospitals in ancient times occurred in Ireland. When I wrote the article on hospitals for the Catholic Encyclopedia (it is almost a little book in itself) I called particular attention to the fact that one of the earliest hospitals on record was founded in Ireland 300 B. C. by Princess Macha. The Irish women always have had tender hearts—the bother has been that sometimes they have been too tender towards the men. This ancient hospital, called Broin Bearg, the House of Sorrow—the Irish have always been frank in facing the realities of life and calling a spade a spade—was used by the Red Branch Knights and later served as a royal residence in Ulster until its destruction, A. D. 332. Dear Cardinal Moran wrote me from distant Australia, thanking me for that reference to our Irish history.

This exception in Ireland was undoubtedly due to the clan system. A man was not merely one of an immense number of citizens in a country; he was a member of a particular clan and a person of some importance. The clan made certain provisions for the welfare of its members, and the hospital was among these. This tradition of hospitals continued all down the centuries. There were special families of physicians, and these were required by the old Brehon laws to have their houses so situated that they might be salubrious for those who needed their care. And to them all the wounded and ailing were brought. Even the chiefs of septs, or tribes, were, as a rule, brought to the physician's house to be healed. Note that this is an anticipation of our modern practice, for even those of the well-to-do classes now prefer to go to the hospital in case they are to be confined to bed for any length of time. When we recall how low hospitals had fallen even two generations ago, so that it was considered almost a disgrace to go to them—and no wonder the poor feared them, for conditions were so bad that nearly everybody who went into them caught something or other before he got out, besides what he had when he went in, and a death rate of fifty per cent in a year was not unusual—it becomes easy to understand why the dread of hospitals has continued in the minds of many of the poor even to our time.

These houses of the physicians were, according to specific directions laid down in the old Brehon laws, to be built either on the bank of a running stream or with such a stream passing through the precincts of the house. The building was to be provided with four doors at the four principal quarters of the heavens, one door to be left open at all times, whichever way the wind might blow. The old Irish believed thoroughly in ventilation, and the door as a ventilator proved the salvation of the race as they grew poorer and crowded into their hovels. I was afraid when I was over in Ireland in 1913 that some of the improvements made in housing by the Local Government Boards and the Congested District Boards might take away from the Irish the half-doors which have come down from time immemorial. Their windows could not easily be opened, but the upper part of the half-door was always ajar, and usually swung open during the daytime. Another reason for having a door in the house of the physician open at all

times was that every such house was considered a public institution, and therefore must be open for inspection.

There were strict provisions in the laws for securing an abundant supply of pure water and cleanliness was considered an extremely important thing in the care of the sick and the wounded. The hot air bath was employed for the treatment of rheumatism, then as now rather common in the damp climate of the sea-surrounded island, with its fogs and its mild but changeable winters. Shampooing was a favorite practice among the old Irish physicians and was thought to be good for clearing the brain as well as clearing the head. Very probably this practice accounts for the magnificent heads of hair which the old Irish had, if we can trust the pictures that have come down to us, though of course modern baldness is due to the tight hat-band, and the ancient Irish despised a head covering of any kind.

The provision for nursing in these hospitals is rather interesting, because it included at the same time the training of the young men for the practice of medicine and therefore resembled, in certain respects, at least, our system of clinical teaching. Every physician was expected to keep at least four medical students in his house, and to teach them, above all, by having them observe his methods of treatment. There is nothing in the world, as we have come to realize very well in modern times, equal to a custom of this kind for making practical physicians—that is, giving a good clinical knowledge of medicine; and at the same time there is nothing that is so good for patients, because a physician is, as it were, on trial before these keen students who are gradually gaining experience in medicine, and he is consequently obliged to put forth his best efforts to show his skill. Everyone realizes that the most important thing in the world for a patient is that he receive from his physician the attention that he deserves. Many more important points in a patient's case are missed because a physician is too busy and has overlooked something, or because the case did not arouse his interest and he failed to catch the significance of certain symptoms, than from lack of knowledge. The presence with the physician, while he is making his rounds of young minds that are alert, is the best possible safeguard against this indifference or neglect. No wonder, then, that the old Irish physicians acquired a reputation that spread even

beyond Ireland and has come down to us in the history of medicine. The younger physicians were trained clinically, that is, at the bedside—the only way that will make real physicians—and the older men were kept up to their best efforts by the presence of the young men near them.

An extremely interesting feature in Irish medicine of the old times is the legislation regulating the fees paid to physicians. These were graduated according to the importance of the patient. For healing a King of some serious ailment, a physician had the right to a hundred cows. For healing a bishop—for the good members of the hierarchy were not looked upon as gratis patients on those days—the leech was entitled to receive forty-two cows, and so downwards through the various grades to the "houseless, homeless man, the house boy or slave" for whom the leech's fee was reduced to "two cows." Manifestly they thoroughly appreciated the value of the service of their physicians in those days for I suppose that even the smallest fee, two cows, and especially two Irish cows—and probably not of the cows from Kerry, where they are little and black—would be the equivalent of at least \$100.

Attention has been called to the fact that in the code of Hammurabi, in Babylonia, about 2000 B. C.; there is a corresponding legislation for the regulation of fees according to the rank of the physician. This is the true professional idea—that a professional man shall regulate his charges not according to the amount of labor or trouble involved in his service, but according to the value of that service to his patient or his client. In Babylonia, as in Ireland, though they were separated by all the breadth of Europe and some of Asia, this thorough going professional spirit obtained. The scale of fees was very nearly the same. For curing a prince or wealthy merchant, a physician in Babylon might charge about the equivalent of a year's wages to a working-man; for healing a slave, the charge would only be one-fifth or one-sixth of that much.

The Brehon laws are very interesting in their exact distinction between the "lawful" and the "unlawful" physician. The latter were liable to severe penalties. For instance: "If an unlawful physician removed a joint or sinew without obtaining an indemnity against liability to damage, and with a notice to the patient that he was not a regular physician, he is subject to a penalty with

compensation to the patient." The laws against quacks, as has been noted, were even more drastic among the early Irish than they are among most of the civilized nations of the present day. The Irish recognized that it was rather easy to deceive people who were ill and who, desperately seeking a cure for their ailments, would grasp at any straw to secure it. Anyone who took advantage of this state of mind to impose on his patients was severely punished. I once heard an old Irish physician say he did not think there was a place in hell low enough for a physician or a quack who took advantage of the ailments of people to rake money out of them.

On the other hand, the physician was held responsible for his treatment of his patients. If, for instance, a wound that he had healed broke open within a certain time, he was obliged to refund his fees and these were to be given to a better physician who might heal and keep the wound healed for the times prescribed by the test which was a year for a wound of the hand or arm, a year and a quarter for a wound on the leg, and three years for the perfect cure of a wound on the head. The man who inflicted the wound was bound to secure a physician's services and pay for the same until permanent healing was effected.

The Irish thoroughly understood how necessary it was for a physician to have time to pursue his studies. They felt that he ought to be, to some extent at least, independent of the necessity of practicing so continually as to be deprived of the opportunity of keeping up with the progress of medicine that was going on around him. It was by no means uncommon for the tribe to make a grant of land to the physician so that, in the words of the Brehon code, "he might be preserved from being disturbed by the cares and anxieties of life and enabled to devote himself to the study and work of his profession."

At least one of the very old schools founded in Ireland, one that in its time was a worthy contemporary of such great schools as Clonmacnoise, Cashel, Portumna, Clonard, Armagh, was a medical school, though it was as famous for its non-medical teaching as for its courses in medicine. The Irish believed that a medical student should know something more than medicine. They thought, indeed, that he should have a solid foundation of learning before he took up his medical studies. This medical

school was founded by a physician of great eminence, whose skill is celebrated in the early Irish annals and who, in spite of traditions which declare that physicians are likely to be pretty far away from sanctity, is known in history as St. Bracan. He was the son of Findloga and a disciple of St. Finian, at Clonard. In our time it has been said that wherever there are three physicians there are two atheists. I have my own private doubts about that, but here anyhow is a saintly Irish physician who founded the school of Tuaim Breacain near the present town of Belturbet in the County Cavan.

Now, here we are, away back as far as three hundred years before Christ, you find us doing, in a great way, fine things that men do, for their race and for their fellow men. It has been a great national trait and it has maintained its national trait for over fifteen hundred years and that nation was under a cloud and it is now getting out from under that cloud (applause); it will not be long, thank God, before we will be able to write the epitaph of Robert Emmet, (applause) and when it is there will be something like recognition for this wonderful nation which did so much for humanity up and down the centuries during that time. Thank you (applause).

MR. CLARKE: It is necessary here to present Mr. John Murphy, who has some important matters to lay before us.

MR. MURPHY: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Knowing the treat that remains in store for you, I will not trespass long upon your time. Two commissions have been given me by the Society. I feel very much complimented indeed that the task of referring to them was given to me. In the first place, I have been asked to read a resolution adopted to-day at the Annual Meeting for action by this gathering:

Whereas: The Dail Eireann—which, for those who may not be familiar with Gaelic, means the New Parliament of the Irish Republic—has authorized a bond issue to raise money to promote the economic development of Ireland, and

Whereas: There is now in progress through the United States a drive for the collection of ten million dollars for that purpose,

Be It Resolved: That the Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY gives its hearty endorsement to the proposal and urges its members everywhere throughout the country

to contribute and lend their aid to the success of the movement and requests that notices of contributions or the contributions themselves be sent to the Treasurer-General of the AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Alfred M. Barrett, 165 Broadway, New York City, for transmission to the American Commission on Irish Independence. (Applause.)

It seems to me that to add even a word of recommendation to these resolutions would be entirely superfluous and, therefore, I will ask the Chairman to put that resolution, and then I will proceed with the rest of what I have to say.

THE PRESIDENT: Ladies and gentlemen, I do not feel it necessary to add to that terse and clear statement of our feelings on these matters. I, therefore, put the question to this meeting, if it is their sense that they endorse the action of the Annual Meeting to-day in putting forward those resolutions? All in favor of that will please say, "aye." (A chorus of "ayes" responded.) The contrary minded. (No response.) It is carried. (Applause.)

I can tell you that our secretary will communicate with every member of the Society the effect of the resolution I have just had read.

MR. MURPHY: The second matter which I have been asked to present to you, I have no doubt I was chosen for, because Mr. Clarke thought a man who had been the boss janitor of the City of New York for eight years was the right kind of a person to talk to you about a new home, and, somehow, while sitting here to-night, thinking about what I might say to you, there came back into my mind an old jingle from the opera by Victor Herbert, one of the distinguished members of this Society, "Babes in Toyland"; it was funny when it was written; it is funnier now; it ran something like this:

"If a lady with ten children, two parrots and a cat,
Should start upon a search to find a forty dollar flat,
With only sunny, outside rooms, in a neighborhood of tone,
How old would those ten children be before they found a home?"
And the chorus ran: "Put down six and carry two."

Now, when we think of the present scarcity of housing in the City of New York naturally such a gift as a home, coming to this Society, shows that in some way we are under the protection of Divine Providence, not merely as individuals, which, I trust, we

always are, but as a Society too. This comes to us from a deceased member, Dr. John T. Nagle, who, as you were told earlier in the evening, was here at the last banquet of this Society, a gentlemanly, quiet, unobtrusive man, who, we all knew, felt kindly towards the Society, but none thought had any such benevolent intention as his will disclosed. Dr. John T. Nagle was born in Ireland, came to New York as a small boy; was a New York public school boy; got some of his education at Cooper Union and at the College of the City of New York and spent practically all his life in this city in one capacity or another. He was, during the war, one of the medical officers of the United States Government located in Washington. After coming back to New York he entered into the service of the Board of Health and was Registrar of Vital Statistics of the old City of New York, and was subsequently promoted to be the Registrar of Vital Statistics of the whole city on consolidation. He represented admirably the highest ideals of American citizenship, without in any way abating his recognition of the gratitude he owed his race. I might, in a word, define him as the highest type of a class that came in for some criticism not so long ago, the hyphenated citizen, and he gave this house because he wanted to see the records of the Irish race in the United States collected and developed along the lines, that have been so admirably demonstrated by Mr. Michael J. O'Brien whose name has been referred to here before to-night. (Applause.) In his will he has gone at some length into demonstrating, what the purpose of the building may be and how it may be used. This plan here, very roughly drawn, shows what the Board of Officers of the Society think of doing. The stoop will be removed; a window will be substituted for the hall door; the basement of the building used for the main entrance and for the permanent office of the Society. The first floor will be used for meetings; the yard, which is about 25 feet by 35 feet deep, will be occupied by a fireproof library vault for the preservation of these books that have been committed to our care, through bequests, and other things which may come to us from time to time by citizens who want to have valuable records and heirlooms preserved; that it will give a great impetus to the work in which the Society is engaged and for which it exists, none can doubt. This will be the

first building, I think, of a distinctively American-Irish character, devoted to American-Irish works, and I hope it will ever remain a place for the preservation of things in which men of Irish descent in America are interested. I remember a friend of mine saying some years ago, "Did it ever occur to you that if New York City were destroyed by a catastrophe like that which overtook Herculaneum or Pompeii, and if some future excavator should come to look through the ruins to determine the character of the people who occupied this city, he would not find a solitary monument or building in it which would indicate to him that the Irish had ever existed here." In the matter of the wonderful school of decoration in which as every artist knows, our people achieved so much in early days there is not a single representation in any important building in the City of New York. We may look forward confidently to the careful guidance of the officers of the AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY for the use of this building for the perpetuation of these things that every American Irishman would like to see preserved. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: For the closing thesis of the evening we have to hear from one of our younger legislators, Senator Joseph D. Kelly. It will not be even amiss to say that Senator Kelly is a New York boy; that he received his education at the parochial schools and at St. Francis Xavier which is a splendid evidence of the worth of that training undertaken by the Catholic Church in New York, in defiance of the fact that the other common school education is open to everybody, founded in the resolution that the Faith is important to the Government. As one representing the fine virtue of that education, I beg to present Senator Kelly. (Applause.)

SENATOR KELLY: Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen and Guests of the American Irish Historical Society: After hearing the wonderful oratory of your Toastmaster and Dr. Walsh, Father Duffy and General O'Ryan, I feel somewhat like the young man whose father had selected for him a career as a statesman and orator. The father thoughtfully went to one of the local political organizations and arranged for the son to make a speech at one of the mass meetings. Father and son collaborated on the speech, the son rehearsed it and rehearsed it and finally, when the eventful night arrived, the young man went around in all his

glory and ascended the platform where the meeting was to be held. The Chairman of the Committee introduced him with much ceremony; with great hopes in his heart the young man stood to the front of the platform to open his mouth but there was no words forthcoming. He stood there for a few minutes with a very expressive look on his face and after a few minutes he managed to get a few words out. He said, "Gentlemen, when I was introduced here to-night two people knew what I was going to say; I knew it and my father knew it; now my father knows it." Well, he has one on me, because nobody knows what I am going to say; I don't even know myself.

After all the oratory here I will try to speak to you, so, I am going to ask your kind indulgence if you will allow me to use my notes. The subject which has been assigned to me to-night, is "The Irish American Citizen in the War." The American Irish in the present war need no introduction and nothing could be said by me which will add to anything that they have done. Their activities for the last three years have been written by the achievements of the Americans in the war and the achievements of the Americans in the war mean the Irish Americans in the war. The Irish American citizen needs no monocle to read his history; he needs no artist to paint his achievements; he needs no Beethoven to sing his praises; the Irish American citizen in the war did great big deeds and deeds speak louder than any words that anyone can utter. When, on April 7, 1917, the great war on the Hun was declared by this country, the Government looked around for the necessary funds, for the necessary materials and for the necessary manpower to carry on that war. The Irish American who had grown old and grey in the service of this country and had prospered, gave from his funds to continue the war. The middle aged man of Irish blood who had succeeded in the commercial and industrial world willingly handed over his factories and his shops in order to supply material and the other tools necessary for the war, but there was one great thing needed, the country needed manpower; they needed the men to go to the front and it was in need of keen, bright-eyed, clear-minded, alert and manly young men to take up the gun and bear the brunt of the fight. It sought men who were prepared by drilling, by education and endurance to cope with the trials, hardships and everything that

would be met in the great war and naturally it began with the men who by privation and sacrifice were well trained and qualified for the task, and America said to these men, "Come you Irish Americans, come help serve, fight and die for the country of your adoption." To young Irishmen that call meant to go and fill the trenches and win the war for America. And how the Irish Americans answered this is known to you all; when the War Department was selecting men who needed no training to prepare it for the fight, the first regiment of volunteers that was selected and the first regiment of volunteers to land on the other side was that famous regiment of Massachusetts, the Irish regiment, known as the 9th Regiment of Massachusetts. (Applause.) When the Rainbow Division, which saw so much fighting on the other side was formed, what better equipped and what better disciplined regiment could be selected to represent the City of New York than that regiment which has always followed the traditions of its fathers, which has lived up to every ideal, the old 69th Regiment, the Irish Regiment of New York, (applause) and so, the youth of our country, the Irish American youths, who came here to prepare for a career and to partake of the pleasures and innocence of ripening life, went out to the fields of battle freely and willingly. For a long time we failed to hear from any one of them, but we heard of their achievements and soon learned from Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, the Argonne and the River Ourcq and during all this time the Irish Americans at home were giving their fortunes, their services and their sons freely and gladly to prove their gratitude and their loyalty to this country; for they remembered that they came to this country looking for a home, looking for a fair chance in the battle for life and existence and they remembered they found this country with outstretched arms ready and willing to welcome them and to treat them and to give to everyone a chance and a position in the life of this country. They realized that no work, no service, no sacrifice, would be too great or could be left undone to win the war and bring success and glory to the United States, (applause) and so we find in the Regular Army, in that part of the army known as the Marines, in the Navy, in the Knights of Columbus and in the Red Cross, Irish Americans fighting for the ideals of their adopted country which they wished to preserve and they went in, not hotheaded,

not thoughtlessly, not failing to realize the dangers that confronted them, but as hardheaded men realizing that they must fight, to do and die.

I had occasion to have this brought home to me a short time ago in a very forcible manner. A young girl who had come to this country with her brother about four years ago, came to my office with a letter from the War Department, a letter which had been received in many American homes, and which brought sadness and which at the same time made them remember. The letter stated, more literally, that the war had cut down one young sapling on the battlefield. She came to me and showed me a will; her brother had left a will, but had not been in this country long enough to become an American citizen; he was only here four years but when he saw the Americans going to war he volunteered and went into the old 69th and fell at the Champagne front, where he received his baptism of blood there and became an American citizen in the blood he shed for his country in the Champagne Sector. She brought me that letter and it deserves a place in the archives of modern history; the words were misspelled; it was a request that everything be left to his sister; it was written on the paper of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The will read: "Being that I am under orders to leave the United States to serve in a foreign country and having a little money in bank I would like my sister to get it; in case I should not survive I leave everything I possess to my sister." That is the way the men went away; they went away fully knowing there was a great chance they were never going to come back, but having come here and having gotten the liberty and freedom they sought, they were willing to give up their lives in order to serve the country of their adoption. (Applause.)

Now, we have had representatives at the head of our army in every great war; we had Commodore Barry, the father of the American Navy; we had General Sullivan of the War of the Revolution; we had Jackson and MacDonough in the War of 1812; we had Kearny and Wool in the Mexican War; we had Sheridan in the Civil War and our late lamented Thomas Barry and Madden in the Philippine War. In this war we had Admiral McGowan; Generals McIntyre, Drum, McMahon, McAndrew, and the famous leader of the 27th Division who is here before you to-night, and

all fighting for the same principle, the same ideals, for Liberty and Democracy-and for the abolition and destruction of Autocracy, and among the officers we find a large percentage of names as Donoghue, McDonough, Reilly, Duffy; why, if you were to take the list of your organization here, take the list of this organization I have not any doubt you would find many hundreds of these very names on the roster of the American Army. The war has taught the American people one lesson; it has taught them that the Irish came here, driven by the British, from their homeland, to prove to the royalty of Europe, that they are not ungrateful of the liberty and reception they received here and they are willing to give their fortunes, their business and even to lay down their lives to prove this to the country of their adoption. There has not been a war for humanity and democracy throughout all our history that representatives of our race have not taken a leading part in. Democracy means the rule of the people; it is fundamentally right that Democracy be realized through government and the life and liberty which the Almighty has planned and placed in the hearts of every race, the inherent right of every race to rule itself according to its ideals and principles. In the words of the greatest document ever written in this country, that was brought forth on that memorable 4th of July, the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that wherever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." (Applause.)

MR. CLARKE: I pronounce the exercises concluded. I thank you all, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Historical Papers

CAPTAIN JAMES HOWARD, COL. WILLIAM LITHGOW,
COL. ARTHUR NOBLE, AND OTHER IRISH
PIONEERS OF MAINE.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS O'DWYER.

Along the wide reaches of the lower Kennebec, at the opening years of the 18th century, were a few struggling settlements of Scotch, Irish and English farmers and traders, who were induced to settle thereon by easy options on the large tracts of fertile land and the outlying forests. Years before, in the middle of the 17th century, shortly after the settlement of Boston, Plymouth, Salem and Ipswich had got under way, adventurous Englishmen and Irishmen from these settlements went down the coast and reconnoitered the several clearings with a view to a permanent settlement. From Merrymeeting Bay down to Kittery Point, they found a few forts, and around these were clustered hardy pioneer stock, most of whom were of Scotch or Irish extraction. At periods, from the later years of the 17th century, these pioneers had combatted with effective Celtic strength, the onerous ravages of roving bands of warlike Indians from the banks of the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers, and even from the Merrimack in New Hampshire. From the first, these pioneer settlements were the objective point whenever the Indians wanted to vent their hatred of the whitefaces, and they were continually ravaged and sometimes destroyed by Kennebecs or Canibas, Pennacooks, Abenakis and bands of Canadian or St. Francois tribe of Indians. These, it is alleged, by more or less truthful English and New England historians, were urged on by the French Catholic missionaries, or the Governor-General of Quebec.

In the autumn of 1717, Robert Temple of County Tipperary, Ireland, came to Boston. At that time, he was a young man of 23, ambitious and adventurous. He came to New England to settle as a gentleman farmer, as had some of his ancestors in England and Ireland. He visited Connecticut and also the lands of the Pejepscot Company about the Androscoggin River in Maine. After exploring and examining the lands in this pur-

chase, he was still unsatisfied. He finally explored the clearings along the east side of the Kennebec River, opposite the mouth of the Androscoggin. Upon his return to Boston, he conferred with various officials of the New Plymouth Company and, after several conferences, agreed to undertake the enterprise of transporting settlers from Ireland.

In the year 1718, Temple engaged two large ships and, so great was the interest manifested in the original enterprise in Ireland, in the next year, 1719, he engaged three more to carry the Irish emigrants from Cork and the other parts of Ireland to the new world. In the interval, he made several voyages back and forth between Boston and Ireland to recruit settlers. In the old country, his agents were industriously engaged in going through the different port towns in the south of Ireland, wherein likely, sturdy, young men and women were encouraged to come on board Temple's ships and try their fortunes in America. Owing to the then unsettled state of the country, the agents found little trouble in getting desirable emigrants; eager Irish husbandmen, tradesmen, and yeomen, who had previously been hampered by the oppressive enforcements of the bigoted laws of the English ministry, were only too glad to grab at the favorable opportunities presented by Temple's agents, and lost no time in signing up for the voyage and the subsequent planting of the settlements.

When the delighted, land-hungry eyes of the emigrants, wearied with looking at stretches of sea, beheld the fertile clearings and the magnificent forests along the Maine Coast, their delight and amazement were unbounded. And when they beheld the great reaches of the mouth of the Kennebec, and were pointed out their future homes, they breathed prayers of thankfulness to God for preserving them in their long dangerous voyage—to be spared to realize their desire for home and freedom. Along the shores of Merrymeeting Bay, they were also cheered by beholding little settlements of their own countrymen, some of whom had come out the year before in the great influxes from the northern towns and villages in Ireland, and who came down to meet them and give them the old country greeting—the “caed mille failthe.”

Soon the hardy Irish pioneers and their women, after visiting the settlements of their countrymen between Merrymeeting Bay and Casco, started hewing down the big pine and spruce trees,

preparatory to the building of log cabins and earthen abodes; next they erected earthworks and an improvised fortification to ward off Indian visitations, of which they had been forewarned in their long trip across the Atlantic Ocean.

The unexpected coming of the whitefaces, and the energy of the Celtic builders, engaged in hewing down the timber on their ancient hunting and fishing places, aroused the Canibas and Abenakis, who looked on wonderingly at the unusual operations from the shadows of the woods. And the wonderment of the dusky sons of the forest was turned into jealousy and then into hatred, when they saw the hardy Irish pioneers plowing up the virgin land the next spring, and planting the seed of the first potatoes, which the thrifty emigrants had brought with them from Ireland.

In his interesting monograph on the "Lost Town of Cork, Maine," in the *Journal of the American Irish Historical Society*, (vol. XII pp 175-184) Mr. Michael J. O'Brien says:

"Temple received one thousand acres of land for his own use and, after he had made a visit to the mouth of the Eastern river, where the first of the proposed settlements was to be located, he returned to Ireland. In the following year, (1718) he chartered five ships and brought over hundreds of people, who were landed at a place called North Bath; thence they were transferred to the location on the other side of the Kennebec, which had been selected as the site of the new Irish settlement."

Charles K. Belton, in his "Scotch Irish Pioneers" says:

"A few of the Temple colonists settled in Topsham opposite Brunswick; several at Cathance Point, now a part of Bowdoinham on the Kennebec, south of Dresden. Others, the largest part of several hundreds, went to New Hampshire and Pennsylvania, to avoid the wrath (?) of Father Rasle and the Indians." In the same authority (Bolton) on page 216 in the book is found the following:

"By the deposition of David Dunning, Jane McFadden and her son Andrew, and John McPhetre, we learn that some of the people who settled at Macquoit Bay and the Androscoggin River, removed from Ireland to Boston, down to Kennebec River, and up Merrymeeting Bay to a place called Cathance Point."

North, in his history of Augusta, says that "James Howard, the military commander of Fort Western [now Augusta, Maine,] may be considered the first settler at Cushnoc. He was a highly respectable gentleman who came from the north of Ireland [?] to Boston early in the last [18th] century, and associated himself with a number of his countrymen, who, like himself, were of Protestant religion and of Scotch descent, for the purpose of settling in some approved place * * * they were influenced by the superior advantages offered at St. George's and the liberal terms proposed by General [Samuel] Waldo to enter into a contract with him to settle on his lands on that river. The next year [1736], early in the spring of the year, Howard went from Boston with his wife Mary and two sons, John and Samuel, together with the Irish and Scotch settlers who went to build that settlement." Howard selected lot 18 in a prominent position on the river and reserved lot 17 for his brother Samuel, who came from Boston later. The agreement with Waldo to settle, dated April 18, 1735, specified that the original pioneers agreed "to settle themselves and families on St. George's River, to build on them [the lands] several lots, a convenient dwelling-house within eight months and dwell therein three years, either in their own persons or by their tenants or agents; and, within two years, to clear and subdue four acres of land. Mr. Waldo, on his part, agreed to give the said settlers a tract of land on the western branch of St. George's River, consisting of one lot of 100 acres, each settler to be laid out 40 rods wide on the river and to extend back until the quantity was completed * * * a sufficient space was left below the same for building a dam, mill, and other appendages. The lots were to be given without any rent or acknowledgment, although when he came to give deeds Waldo reserved 'one pepper-corn per annum if lawfully demanded,' which was probably intended to preserve a sort of feudal claim in the family and prevent the lands from being escheated to the crown * * * Most of them [the settlers] subscribed for 200 or 300 acres, but so formidable was the payment of this sum that few of them ventured to take out deeds. Those who did, however, as events turned out, found that the rent was never called for and was ultimately forfeited." (Eaton, *History of Warren*, p. 54.)

With James Howard and his family, were the following Irishmen who signed the original articles with Waldo, April 18, 1735:

James Howard	Henry Alexander	Samuel Boogs
John North, Jr.	David Patterson	Thomas Garven
John Malcom	Thomas Gregg	Thomas Henderson
John McCracken	John McLean	Thomas Kirkpatrick
James Sproul	Daniel Morison	Daniel McAlister
David Creighton	Daniel Eliot	William Walker
William James	Brice Blair	William Starret
Moses Young	Robert Spear	Alexander Lermont
John Scot		

Several of these had friends or children in Ireland [or in the other Irish settlements in New England] whom they wished to provide for, and so they contracted for themselves and for 18 others who were absent or under age. They were:

John Hardy	John Boogs	Samuel Howard
John McFarland	Edward Selfridge	John Kirkpatrick
Andrew Kirkpatrick	James Nelson	Abraham Creighton
William McIntyre	Andrew Fosset	Robert Luske
William Larman	Hugh Scot	Alexander McLean
John McCordy	James Long	Simon Eliot

(Eaton's History of Warren, p. 55-6.)

As most of the above settlers were from the same country [Ireland] a brotherly feeling prevailed among them and hospitality and kindness were common. A moose or bear slain by one was divided among the whole colony; and when one had a home to build or other work of magnitude to perform, all, or as many as were needed, turned out to assist him. (Ibid p. 61.)

One of the first children born in the new settlement was Margaret, the daughter of James Howard, who was born October 25, 1738. This occasioned a real old-fashioned Irish christening in the community and, from up and down the river, young and old flocked to pay their respects to the happy couple and the lusty youngster. Country dances and singing were performed in the open a short distance from the river, and the Indians, looking on from the shadows of the woods nearby, were awe-struck at the sight. Two years later, William, the fourth son, was born to the happy pair.

Up to the beginning of the war between France and Spain, the settlement had comparative peace. Refractory Indians, crazed with the white man's fire-water would stray into the settlement from time to time, but they were quickly disarmed, and rendered *hors de combat* by the rugged Irish pioneers when they got too forceful.

At this period, the tireless Irish pioneers were struggling with might and main to improve their new homes. This activity led to loud and persistent complaints from the Canibas Indians who saw their favorite hunting and fishing spots monopolized by the white invader. The burden of their complaint was as follows:

"Here is a river belonging to us; you have lately built a new garrison here; we wish you would be content to go no further up the river than that [Western] fort. We live wholly by this land and live poorly; the Penobscots hunt on one side of us; and the Canadian Indians on the other side; therefore do not turn us off this land. We are willing you shall enjoy all the lands from the new fort and so, downwards."

When shown the old Indian deeds transferring the land originally to the Company, the chief, Ongewasgone, said:

"I am an old man and I never heard any of them [his ancestors] say these lands were sold. We don't think those deeds are false, but we apprehend you got the Indians drunk and so took the advantage of them, when you bought the land."—(Willis, editor of *Smith's Journal*, p. 153, note.)

When the first settlers began their habitations on St. George's river and erected a saw-mill on Mill River, the Indians were fearful again and marked a tree on shore at the head of tidewater on the Crawford lot in Warren and forbade all intrusion of the whites above the tree. To reinforce this command, they sent a delegation to the General Court at Boston, June 25, 1736, and chose Capt. John Gyles, an old Indian fighter and master of the Indian dialects, as their interpreter. Through Gyles, they represented that they had never consented to let Englishmen build homes above the tidewaters of the St. George's River. Samuel Waldo, who had been instrumental in starting the Irish settlement on the river that year was, naturally, the most active in opposition. But on July 3rd, a report of a committee favorable to the Indian claims was accepted and settlements farther up the river were forbidden till all the lands were fairly purchased. To appease the Indian chiefs, presents worth £100 were sent to the

tribe and the delegation returned home satisfied. Such was the general tranquility after this, that the garrison was reduced to one commissioned officer and ten sentinels. Capt. Gyles continued in command and John Noyes was elected truckmaster. (Eaton's Hist. Thomaston, p. 47.)

So the Irish settlers along the river suspended for the time their land-hunger, and proceeded to ingratiate themselves into the good-will of the affronted Indian population. It was noticed that the Canibas and Abenakis were partial to that part of the Irish neighbors who showed themselves as Catholics, of which there were a few among the settlements. Tradition says that the Canibas or Abenaki braves, meeting an Irish hunter or trader of Catholic leanings, would salute each other with the sign of the cross—a religious pass-word—which would be exchanged in the darkest retreats in the woods. Many times the Irish Catholic settler would be protected from molestation by bands of Indians when he showed this distinctive sign of the Faith. It has also been a well-confirmed tradition that French missionaries to the Canibas and the Abenakis saved, more than once, a settlement from being burned or wiped out because of the presence of Irish or Scotch Catholics in them.

Without a doubt, there is some truth in this tradition. Irish emigrants who landed in Maine in the big emigrations one hundred years ago into Canada and the United States, found this interesting tradition verified when they met with apparently war-like braves in the woods along the coasts of the bays and inlets and even in the settlements in the interior of the State of Maine.

In looking over the old yellowed muster-rolls of the period, especially during the last French and Indian War, the examiner meets with many distinctive Irish names. These men were recruited from the settlers along the river [Kennebec] and in the haunts of the Irish and Scotch in the North end in Boston, where prospective farmers and laborers for the Maine villages lived temporarily after their long ocean voyage. For the defense of the Kennebec River settlements in 1756, Capt. James Howard recruited a company of thirty men. These hardy Irish Scotch and English soldiers ranged the territory between Fort Halifax and Western and effectually warded off contemplated invasions at this trying period. In order to give one an idea of the strength

of Capt. Howard's company, the writer gives the following company roll, dated, Boston, June 10, 1756:

James Howard, captain, £4 per month (salary)
 John Howard, lieutenant, £3/4 per month
 Samuel Howard, ensign, £2/2/8 per month
 Daniel Tibbetts, centinel, 26s 8 p per month
 John Spearing, centinel
 Daniel Tibbetts, centinel, 26s 8p per month
 Thomas Parker, centinel
 Edward Whaland (Whalan), centinel
 James John (a Negro), centinel
 William Clarke, centinel
 Jeremiah Bowen, centinel
 Joseph Dolley (Dooley), centinel
 Richard Tripp, centinel
 William Boarman (Bowman), centinel
 David Thomas, centinel
 Morris Fling (Flynn), centinel
 William Brooke, centinel
 Thomas Low, centinel
 Morris Wheeler, centinel
 William Howard, centinel
 James Howard, Jr. (son of ye Capt.), centinel
 Nathaniel Davis, centinel
 John Shennen (Sheehan), centinel
 Samuel Brooks, centinel
 John Lyndes (Lyons), centinel
 John Lyndes (Lyons), centinel
 John Martin, centinel
 Mickel Odrishkill (O'Driscoll), centinel
 John Marren (Hearn), centinel
 Samuel Howard, centinel (at 20/ per month. Omitted Capt. Lithgow's Roll.)

(Massachusetts Archives, vol. 94, p. 245.)

In the spring of 1757, the above soldiers and others performed vigilant duty around Fort Western and Capt. James Howard publicly showed his appreciation by commending them to Governor Shirley. On the 18th of May, 1757, Howard wrote the following letter "to the Honourable his majesties council in Boston":

"Fort Western 18th May, 1757

"May it please y'r honours Capt Lithgow Sent down a boats Crew consisting of ten men as far as Brunswick to fetch up Lieut Moody in order to mend our Boats and this morning about Seven o'clock Ensign Pettee was returning home and we thought it best to Send two men by Land as

an advance Guard and the other eight in the boat and when they were about Seven miles above this fort then the two men on the Shore who kept just abut three or four Rods before the Boat Discover'd a Scout of Seventeen Indians close on the Shore and fired on the Boat three times not being more than fifteen yards distance, and our people return'd the fire three times out of the boat and as they could not recover the Indians side of the River they put across the River recovered that Shore and fired Several Guns one of the men that was on the Shore Lept into the river and Swom (swum) across the river tho' the freshet is very high and the other was Seen under a Root and we hope that the enemy has not found him but we hope he is not return'd yet it is now about two Hours since the action.

There is two of our men wounded but I hope they are not mortal all our people declare that they saw the Indians Carry off two dead or wounded of their own party I conclude with begging leave to Subscribe myself Your Honours most Hu'ble Servt

JAMES HOWARD

(Massachusetts Archives, vol. 56, p. 98.)

Early in the year 1754, Governor William Shirley gave orders, "as soon as may be, for erecting a new fort at the charge of the government, upon the aforesaid river for the protection of the settlements made, or which may be hereafter be made upon the same and in the adjacent country; and use by best endeavours to cause the same to be finished with the utmost expedition."

Eaton, in his History of Warren, Maine said:

"This was the first move in the erection of Fort Western in Cushenac, now Augusta and Fort Halifax, higher up the river. It will be understood that the Taconett Falls, mentioned by Governor Shirley, means the falls at Waterville, although the fort was built on the other side of the river in what is known as Winslow. The next day after receiving the letter from Governor Shirley, the Plymouth Company held a meeting and they practically resolved to follow the instructions and suggestions pointed out by the governor.

Shortly afterward, just as soon as laborers could be procured to begin the building, and in the later spring of 1754, the actual work on Fort Western was started. The work was done under the immediate supervision of James Howard, the first settler, and one of the original promoters for a fort at Cushenac; he, in turn, was directed by Governor Shirley or officials of the New Plymouth Company. At this period Howard was a member of the trading company at Fort Richmond, and cooperated with William

Lithgow in the military government of the settlements along the river. On October 11th, 1754, Howard wrote to Governor Shirley at Boston pointing out conditions between the two forts. In the postscript, the reader will note that Howard sent "a barrel of potatoes" by the bearer, Capt. McFadden, which indicates the typical Irish generosity and intuition of the giver. The letter, which the writer copied from the Massachusetts Archives, and which has never before been published, is as follows:

"Fort Richmond, Oct. 11, 1754

"May it pleas your Excellency Agreeable to General Winslow's orders to me I have taken the Command at Fort Western But find a necessity of Coming here when the Indians com to Trade which is But Sildom those that com here not to be teadious or troublesome to your Excellency But leave it to your wise Consideration whether we don't Stand in need of more men and more and better Guns. Seeing I Expect to have orders to send a detachment of my men upon several occasions peticularly to Best of the men and our Enemies who Can Ly Within one hundred and fifty yard of our Fort In one of the Gulies (gullies) and we Cannot Guard up the sloops with the Stores and this detachment must be the anoy them from our fort and they Seeing us go out so Whither it may not Indanger the forts, being Taken. we have no Coulars (colors) for the Fort I Conclud With wishing His majesties success and Victory both by sea and Land and your health and prosperity I Beg Leave to Subscribe myself Your Excellencys most Dutifull most obedient and Humble Servent,

JAMES HOWARD

(Mass. Archives, vol. 54, p. 383.)

One can imagine, from a careful reading of the above, that Lieut. Howard had many things on his mind, what with roving bands of Indians and French and an anxiety to have his little fort in a condition to withstand any attack that might be made on it. At that time, the Province treasury had many demands upon it in Boston, and the plight of Howard and his Irish garrison received scant consideration. The letter written by Howard was doubtless laid away for future reference. Notwithstanding the apathy of the provincial officials in Boston, Howard made shift as best he could with the material provided and the little garrison of Irishmen and Scotchmen handled any obstreperous Indians that appeared, with a physical prowess that won the respect of the Indians. Governor Shirley, however, had always in mind the brave Irish pioneer soldiers. In deference to the petitions of Howard, he, "at once ordered a road to be built between Taconett

Falls and Fort Western, and, it is worthy of note, that this was the first military road in Maine. It is also worthy of note that these forts [Halifax and Western] were built to guard against the French more than the Indians, and that race was not permitted to establish settlements in this region." (L. C. Bateman in *Lewis-ton Journal*, Feb. 26, 1916.)

In consequence of the opening of the new military road by Governor Shirley, the trade between the two forts increased. In 1752, William Lithgow was appointed truckmaster of Fort Richmond. "To conciliate the Indians, six hogsheads of bread and six barrels of pork were transported to these forts [Richmond and Western] to be distributed among them. On the 20th of October, a conference was held with the Eastern Indians at Fort St. George's, when the provisions of Dummer's treaty were renewed. The ratification was under seal and witnessed by thirty-two persons, among whom were Samuel and John Howard, Afterwards of Augusta." (Eaton's *Annals of Warren*, p. 80.)

On the last day of December, the same year, Robert Temple, Thomas Hancock, William Brattle, Jacob Wendell, R. A. Apthorp, Sylvester Gardiner, Joshua Winslow, William Bowdoin, James Bowdoin, Benjamin Hallowell, John Jones, James Pitts, Edward Tyng, David Jeffries, signed a petition to Hon. Spencer Phips, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, asking that "the Tract of Land lying on both sides of Kennebec River, which was granted to the late Colony of New Plymouth be erected into a separate county, and that additional land be set apart to accommodate the large influx of German Protestant families."

The men behind the petition were all powers in the community, and were all stockholders in the New Plymouth Company which built Fort Western. While Fort Western and Halifax were building, the provincial workmen, most of whom were paid six shillings a day for their labor, were protected at their labors from roving bands of French and Indians. This was one of the provisions in the agreement between the Plymouth Company and the officials at Boston. Never had the wilderness of the Kennebec resounded to so much bustle and activity. To shelter all the workmen and the protecting force of soldiers, the timber and other materials were prepared under the guns of Fort Shirley at Frankfort, near Dresden. The fort was built by the Company

and garrisoned by the Province. When ready for putting into place, the materials [used in the construction] were built into rafts and floated up the river with the tide; but, of course, they needed much towing. Each raftsman had an armed guard for fear of an attack from the Indians, who looked upon the erection of the forts as an aggression, although some of the chiefs had reluctantly consented to it. Fort Western was erected on the site of the original trading-house of 1629, and was a fortified stone house and dependence of Fort Halifax. The first year, it was under the care of Capt. Lithgow. He mentions it in his letter to Lieut.-Governor Phips, as one of the several posts he is obliged to garrison. (Maine Historical Society Collections, vol. VIII., p. 240.)

Following the close of the last French and Indian War in 1759, the settlements along the Kennebec had comparative peace. Capt. James Howard now pursued the interesting avocation of a country squire, holding district courts to iron out the Irish settler's disputes; marrying the children of the pioneers; straightening out land deeds; and slowly but surely making himself and his hard-working sons, Samuel and William, powers in the community.

Up to the beginning of the Revolution, a trade, rich in results, was built up by the Howards with the West Indies, Newfoundland, Portsmouth and Boston and Capt. Samuel, the oldest son of Capt. James Howard started to build his own trading vessels in the snug harbors of the Kennebec. The Howards trade consisted of exchanging the timber, bark, resin and furs of the Maine woods for spices, dyestuffs, mahogany, sugar and rum from the West Indies, and fish from Boston and Newfoundland. Commodities for the benefit of the Maine settlers were also brought in the vessels of the Howards from Boston, Portsmouth and Salem.

In 1767 Capt. James Howard was appointed one of the King's magistrates for the Kennebec region. When the Revolution broke out, he resigned this office and busied himself for the cause of the patriotic settlers.

As the result of the success of the trading the Howards with the West Indies and Boston, the family prospered and Capt. James erected a great mansion near the Kennebec, not far from Fort Western, where he held court, legal and social, and entertained

the celebrities who came up from Boston and Salem and Portsmouth. When Benedict Arnold and his expedition were on their way to Quebec in the summer of 1775, he and his officers were royally entertained by Capt. Howard, and the thousand odd men in Arnold's little army were given the freedom of Capt. Howard's estate near the Kennebec at Augusta. The American Army stopped over a few days at Fort Western and Fort Halifax on the river and made necessary repairs to bateaux, camp paraphernalia. The sick and wounded were tenderly taken care of by Mrs. Howard and the women in the settlement.

During the Revolution, the Howard family helped the colony in various ways, particularly by keeping open the avenues of trade between Newfoundland and the West Indies. The native Irish intuition of Capt. Samuel Howard in his hazardous voyages down the coast got him out of a scrape or a tight hole more than once. Like many other Irish sea captains of the period, Capt. Samuel Howard the son of Capt. James, joined the Irish charitable Society of Boston while resting between one of his voyages. He was admitted a member on December 12, 1769.

In 1788, the will of Capt. James Howard was filed for probate in Lincoln County, Maine. At the time the Captain made the will he was living in Hallowell, "in the County of Lincoln," where most of his children resided. The will, which was dated, 13th of January, 1786, was probated the 4th of January, 1788. (See Folio II., p. 148-9, Probate Records of Lincoln County, Maine.) The will read as follows:

"I, James Howard, of Hallowell, in County Lincoln, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being now in Health of Body and of a sound Mind, and calling to Mind the Certainty of Death and the Uncertainty of the Time thereof, do make, this, my last Will and Testament, that is to say, first and principally I commend my Soul unto the Hands of God who gave it and my Body to the Earth to be decently interr'd at the Discretion of my Executors hereafter named. And as to such Worldly Estate as it hath pleased God to bestow upon me in this life I give, devise, and dispose of the same in the following manner and form—that is to say: . . .

Item: I give unto my beloved Wife, Susannah, two hundred & fifty Pounds, to be paid her out of my Estate. I also give

unto my said Wife one third part of all my household furniture of every sort & kind to dispose of as she thinks proper; I also give to her my said Wife the use and Improvement of one third part of all my real Estate during the Term of her natural Life.

"Item: I give unto my Son John Howard the sum of twenty shillings to be paid him or to his Guardian by my Executors out of the Estate immediately after my Decease. The same amount with the same conditions was paid to his sons Samuel, William and his daughter Margaret.

"Item: All the rest and Residue of my Estate, real, personal & mixed wheresoever the same is or may be found, I give & devise unto my two Children Isabella and James, the (Children which I had by my present Wife Susannah) to be equally divided between them and to hold for them and their respective heirs for ever. And in Case that either of my last mentioned Children should die without Issue then it is my Will that the whole Estate, real & personal, given and devised to the said Isabella and James, shall accrue to and be equally divided among all my Grand Children, to wit, the Children of my Son Samuel, William & Margaret; to hold unto my said Grand Children & their heirs for ever.

"Lastly: I do hereby appoint my said Wife and my Son William Howard Executors of this my last Will and Testament and I do hereby revoke all other & former Wills and Testaments.

"In Testimony whereof, I, the said James Howard, do hereunto set my hand and seal this thirteenth Day of January in the Year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty six.

Signed Sealed and declared by
the Testator to be his last will
and Testament in presence of
us—

H. Sewall*
Elisha Bisbe
William Howard, Jr.

Mem'o The words "real &
personal" given & were inter-
lined before sealing

I, James Howard, declare
this (seal) Instrument to
be my last will & testa-
ment.

*Henry Sewall.

JAMES HOWARD—JUSTICE.

On the 19th of June, 1760, the General Court of Massachusetts set off the new county of Lincoln, Maine. "A courthouse and jail were built in the west precinct of the shire, which included

Wiscasset Point, New Milford and Dresden—the three were called Pownalboro. A legal organization of higher jurisdiction and forms of procedure was created and organized into the Lincoln bar. Samuel Denny, William Lithgow, Aaron Hinckley and John North were justices presiding. William Cushing, Jonathan Bowman, Joseph Patten, John Stimson and James Howard were magistrates.” (Introduction to Probate Records of Lincoln County, Maine, 1760 to 1800—compiled by William D. Patterson of Wiscasset. Edited by Maine Genealogical Society, Portland, 1895.)

Pursuant to a letter of inquiry as to the participation of James Howard and his wife Mary in land grants, the writer received the following information from B. C. Redonnett, Registrar of Deeds of Lincoln County, Maine:

“In our early records, I find several transfers, both to and from James Howard; sometimes he is mentioned as from Hallowell, and sometimes from Fort Western; he must have held title to land on both sides of the Kennebec.

“I find nothing which, in any way, states the maiden name of his wife; I find up to about 1777, that his wife signed deeds with him as Mary; no initial letter at all. She signed by her mark; then, from 1777, for a few years, no wife seemed to sign; then about 1781, the wife of James Howard is Susannah. * * * It is possible that you know as to this. There were other Howards at Fort Western and Hallowell about this time.”

THE HOWARDS, NOBLES, AND LITHGOWS IN EARLY MAINE HISTORY.

In 1725, Isaac Howard and Arthur Noble* (ensign) were members of Col. Westbrook's company. Their names were on the company roll from November 22, 1724, to May 27, 1725, to defend the settlements from the attacks of Indians. From July to November, 1722, Isaac Howard did effective duty in Col.

*Col. Arthur Noble was born in Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland. He came to Maine early in the eighteenth century.

Shadrach Walton's company. On the company roll he is listed as "centinel." In the Massachusetts Archives, vol. 52, p. 232, was a letter written by Thomas Westbrook, who evidently wrote to the Governor at Boston :

(Massachusetts Archives, vol. 54, p. 383.)

"May it Please your Hon'r

"The bearer, Ens. Noble is the Gentleman whom yr Hon'r wrote to me of in the year 1723 to take notice of and to acquaint yr Hon'r of his behaviour He has always readily observed command and faithfully Complyd withall orders he has rec'd from time to time

I am, your Hon'rs servant,

"Falmouth, July 28th, 1725

THOS WESTBROOK

From June 18 to November 11, 1725, Arthur Noble was on the muster-roll of Capt. Samuel Jourden's company as ensign. At the battle of Minas, Nova Scotia, he was colonel in command of the provincial troops, and met his death while defending the stone house in the middle of the town. The account of the battle, taken from the Boston *Weekly Postboy* of March 2, 1747, was as follows :

"* * * On Saturday, the 31st of January, before daylight, a party of Canadian French inhabitants of island of St. John's in Bayvert and some inhabitants of Schegnecto, between 450 and 500 in all, marched to Grand Pre in Minas and surprised the detachment of our troops, consisting of about 500, under command of the late Lieutenant colonel Noble. * * * Col Noble's quarters (in a stone house in town) was the first to be attacked. He had, the night before, unfortunately moved the main guard to a stone house (supposed to be impregnable) in the town and (Noble) after receiving two wounds in his body, and returning the enemy's fire three times in his shirt was at last shot dead with a musket ball (which entered his forehead); his brother Ensign James Noble, was likewise killed in fighting in the same house. * * * The attack on the stone house in which Col. Noble and his brother James were quartered, was led by Chevalier de la Corne. The Chevalier used the house afterward as a fort of defense after his capture.

Col. Arthur Noble and his brother James were buried, after the battle at Minas. Thus died two of the most heroic soldiers of Irish birth and extraction, who took part in the Louisburg expedition. Both died, like so many other distinguished Irishmen, on the field of honor, in the defense of the rights of their adopted country. Col. Arthur Noble was born in Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland, early in the eighteenth century and

came to this country, with Robert Lithgow and his family (who also was born in Ireland) in that honored band of Irish pioneers who landed on the lower shores of Maine between years 1718 and 1720. From the first, both families entered the colonial militia and helped to ward off numerous attacks of French and Indians along the banks of Casco Bay and the Kennebec River during the second French and Indian War. Robert Lithgow was a "centinel" in Capt. John Gyles' company in August, 1722, at Fort George at Brunswick, Maine. In the company roster, dated July, 1723, to June, 1724, he is entered as "Robert Lithgow, Centinel, Ireland." He was still with Gyles' company in 1725.

Robert Lithgow was the father of William Lithgow, who, later, became famous as commander of Fort Halifax and Richmond on the Kennebec, and awed the Indians with his fearless Irish ways and bravery. His correspondence with the provincial government officials at Boston at this period gives an illuminating picture of life in Maine and along the Kennebec during the stirring times from the Lovewell War up to the surrender at Quebec in 1759.

GENEALOGY OF JAMES HOWARD AND HIS CHILDREN.

(From *North's History of Augusta.*)

- I. JAMES HOWARD, b. Ireland, 1702; died, May 14, 1778.
His first wife, Mary ———, d. August 22, 1778.
 - I. John, b. 1733; d. July 30, 1804.
 - II. James, b. ———; d. ———.
 - III. Samuel, b. 1735; d. March 29, 1799.
 - IV. Margaret, b. Oct. 25, 1738; m. Capt. James Patterson, Feb. 8, 1763 (first marriage at Fort Western).
 By second wife, Susannah Coney of Augusta he had:
 - V. William, b. 1740; m. Martha Howard, his cousin, daughter Lieut. Samuel Howard; d. April 7, 1810; age 70.
 - VI. Isabella, b. Dec. 2, 1781; d. June 1, 1788.
 - VII. James, b. June 9, 1783; d. ———; m. Nancy Coffin, Nov., 1800.
3. CAPT. SAMUEL HOWARD, master mariner, sailed first vessel in trade with Fort Western settlement and Boston; was in company with his brother William in trade at Fort; m. Sarah Lithgow, only daughter of Col. William Lithgow. He died March 29, 1799. Had three children. They were:
 - I. William.
 - II. Robert.

- III. Sarah, b. ———; m. Thomas Bowman, son of Jonathan Bowman of Pownalborough, Maine, Nov. 3, 1799.
3. COL. WILLIAM HOWARD, trader; was a long time at Fort Western where he lived and died; m. Martha Howard, his cousin, daughter of Lieut. Samuel Howard. He died April 7, 1810, age 70. His wife died Oct. 28, 1785. Five children were born to them—they were:
- I. Samuel, b. Jan. 21, 1776.
 - II. James, b. March 11, 1772; d. young.
 - III. Mary, b. July 20, 1774; m. Rev. Dr. John Sylvester John Gardiner, for 25 years pastor of Trinity Church, Boston.
 - IV. Margaret, b. April 4, 1776; d. Nov. 4, 1785.
 - V. ———, b. July 2, 1778; d. young.
- CHILDREN OF DR. JOHN S. J. GARDINER AND MARY HOWARD:
- I. William Howard Gardiner, prominent lawyer in Boston; m. Caroline Perkins.
 - III. Louisa Gardiner; m. John P. Cushing of Watertown, Mass.
6. JAMES HOWARD, JR. (2d); m. Nancy Coffin of Farmington, Maine, November, 1800; he died at sea in the fall of 1807, aged 24. They had two children:
- I. Isabella, b. August 7, 1801; m. Charles S. West; she died 1853, leaving child.
 - II. Adeline, b. June 7, 1805; m. Capt. Springer; d. 1846; left one child.

Lieutenant Samuel Howard, brother of Captain James, settled with him at St. George's River in 1736, and in 1754 removed to the Kennebec River when Halifax and Western were built. At Fort Halifax, he was lieutenant under Capt. William Lithgow during the French War. He married Capt. Lithgow's sister, Margaret, and settled at Cushnoc, afterwards Augusta, after the war, on lot number 1, left side of the river. He died April 22, 1784, aged 84. His wife died October 24, 1799, aged 93. They had five children.

(Contributed by George F. O'Dwyer, 148 Midland St., Lowell, Mass.)

IRISH NAMES IN NEW ENGLAND RECORDS,

Collated by George F. O'Dwyer.

Robert Connelly of Marblehead petitioned the Massachusetts Court in 1760 "Praying an allowance for the time he was made up short in the Muster rolls and for his care and trouble attending some of the soldiers sick of the small pox." Connelly was a "Soldier in the Pay of the Province of Massachusetts." Thomas Cornelle (Connelly?) by occupation a victualler, was a private in Capt. Jona Pearson's company at Fort Edward in 1756. He came from Marblehead. Whether he was a relative of the above Robert is a question. On April 1, 1760, the Massachusetts Court in answer to the petition ordered Robert £5, 18s out of the public treasury "in full for the time he was detained nursing the sick."

John Caton (Keating) was awarded £2, 15s and 4d back pay by the province of Massachusetts in 1760 for service as a soldier in Capt. Wentworth's company of Col. Thomas' Regiment of Massachusetts provincial troops.

Philip Fling (Flynn) was one of three men captured on board the Massachusetts province sloop "Prince of Wales" during the siege of Louisburg, Cape Breton, by a French man-of-war. They were carried to France and "kept in Gaol there a long time." On January 8, 1760, the Massachusetts Legislature awarded Fling or Flynn £12 (\$60) "in full for his sufferings."

John Breeden of Malden, Mass., was a soldier in the Massachusetts provincial troops on the Crown Point expedition in 1755.

In 1760 John Connelly was captured in the Massachusetts province sloop, "Prince of Wales," and was carried to France, where, during a long captivity, he suffered great hardships. The Council granted Connelly £8 for "his Captivity and Sufferings," April 24, 1761.

John Duggan was one of those given lands in the six townships laid out east of the Penobscot River, Maine, in 1762 and 1763, in consideration of his services in the war previous.

Malachi Foot was in 1739 a gunner at Castle Island or Castle William (Boston harbor). In July 1740, his wife Elizabeth petitioned the Massachusetts Council "setting forth her low and indigent circumstances and that she attended her late husband in his last sickness eight or ten weeks without any consideration from the Government." The Council on July 11, 1741, ordered Mrs. Foot £15 "in Bills of the Old Tenor."

In 1757, Stephen Gunn conveyed five French prisoners to the gaol at Springfield, Mass., from the town of Sheffield, Mass. They may have been prisoners captured at the siege of Crown Point on Lake Champlain that year. On January 19, 1757, the Massachusetts Council allowed Gunn £26. 1. 2 "in full for his Service and Expenses" conveying the prisoners.

Belfast, Maine, was originally settled by emigrants from the north of Ireland. Heirs of General Waldo in 1770 conveyed the trust to John Mitchell and 31 others. The original proprietors were:

John Mitchell	William McLaughlin	Matthew Read
John Gilmore	William Patterson	Alex. Wilson
Robert Patterson	John Brown	Alex. Stewart
John Steele	William Clendennin	Alex. Little
Samuel Houston	Robert McElvane	James Miller
Joseph McGregor	John Morrison	Samuel Marsh
John Tufts	Nathaniel Martin	Moses Barrett
John Moor	John Cochran	David Hemphill
Joseph Morrison	John Davidson	James Gilmore
John Durham		

Most of the above went from Londonderry, N. H., about the middle of May, 1770, and settled Belfast and lower Penobscot Bay in Maine.

Anthony Ryan from Ireland was one of the first Irish settlers of Leicester, Mass. He came to the town early in the 18th century. His wife's name was Margaret. They had these children born in Leicester; John, in 1743; Mary, 1745; Katherine, 1746, who married John Mansfield of Boston; Sarah, 1748; Samuel, 1750; Susannah, 1752; Daniel, 1755; Margaret, 1760; Susannah,

1762; Hannah, 1765. Mary, mentioned above, married one Walter Fanning, "a foreigner" (the town records state) in 1769. Anthony, at this period, owned a part of Mt. Pleasant farm.

OTHER IRISH PIONEERS

Collated by George F. O'Dwyer.

James McGregory	Robert Peebles	John Peebles
Alex. McKonkey	Joseph Fergusson	John McClentick
William Gray	John Batty	John Clark
Robert Gray	Robert Barbour	James Glasford
Matthew Gray	John Duncan	James Hamilton
W. McHan (McCann)	Hugh Kelso (Kelsey)	R. Lorthog (Lothrop)
Andrew Farrand	James Forbush	James Thorington
William Caldwell	Duncan Graham	James McKonkey
William Young	Andrew McFarland	Abraham Blair
Robert Crawford	Patrick Peebles	Joseph McClellan

"The Irish Presbyterians of Londonderry, N. H. and Belfast, Maine, were the first to bring into general use in New England the hand-card, the foot-wheel, and the loom, implements common to every New England town." (Williamson in "History of Belfast, Maine.")

Timothy Fitch, John Fitch (Fitz), John Boyd, James Laughton, Hugh Little, John Mears, James Martin, John McKown, were among the incorporators of the First Congregational Society in Bristol, Maine, in 1805.

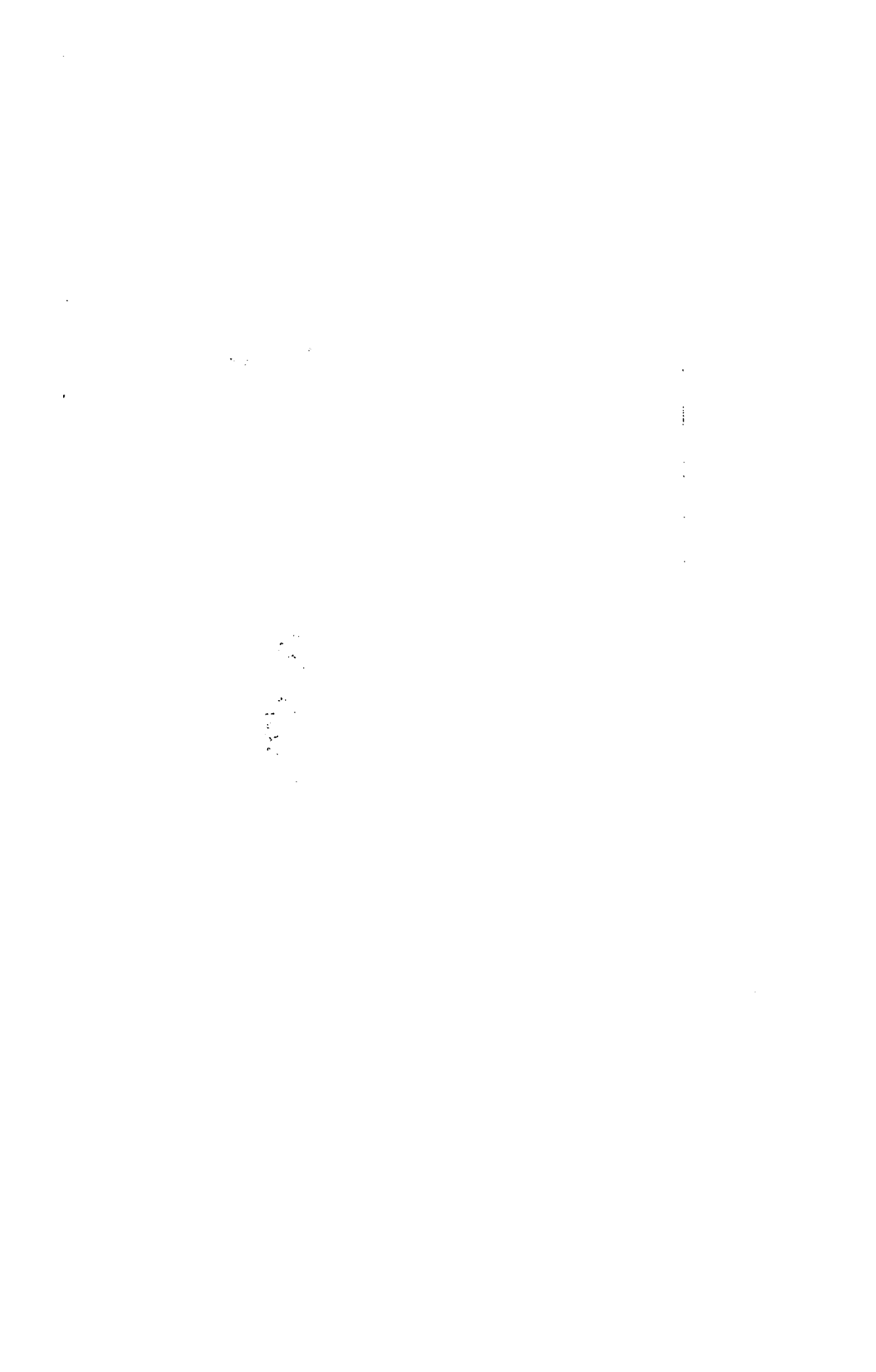
Michael Collins and others were incorporated March, 1809, as the "Massachusetts Salt Works Company," for the purpose of making salt in the county of Barnstable, Mass.

Up to the year 1809, the town of Malta, Maine, was known as New Waterford. The pioneers of the town were Irish.

The Phillips Limerick Academy in the town of Limerick, Maine, was incorporated in November, 1808, "for the purpose of promoting piety, religion and morality." Among the incorporators were John McDonald and Edmund Hayes.



Reproduced by Anna Frances Levins.
HON. EUGENE A. PHILBIN





Portrait of the Honorable
E. S. C. A. PIERCE

HON. EUGENE A. PHILBIN.

Justice Eugene A. Philbin, a member of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in this district, died March 14, 1920, at his residence, 63 West 52nd Street, in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York. He had been ill of pneumonia for about one week, so that his death was relatively sudden. His wife, Jessie Holladay Philbin, and four children survived him.

Justice Philbin was born in the City of New York, on July 24, 1857, his parents being Stephen and Eliza (McGoldrick) Philbin. He was married on June 28, 1887, to Jessie Holladay, of Chicago, a daughter of Jessie Holladay, of San Francisco.

His higher education was received at the College of St. Francis Xavier, in New York, and at Seton Hall College, in South Orange, N. J., and from the latter college he received the degrees of M.A. and LL.D. He was graduated from the law school of Columbia University, with the degree of LL.B. in 1885; he was admitted to the bar of the State of New York in 1886; immediately he engaged in the practice of the law with the firm of Ogden and Beekman. In 1895, he formed the law firm of Philbin and Beekman, later Philbin, Beekman, Menken and Griscom, of which he was the senior partner until appointed by Governor Sulzer in April, 1913, a justice of the Supreme Court, New York County. In 1914, having been nominated by both the Republican and Democratic parties, he was elected a justice of the Supreme Court for the term of fourteen years. In May, 1919, at the instance of the Presiding Justice, John Proctor Clarke, and of the other Justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, First Department, he was designated to sit in that Court by Governor Smith. He served there until his sudden decease on March 14, 1920.

On August 27, 1899, he was appointed by Governor Roosevelt a Commissioner of the State Board of Charities, and continued in that office until December of that year, when he resigned to accept the appointment from the same Governor to the office of District Attorney of the County of New York, to fill a vacancy in such office, which he held until the expiration of its term on

December 31, 1901. About the year, 1904, he was also appointed, by President Roosevelt, a member of a committee of selected citizens to investigate the conditions at the Immigration Station, at Ellis Island, in the Port of New York. He had been elected a Regent of the University of the State of New York before the taking effect, on April 1, 1904, of the legislation called the "Unification Act," and in the reorganization of the State's educational system by that law, he was retained and re-elected as a member of the reduced Board of Regents, and drew a five years' term which expired April 1, 1909. Because of the creation in the meantime of the new Ninth Judicial District of the State, wherein he did not reside, and the requirement of law that each judicial district should be represented in the Board of Regents, Mr. Philbin would have been ineligible for reelection thereto. But his services as a Regent had been so valuable and so highly appreciated that, upon the representations and request of his fellow members of the Board, the Legislature, by its first enactment of that year, added one more to the authorized number of Regents, and Regent Philbin was reelected for a term of eleven years, which would have continued to the year 1920, but for his resignation to become a judge.

Mr. Philbin's labors as a Regent of the University began just before the mentioned legislative unification of the educational system of the State, which brought to its supreme executive guidance the late lamented Andrew Sloan Draper, as the first State Commissioner of Education. From its inception, the work of such reorganized system has been largely constructive and highly important, as well as very interesting, and therein Commissioner Draper and Regent Philbin worked together with increasing confidence in and regard for each other and with a mutual satisfaction which made very regrettable to both the retirement from such service of the Regent, which was almost immediately followed, and intensified to him, by the death of Commissioner Draper.

Judge Philbin was a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, and of the New York State Bar Association. In politics, he was a Democrat. He was a Roman Catholic in religion. Pope Pius X, in 1908, marked his appreciation of Mr. Philbin by making him a Knight Commander of the Order of

St. Gregory the Great of the Civil Class. He was a trustee of the Catholic University of America; president of the Parks and Playgrounds Association of the City of New York; a vice-president of the Charity Organization Society and of the Prison Association; a member of the Board of Directors of the State Charities Aid Association; a trustee of the New York Sabbath Committee; a member of St. Vincent de Paul Society; a member of the Board of Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the City of New York; a member of the Catholic, City, Merchants and Rockaway Hunt Clubs and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

He represented the Catholic Church as counsel in various delicate and important matters, particularly during the years 1905 to 1908, while Theodore Roosevelt was President and William H. Taft was Secretary of War. The entire question of the vast holdings of the Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands was involved. The critical situation which had arisen was without precedent. Under an Act of Congress, the controversy was finally decided by the Philippine Courts upon fundamental principles of equity and justice. Again, similar questions arose in Cuba, and the Treaty of Paris between the United States and Spain, the Treaty between the United States and Cuba, and the Cuban Constitution were considered and a solution which appealed to all as fair, creating a permanent precedent, resulted.

Justice Philbin had a remarkable mildness of manner with a most attractive personality and all who knew him intimately learned to love him and treasure his friendship. Throughout his busy life he always found ample time to devote himself to the numerous charities connected with the church of which he was a member, and his earnestness in his charitable work was an inspiration to his associates on numerous committees on which he served. Everything he did was marked by courtesy, thoroughness and justice, and as an illustration of how just he was, particularly while in public office, a reference might be made to one of his many acts of kindness during his term of office as District Attorney. As such prosecuting officer it was not his desire to unduly harass and prosecute persons brought to court under indictment. His assistants were under strict orders to investigate every indictment and learn the true facts, and in many instances he personally conducted the investigation. The records of that office

show that a number of indictments were dismissed as a result of those investigations. When he was elevated to the bench the general public recognized his great ability, his gentleness, his kindness and his firmness, and yet with all those qualities he also had the modesty of power. He was universally courteous, and his great ability as a jurist and a lawyer, his deep sympathy as a man, and his public spirit, endeared him to the community. His life was filled with noble aspirations and lofty motives, as well as Faith, Hope and Charity, and every act of his life was governed by a noble purpose. He was a man of pure and spotless integrity, of great talents and of exceptional knowledge of the law. As a judge he served the people well, he was loyal to his trust, he was faithful to his God, the people and to himself. He had the gift of patience to a rare degree, and completely won the hearts of the members of the bar who appeared before him because he not only saw to it that justice was done but that both sides would feel that justice had been done.

He has, "by his opinions and work as a judge, erected a monument to himself in the jurisprudence of this State more enduring than bronze, and he has left the priceless heritage of an honored name to his family."

By his death this organization has lost a member who was untiring in his interest in the aims and purposes of this Society.

RICHARD P. LYDON.

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HON. PATRICK J. MCCARTHY

HON. PATRICK J. McCARTHY.

BY HON. THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE, LL.D.

Patrick Joseph McCarthy was born in the parish of Geevagh, County Sligo, Ireland, September 12, 1848, and died in Providence, Rhode Island, March 13, 1921, in the 73rd year of his age. His funeral took place March 16, 1921, and the burial was in the family lot at St. Francis's cemetery. He was the son of Patrick and Alice Cullen McCarthy.

In 1850, father and mother with their family of children left Ireland for America that they might better their condition in the land of opportunity. Both parents became ill crossing the Atlantic, and while waiting in quarantine at Deer Island in Boston Harbor both died, leaving their little brood to be cared for by strangers in a strange land. Patrick became the ward of a charitable society connected with the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Boston, and remained under its management and attended school until he was fourteen. About this time Professor Charles Eliott Norton and some of his associates, one of whom was Reverend Dr. Charles W. Eliot, new President Emeritus of Harvard University, organized a night school for boys in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and admitted students living in the neighborhood. Mr. McCarthy entered the new night school, and was there but a short time when he attracted Professor Norton's attention by his energy, ability and ambition. The Professor formed a strong liking for the boy, thus affording splendid opportunities and advancement which Mr. McCarthy otherwise might never have had. Professor Norton's interest was earnest, deep and continuing, and he frequently had the boy at his home for study and recitation, and in this way advanced him beyond the bounds which would have limited the ordinary opportunities of the school. The education thus obtained was of a most practical kind and his advancement was rapid.

Mr. McCarthy came to Providence in 1865. At that time it was considered necessary that every young man of sound body and mind should learn a trade, and Patrick took up brass finishing and mastered it. He worked hard during the day and attended

the night schools during winter months. In addition to this onerous work he commenced the reading of law, not with any idea of becoming a member of the Bar, but for the purpose of following some ideas that had been given him by Professor Norton and Dr. Eliot, and for the broadening of his education. Friends and advisors in whose judgment Mr. McCarthy had confidence, urged him to engage intensively in the study of law with a view of engaging in the practice of it as a profession. They believed that his intellectual ability, physical strength, and ambition to engage in public affairs warranted this advice, and, as he was possessed of an unusual amount of that valuable asset known as common sense, they believed that he would make his mark in the legal profession if he could be properly educated in it, and so he entered Harvard University and graduated from its Law School in 1876 with a degree of LL.B. The predictions of his friends and advisors were warranted, and Mr. McCarthy rapidly took his place among the good lawyers of Rhode Island, and from the time he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of this State until his death, enjoyed the pleasures and results of a successful law practice.

He was a member of the City Council of the City of Providence in 1890, 1892 and 1894, and was the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives of this State in 1892 and 1893, and again became a member of the legislature in 1903. He was a Democrat in politics and believed in party discipline, but was of that personal degree of independence whereby all his public work was directed for the benefit of the whole people rather than any class or party. He was particularly vigorous during his legislative career against public service corporations that were encroaching on the rights of the people in the matter of public franchises, and it is largely to his persistent efforts that free transfer tickets were granted the people on the street railroads of this State.

Mr. McCarthy was always a firm believer in the principles of equitable protection, reciprocity and sound money, and was frequently urged to accept nomination for various public offices, most of which he declined, but accepted the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Providence in the latter part of 1906 and was elected over Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt, who was not only a

former Governor of the State, but the son of a Governor before him and a man who had the majority of the large and powerful interests of the State behind him. The best tribute that can be paid to Mr. McCarthy's first year's record in the office of Mayor of Providence was the fact that he was elected the next year by a greatly increased plurality.

He was a fine type of American citizen. No public man that I know had the courage of his convictions to a more marked degree. No immigrant to America ever began life on these shores under more adverse circumstances, and his success was a tribute to the wonderful opportunities of America, and to his own indefatigable industry, splendid courage, strong character and great ability. He was a credit to the land that gave him birth and to the land in which he made his success. His love for his native land was real and intense. He had studied her orators and poets and held in memory treasures of wit and wisdom of men and women of the old land. His note books and diaries are full of names, dates, persons and places, facts and fancies of Ireland and Irish history. To him America was the only land on the two hemispheres where labor works out the miracle of high living and thinking, and he hewed for himself a career far beyond his dreams. He was as thoroughly American as though he were the son of the Mayflower Pilgrims. He thought, talked, practiced and lived the highest type of American idealism. He loved the land of his birth, but was intensely loyal to the land of adoption. His oath of fidelity to the Constitution of the United States bound him passionately to the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. McCarthy was one of the earliest members of the American Irish Historical Society and during the years that the late Thomas Hamilton Murray was our Secretary-General, and during my own time in that office, rendered great assistance in the preparation of historical articles and furtherance of the welfare of the Society, and has prepared at great length and detail two exhaustive works concerning certain branches of the McCarthy family, and the Cullen family, manuscript for both of which has not yet been printed.

There was a remarkable and most unusual charm of manner in Mr. McCarthy that brought sunshine to everyone with whom he came in contact. Always cheerful and happy, never dull or

sad, ready to be serious in a moment if the occasion required it, always able to speak his mind fully and forcibly, or to write or print his thoughts tersely and forcibly, he was always at hand with words and acts of condolence and sympathy when needed, and any man who knew "P. J.," as he was affectionately called by his intimate friends, was always the better for it. He was known far and wide for his wit and humor, and his biographers will furnish pleasant reading for his friends and acquaintances in the story of the life of this remarkable man which will be published later.

In 1875 Mr. McCarthy married Miss Annie McGinney who died in 1880, leaving but one of three children, Mary Josephine, wife of William H. Bannon of Mansfield, Mass., who survives her father.

The Society was represented at the funeral by a committee consisting of Michael F. Dooley, Patrick Carter, Ex-Governor Zenas W. Bliss and Thomas Z. Lee.

THE JOURNAL

of

***The* AMERICAN IRISH
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

JOHN G. COYLE, M.D.,
EDWARD J. McGUIRE, LL.D. } EDITORIAL
VINCENT F. O'REILLY, } COMMITTEE

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

Twenty-third Annual Meeting of the American Irish Historical Society, held at the rooms of the Society, 37 West 39th Street, Manhattan, on January 22nd, 1921.

The meeting was called to order by President-General Joseph I. C. Clarke. There were members present from several states including a number from Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Voted that the roll call be dispensed with.

The Secretary-General read the minutes of the Twenty-second Annual Meeting and on motion same was adopted.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: The first order of business is the President-General's report, and I take pleasure in reading it.

January 22, 1921.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The year since I last addressed the American Irish Historical Society in annual report has been one of world unrest. Although, a year ago the sound of the guns of the Great War had been silenced for more than a year, the quake of the earth still went on through the year just over. Nor has it yet altogether subsided. Dislocated trade has not entirely resumed the normal. Industries of peace disrupted or turned into other forms serving the purposes of destruction are still quite largely unrestored to former usefulness. The struggle against the high prices of wartime has been as obstinately contested as the campaigns of the war itself. Labor has had a time of trial and strain no less severe than the strains and trials of capital. But, as both must live in this world of ours, capital has had to take its impairment and losses with as good a grace as it could muster, and labor faces the falling rates of wages consoled somewhat by the downward trend in cost of the commodities that its wages will buy. It is a world condition, as true of far Japan as it is of America, although participation in the war by both countries included no fighting on their own soil. How intensely greater the struggle, the suffering in the fighting nations of Europe, to whose losses in human life, the devastation of immense areas must be added. To us it has been

a long and grinding rearrangement: to them it has been an agonizing, bitter period of reconstruction. But the end is hopefully in sight. Staggering as has been the load of taxation it has somehow been borne—in America cheerfully—and every day, here at least, some new evidence is given of resumption of the normal.

The matter in all this turmoil of settling down in our own United States which gives us extreme gratification is the consciousness that the ultra revolutionary doctrines setting class against class in Russia for example, have been here repudiated, and that our great democracy, in its support of the tried and tested constitution of these United States stands unimpaired.

Through all this welter of worldwide re-arrangement and recovery, one sharp note of pain has stricken our hearts from Ireland, the land of the ancestors of most of us. There the struggle for self-determination has taken the aspect of open war, waged by the olden invader and oppressor with the same barbarities practised for centuries gone by. With just one difference—that the savagery, the cruelty, the inhumanity cannot be wrought altogether in the dark. The shootings of the innocent, the burning of dwellings, the destruction of creameries and of factories, the rioting in murder of drunken British soldiery are spread broadcast by the press almost as soon as committed. Of old this daily round of atrocities went on for years unknown to the rest of the world. Now the gorges even of Englishmen rise at the shameful story. The Irish Republicans who fight to the death the armed enemies of their country amid all this, have thus the sympathy of the peoples everywhere, making a moral pressure upon England that is not to be denied. It does not, however, appear, to at least one interested observer, that any outside power will stretch an arm of material help to Ireland in the present phase of her fight for independence, warmly as the sympathy with her hopes, her aspirations has been expressed; so the struggle must go on to a finish, to at least such finish as the best minds of the best friends of Ireland's cause in Ireland may impose. But, whatever the end of the present war we know that no "settlement" will settle the status of Ireland before the world until it is settled right. The martyrs—the many proud martyrs—to Irish freedom, will not have sacrificed in vain.

Turning from these momentous questions in which our minds and hearts have been engaged to the narrower though here the immediate interest now before us,—the affairs of our American Irish Historical Society, we are glad to note that the past year has been one of ordered progress to the commanding position it is, I fully affirm, destined soon to attain. As during the war, the hundred and intense activities of the American people in the war itself, its manifold charities, its supplementary services turned recruiting efforts away from societies like our own, so, during the past year the powerful and cogent appeals for Ireland in her battle for freedom, the magnet of her fighting cause, has almost necessarily attracted attention from our endeavors to build up the Society to its legitimate dimensions. But, as noted, our progress has been steady. Membership has steadily if slowly increased. Of life and annual members we have now over 1400, eleven of the new ones being life members. On the material side we have to note the magnificent gift of \$10,000 from Mr. W. C. Durant, the wonder of whose rise in the industrial world is only equaled by the breadth of his enlightened sympathies. It shall stand to his everlasting credit this gift to our Society on its merits as an organism searching for the truth of history long buried by the ignorance, indifference or prejudice of historians when his greater achievements in the industries have passed into the stage of buried statistics. And in all his activities to come we may well wish him triumph after triumph.

To our Vice-President-General, Mr. John J. Lenehan, to whose exposition on one famous occasion last March of the aims and actualities of our Society was due the announcement of Mr. Durant's splendid gift, the warmest congratulations should be extended.

It has been the great pleasure of the Executive Council to elect Mr. Durant an Honorary life-member of the Society and to prepare an engrossed resolution of gratitude and recognition to be presented at the Annual Banquet of the Society or as soon thereafter as he may be within reach to receive it.

With reference to the great bequest of Dr. John T. Nagle to the Society I have to report only an approach to its reaching the Society in its fair fulness. The fine house on East 16th Street has passed into our hands, and we are receiving the rent, but

actual possession has been denied us through litigation on the part of the tenant. On recent legislation affecting landlord and tenant he bases his attempt to override his contract as set forth in his lease. On trial Mr. Edward J. McGuire of our Society acting as our counsel, the tenant was defeated, and he was ordered to vacate the premises. Against this decision he has lodged an appeal presently to be heard. It appears, therefore, likely that it will be some time in the first half of 1921 before the Society will be free to enter and make the alterations necessary to a National Headquarters and carry out the prescription of the donor that it be known as Dr. John T. Nagle Memorial Hall.

Regarding the sums of \$10,000 and \$50,000 to be paid to the Society from Dr. Nagle's belongings, the executor reports his inability to pay them until the testator's real estate is disposed of. There is no question of the ultimate payment, but delay the executor reports as inevitable.

The Irish and other historical books bequeathed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet have not yet reached the Society, but will, Dr. Emmet's executor reports, not be withheld much longer.

In all this it is evident that the Society has perforce been "marking time" in the matter of its establishment in its own home, but there need be no further delay in entering on the activities planned to mark its accession thereto.

The time seems apt at last for a successful "drive" for a largely extended membership. Such a movement is planned. An attractive circular urging combined effort to that end is now in the mails for our membership to be followed by personal appeal to all outside our ranks who may be counted on as recruits for the Society. Every member should enlist in this drive and make it vigorous. We should have 10,000 members, and we will.

It has been a great pleasure to note the triumphal progress of that great book by our gifted Historiographer, Mr. Michal J. O'Brien—"A Hidden Phase of American History," and I feel equal pleasure in announcing another book from his pen to see the light this year, namely, "The American McCarthys." As I have been privileged to read it in manuscript, I can say that it is a surprising piece of research, and develops a history of the American families of that name of the most picturesque and impressive character. Histories of other families, Mr. O'Brien as-

sure me, will follow if the results from the first are reassuring. A considerable list of McCarthy orders has already reached the author.

It has long been my desire and that of many other good friends of the Society that Mr. O'Brien's activities should be devoted wholly to this work of research and exposition of the results in printed form for the ages. It was long hoped that his genius might be endowed by some of our wealthiest friends, but it seems to me that the Society at large should take it up and solve it for itself. The method I propose is simple. First the Society to consider how far the project can be furthered from its endowment funds at present and prospectively as the bequests now in sight come in. Next, and something that can be set on foot immediately, the arrangement of a series of lectures throughout the country on Mr. O'Brien's researches and his method of research. Fifty such lectures in a year at a minimum of \$100.00 a lecture would not entail too great a strain on Mr. O'Brien and would yield the backbone of an income. New York, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Louisville, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon and Seattle are just names that leap to the mind. New York should be good for handling five such lectures yearly, and other cities of the East in proportion. The various State Chapters of the Society should find pleasure and profit in furthering this.

There is a need of research students as great as a need of members. How better can they be stimulated to the task than by the words from the lips of Mr. O'Brien. If this plan be undertaken with earnestness, I can foresee what now seems so dim in prospect, that is the active continuation of Mr. O'Brien's work. He is in the prime of life, but has fought along under double harness. He deserves the desire of his heart, and the fulfillment of that desire is among our greatest and most pressing needs.

The delay in the publication of the Society's Journal is a printer's question to be reformed hereafter by employing a printer nearer home. It is now, we are informed in the mails. It will raise Mr. O'Brien still higher in the Society's appreciation.

The reception by Archbishop Mannix, our Vice-President for Australia, was the outstanding function of the year, and was happy in every respect. I was unfortunately unable to be present.

Death has been busy among our notable members. In the gallant soldier, Major-General T. Barry, in the brilliant jurist, Eugene A. Philbin, in the passing of John J. Deery and above all perhaps as concerns the welfare of the Society we must mourn the very recent demise of Patrick F. Magrath of Binghamton. From the earliest days of the Society he was its apostle over the whole United States, bringing members after members to the fold from a score of states. At home, as a member of the Executive Council he was constant in attendance, wise in counsel, assiduous in seeking the best official personnel, and always bent, in fine, upon advance and progress in numbers of the Society and perfection of its organization. The Society owes much to him, and should testify to it. I lay a wreath of high regard and deep regret upon his memory.

It is but meet that I should say how finely the officers of the Society have filled their positions, and how cheerfully they have carried out their tasks, without fee or pay except from their own souls. A more active and tireless Secretary-General than Mr. Santiago P. Cahill it would be hard to find. We can all rejoice in the appointment of Mr. Alfred M. Barrett, our Treasurer-General, to the very responsible post of Public Service Commissioner although it robs us of his services. In their several reports they speak for themselves.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
President-General.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: Gentlemen, you have heard the report of the President-General. What is your pleasure?

MR. PLUNKETT: I move that the report be adopted as read.
(Adopted.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: The next order of business is the report of the Treasurer-General.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER-GENERAL,
YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1920.

Balance on hand at December 31, 1919,	
date of last report.....	\$ 2,694.13
Received since last report.....	15,613.99
Total	<hr/> \$18,308.12
Disbursed since date of last report.....	15,005.36
	<hr/>
Balance of Cash in hands of Treasurer- General	\$ 3,302.76

ASSETS OF THE SOCIETY.

\$ 1,000 N. Y. C. 4 per cent Corporate Stock 1936	\$ 1,006.56
1,000 N. Y. C. 4 per cent Corporate Stock 1955	966.56
1,000 N. Y. C. 4 per cent Corporate Stock 1959	1,014.94
1,000 N. Y. C. 4¼ per cent Corporate Stock 1960	1,013.89
1,000 New York City 4¼ per cent Cor- porate Stock 1962.....	990.47
3,000 U. S. Liberty Loan 3½ per cent 1947	3,000.00
2,500 U. S. Liberty Loan 2nd Conv. 4¼ per cent 1942.....	2,500.00
10,000 U. S. Liberty Loan 3rd 4¼ per cent 1928	9,152.25
Total Investments	<hr/> \$19,644.67
Furniture and Fixtures.....	\$ 995.00
Cash on hand—All funds.....	3,302.76
	<hr/>
Total Assets	\$23,942.43

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1920.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand December 31, 1919.....	\$ 2,694.13
Received since date of last report:	
Foundation Fund—W. C. Durant Gift..	\$10,000.00
Life Membership fees—11 Members..	550.00
Membership fees—53 New Members..	265.00
Membership fees—Old Members.....	3,020.00
Journal	16.00
Rentals	302.50
Rents—Nagle property	772.69
Interest on bank balances.....	105.44
Income on Investments.....	582.36
	<hr/>
Total receipts for the year.....	\$15,613.99
	<hr/>
Total to be accounted for.....	\$18,308.12

DISBURSEMENTS.

Printing Journal and expenses.....	\$ 1,066.06
Administration expenses	1,910.87
Administration—Legal—Nagle house ...	48.00
Advertising death notices	113.35
Historiographer	625.00
Engrossing Certificates	12.30
Press Clippings	18.36
Miscellaneous	9.00
Deficiency Annual Banquet 1920.....	23.45
Annual Banquet expenses 1919-1920....	45.00
Purchasing books	20.00
Rent	1,400.00
Rent—Bonus Nagle lease	500.00
Exchange on checks	11.72
Foundation fund investment.....	9,152.25
Furniture and fixtures	50.00
	<hr/>
Total disbursements	\$15,005.36

Balance cash on hand:

Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank	\$ 95.76	
Metropolitan Trust Co.—Foun- dation Fund	2,849.37	
Metropolitan Trust Co.—Gen- eral Fund	84.94	
Metro. Trust Co.—Rent Nagle Spec. Acct.	272.69	3,302.76

Total Accounted for.....		\$18,308.12
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RECEIPTS.

Amount of subscriptions heretofore re- ported	\$ 6,365.82	
Received from other sources.....	2,102.36	\$8,468.18
Received since date of last report March 22, 1920—W. C. Durant Gift.....	10,000.00	
Interest bank balances	87.33	10,087.33
Total receipts		\$18,555.51

DISBURSEMENTS.

Amount heretofore reported.....	\$6,513.75	
Since date of last report April 16, 1920— 10,000 U. S. Liberty Loan 3rd, 4¼ per cent due 1928 at 91.46 and com.....	9,152.25	
Accrued interest thereon collected Septem- ber 15, reported in Income on Invest- ments	40.14	15,706.14
Balance on deposit, Metropolitan Trust Co., N. Y. City.....		\$ 2,849.37

REAL ESTATE.

(John T. Nagle Bequest)

RECEIPTS.

March 20, 1920, Rent net.....	\$	321.30
June 25 " "		147.39
July 21 " "		304.00
		<hr/>
Total	\$	772.69

DISBURSEMENTS.

Aug. 20 Bonus to purchase tenant's lease.....	\$	500.00
Balance on deposit Metropolitan Trust Co.		
Trust Co. Rent Special Account....		272.69

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: Gentlemen, you have heard the report of the Treasurer-General. What is your pleasure?

DR. SULLIVAN: I move that it be received. (Motion carried.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: One thing that strikes me forcibly in that report is the fact that we have only received \$3,020 fees from old members. Now that means that there are several hundred members in arrears.

MR. BARRETT: I would suggest that the names and indebtedness of members who are in arrears be placed in the hands of a collector. I did this some years ago with members in arrears and while I incurred the displeasure of some I was successful in getting in nearly all the arrears.

DR. SULLIVAN: How would it do to have one or two interested members in any one place given a list of the local delinquents, who just like myself would not get out of the Society even if they had to borrow the money, and have them urge the members in arrears to pay?

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: I believe that Mr. Barrett's plan is the only feasible one.

MR. M. J. O'BRIEN: I would suggest that, as whoever proposed a man for membership is generally a friend, the assistant secretary should make a list of all members in arrears and also a list of those who proposed them, and write each that the Treasurer has notified them of their arrears from time to time and that no attention has been paid to these notices and that if they do not pay within a limited time steps will be taken to collect the arrears.

MR. PLUNKETT: I think if a resolution of this body, in accordance with Mr. Barrett's suggestion, be passed and then report be made to the various Chapters of the members in arrears, adding that if they do not pay the arrears within thirty days—or at least sixty days—it will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. I know the Chicago Chapter will get after them by putting it up to Mr. McGillen of Chicago. Give them a chance to pay and advise them if they do not pay within the thirty or sixty days it will be put in the hands of a collector.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: I look to it that the cleaning up of those old debts should be done before Col. Conley comes into office and the time has come when we must act. I shall be glad if we could get some good results and I think our friend Mr. Timothy Murray would be a good man to do it. He has good will, and I know he has the ability.

Mr. O'Brien moved that a committee of two be appointed to be named by the President. (Motion carried.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: The next order of business is the report of the Secretary-General.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL—
YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1920.

The undersigned, as Secretary-General of the American Irish Historical Society begs leave to submit the following as his report for the year 1920.

The Annual Banquet of the Society was held at the Waldorf-Astoria on the 24th day of January, 1920. The attendance at the banquet was not quite as large as in other years. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that for some time prior to the date selected for the banquet a serious epidemic of influenza prevailed throughout the city and a great deal of sickness was the result thereof. Furthermore, the weather for a week or so preceding the 24th of January was intensely cold and disagreeable. These two factors were responsible for the attendance at the banquet falling a little short of that of other years.

The Banquet was held in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria instead of in the large Ball Room and everyone who attended expressed approval of the change as it was more sociable in the smaller room.

As usual, notable speakers honored the Society by attending, particularly, Major-General John F. O'Ryan, who, after the address of welcome by President-General Joseph I. C. Clarke, spoke on the Irish-American Soldier in the European War. His address was most interesting.

Dr. James J. Walsh, Ph.D., LL.D., spoke on Irish Discoveries in Medicine and as usual, his address was full of interesting information showing the part Irishmen played in years gone by in the medical profession.

Our fellow-member, Rev. Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain of the Old 69th, gave a most entertaining talk replete with anecdotes and reminiscences of his experience with the regiment, particularly while over-seas.

Hon. Joseph D. Kelly, State Senator from Manhattan, spoke on the Irish American Citizen in the European War and Hon. John J. Murphy, Chairman of the Building Committee, described the

proposed new home of the Society at 132 East 16th Street and explained at length what the Society proposed to do with the building in order to make it an attractive headquarters.

Of course, a full report of the proceedings of the banquet, including the addresses at length, will appear in the Annual of the Society for the year 1920.

During the year 1920 no Field Day of the Society was held but on the occasion of the visit last summer to this country of the Society's Vice-President in Australia, Most Reverend Daniel Mannix, D.D., LL.D., an audience was arranged with His Grace that our members might pay the respects of the Society to its distinguished fellow member and visitor. This audience was brought about through the energy and untiring efforts of our Vice-President, Mr. John J. Lenehan. His Grace cordially fixed the 30th day of July, 1920, at the Archbishop's residence on Madison Avenue, at 11 o'clock in the morning for the members of the Society to greet him. On this occasion over 100 members and their friends, including ladies, took advantage of the opportunity to meet His Grace.

A vastly greater number, of course, would have attended, but for the fact that it being the middle of the summer many were out of town. This was the case with our President-General, hence, Vice-President John J. Lenehan headed the delegation and made the address of welcome in behalf of the Society. His address was both gracious and eloquent. The Hon. W. Bourke Cochran also spoke words of welcome as did Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan, His Grace, in reply, expressing his gratification and appreciation at meeting so many members of the Society all of whom were individually presented to him. A full report of this occasion will appear in the Annual of the Society for the year 1920.

The Society in past years has received an invitation to attend the Dinner of the Irish Charitable Society of Boston, which is held on the 17th of March each year. This Society is akin to our Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, but heretofore our Society has never been represented at the banquet of the Boston Society. Arrangements were made for 1920 to have a representative of our Society attend this function and the Hon. Thomas Z. Lee of Providence, Rhode Island, kindly consented to represent our Society at the festivities of the Irish Charitable Society of Boston.

Judge Lee's account of the reception afforded him by the Irish Charitable Society of Boston was most gratifying.

It so happened that the New England Historical Genealogical Society was holding its Centenary Celebration in Boston the day following the banquet of the Irish Charitable Society and Judge Lee as a representative of the American Irish Historical Society attended the functions and ceremonies which were conducted by the New England Historical Genealogical Society and to which our Society had been invited to send a representative. This was a most notable occasion and Judge Lee was treated by the officers and members of the New England Society with every courtesy. Judge Lee's report of the proceedings of the meeting of the New England Society was most interesting and will be published in full in the Journal for 1920.

The Society, as usual, has received many publications from other societies engaged in historical research, notably the United States Catholic Historical Society, which presented a full set of its reports; the University of California; the Historical Society of Texas; Kansas State Historical Society; Newport Historical Society; Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay and about twenty volumes of clippings of the United Irish League of Boston presented to the Society by our fellow-member, Mr. Charles J. O'Malley of Boston, and others too numerous to set forth here.

The total membership of the Society is at present 1277 Annual Members and 119 Life Members and 5 Honorary Members. During the year 63 Annual Members were elected and 11 Life Members, they being the following: John H. Farley, Col. Louis D. Conley, W. T. Corcoran, Philip J. Kearns, John J. Gallagher, Maj. Daniel O'Connor, Nicholas F. Walsh, John Mulchay, J. V. Ward, J. F. Fitzgerald and James T. Nolan.

During the year the Society has lost through death nine members, namely, Gen. Thomas H. Barry, Hon. Eugene A. Philbin, Charles J. Leslie, John J. Deery, Hon. James C. Nealon, Bernard McCaughey, John T. Lenahon and Hon. James McIver. Patrick F. Magrath of Binghamton, New York, a member of the Executive Council, a most valued member, passed away but a few days ago.

The death of Mr. Magrath is a great loss to the Society as, although he lived so far removed from the City of New York, he was most faithful in attendance at meetings of the Executive Council and always displayed an active and pervasive interest in the work of the Society and put forth his best efforts in its behalf.

The Society has not as yet received the cash legacy of \$60,000 from the Executors of Dr. Nagle's will. There is no question or fear but that the legacy will be paid in due time. The Executors take the position that, owing to the peculiar provisions of Dr. Nagle's will they would not be justified in paying the whole or any part of this legacy to the Society until all the real estate left by Dr. Nagle is disposed of and to accomplish this, namely, the sale of all the real estate, will take some little time. The house, 132 East 16th Street, has been turned over to the Society and the Society has been receiving the rent therefrom. Sometime ago efforts were made to get possession of the property from the tenant in order that the Society might start in to alter and renovate the same to make it suitable for the Society's purposes, but the tenant has persistently resisted all efforts to oust him. Proceedings at law instituted by the Society to compel the tenant to vacate are pending in the courts and are now on appeal from a judgment entered in favor of the Society and may not be finally determined for three or four months.*

The Secretary-General has been in communication with the various chapters of the Society throughout the country and has endeavored to keep in touch with them as much as possible.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,

Secretary-General.

Dated, New York, January 22nd, 1921.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: Gentlemen, you have heard the report of the Secretary. What is your pleasure?

DR. SULLIVAN: I move that the report be received with thanks and placed on file. (Motion carried.)

*The tenant's motion on carrying the case to the Appellate Court has been denied since the above was written, and the Society is consequently nearer to possession.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: The next order of business is the report of the Historiographer.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: I wish to recur for a moment to an item in my report concerning one who has not only shed light and honor on the Society but has done work that no one else has attempted. Mr. Michael J. O'Brien has been in the service of a great corporation for many years. He has worked himself into a position that can be his for life. The large corporations do not pay large salaries. That this man should be compelled to spend his working day toiling to bring the bread and butter into his family and then burn his soul in doing the work of the Society, I look upon as a burning shame. I would like to see some of our wealthy men put \$100,000 in the hands of our Society to take the entire services of a man like Mr. O'Brien. I look upon the bequests and gifts such as the Nagle, Durant and so on, as a basis on which a fund could be started for such a purpose. I have no doubt that a course of lectures could be arranged without any strain throughout the country. I think Mr. Plunkett can tell you that Mr. O'Brien could give two or three lectures in Chicago. We should strive hard for such a fund and then only should Mr. O'Brien be requested to cast his lot with the Society and carry out the wish of his heart.

DR. SULLIVAN: Just look at the English propagandists who have been going through our cities and they with others are telling us that the Irish have done nothing of note for this country.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: Now, one other thing I want to call your attention to. In the present membership we have probably thirty or forty potential researchers, but they want to be told where to go; where to get the records. We had here in the office yesterday Mr. Maginniss of Philadelphia, who made some fine researches there. Philadelphia is full of records but a devoted searcher is necessary to get the records out. Take Chicago. Who is writing the history of what the great Irish population there has given to the country? Who is looking up their records? Who is telling the story of their lives? That is what we want to reach. Mr. O'Brien has solved the "how" of getting all these things. Look when you have a chance at the records of the American McCarthys which is about to be published by Mr. O'Brien. That will go all over the country. I have not con-

sulted Mr. O'Brien about what I have said and it is coming as a surprise to him.

MR. M. J. O'BRIEN: I don't know whether any remarks are expected from me. I like the work. I wanted to interrupt Mr. Clarke as his remarks have been embarrassing to me but I know what is in his heart. I want to say that the thing is impossible just at the present time. I fear that our people are not willing to attend lectures. They are not even interested in attending the meetings of the Society to hear what has been written of the Irish Chapter in American history.

MR. O'KEEFFE: I make a motion that President-General Clarke's remarks be placed before the Executive Council. (Motion carried.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: The next business in order is the report of the Nominating Committee.

Mr. O'Keeffe reported for the Nominating Committee as follows:

REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE

The Nominating Committee duly appointed at a meeting of the Executive Council of the American Irish Historical Society to make nominations for the offices to be filled at the annual Election of the Society to be held on the 22nd day of January, 1921 do hereby report the following names selected by it to fill the following offices respectively:

President-General,	Joseph I. C. Clarke, N. Y. City.
Vice-Pres.-General,	John J. Lenehan, N. Y. City.
Treasurer-General,	Col. Louis D. Conley, N. Y. City.
Librarian and Archivist,	Vincent F. O'Reilly, Montclair, N. J.
Secretary-General,	Santiago P. Cahill, N. Y. City.
Historiographer,	Michael J. O'Brien, N. Y. City.
Official Photographer,	Miss Anna Frances Levins, N. Y. C.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

The above officers of the Society, and the following:

Hon. Chas. Scanlan,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan,	N. Y. City.
James L. O'Neill,	Elizabeth, N. J.
Patrick Cassidy, M. D.,	Norwich, Conn.
Thomas S. O'Brien,	Albany, N. Y.
Hon. Thomas Z. Lee,	Providence, R. I.
Patrick T. Barry,	Chicago, Ill.
Hon. Joseph F. O'Connell,	Boston, Mass.
R. J. Donahue,	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
John G. Coyle, M. D.,	N. Y. City.
Edward H. Daly,	N. Y. City.
John G. O'Keeffe,	N. Y. City.
Frank S. Gannon, Jr.,	N. Y. City.
Hon. Alfred J. Talley,	N. Y. City.
Edward J. McGuire,	N. Y. City.
Henry L. Joyce,	N. Y. City.
Edward M. Tierney,	N. Y. City.
Hon. Edward J. Gavegan,	N. Y. City.
Patrick A. Philbin,	Archbald, Pa.
Michael F. Sullivan, M. D.,	Lawrence, Mass.
Hon. Edward F. McSweeney,	Framingham, Mass.

Hon. Alfred M. Barrett,	N. Y. City.
Francis J. Quinlan, M. D.,	N. Y. City.
Hon. John W. Goff,	N. Y. City.

STATE VICE-PRESIDENTS

Arizona,	T. A. Riordan.
California,	Robert P. Troy.
Colorado,	James J. Sullivan.
Connecticut	Capt. Laurence O'Brien.
Delaware,	John J. Cassidy.
Florida,	J. J. Sullivan.
Georgia,	Michael A. O'Byrne.
Illinois,	John McGillen.
Indiana,	Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey.
Iowa,	Jere. B. Sullivan.
Kansas,	Patrick H. Coney.
Kentucky,	James Thompson.
Louisiana,	Rev. Michael Kenny, S. J.
Maine,	Charles McCarthy, Jr.
Maryland,	Michael P. Kehoe.
Massachusetts	Cornelius J. Corcoran.
Michigan,	Cornelius Corbett.
Minnesota,	C. D. O'Brien.
Mississippi,	Dr. R. A. Quinn.
Missouri,	Hon. O'Neill Ryan.
Montana,	Rt. Rev. M. C. Lenihan.
Nebraska,	Rev. M. A. Shine.
New Hampshire,	James F. Brennan.
New Jersey,	Col. David M. Flynn.
New York,	Rt. Rev. John Grime.
North Carolina,	Michael J. Corbett.
North Dakota,	E. I. Donovan.
Ohio,	Thos. Plunkett.
Oregon,	J. P. O'Brien.
Pennsylvania,	Thomas Hobbs Maginness, Jr.
Rhode Island,	Michael F. Dooley.
South Carolina,	William J. O'Hagan.
South Dakota,	Robert Jackson Gamble.
Tennessee,	Joshua Brown.

Texas,	Richard H. Wood.
Vermont,	Thomas Magner.
Virginia,	Daniel C. O'Flaherty.
Washington,	William Pigott.
West Virginia,	Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Donahue.
Wisconsin,	Thomas J. Neacy.
Wyoming,	Eugene McCarthy.

OTHER VICE-PRESIDENTS

Canada,	Leo D. Ryan, Montreal.
Dist. of Columbia,	Rev. Patrick J. Healy, D. D.
Ireland,	Count G. N. Plunkett, Dublin.
Australia,	Most Rev. Daniel Mannix, D.D., L.L.D., Melbourne.
Philippine Islands,	Most Rev. Michael A. O'Doherty, Manila.

Dated New York, January 22nd, 1921.

John G. O'Keeffe,
Chairman Nominating Committee.

MR. MURRAY: I move that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the acceptance of the Nominating Committee's report.

CAPT. LAURENCE O'BRIEN: I second the motion.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: Gentlemen, you have heard the motion. All in favor signify by saying "Aye". (Motion carried.)

MR. CAHILL: The Secretary announces that he has cast one ballot for the nominees set forth in the report of the Nominating Committee and declares all of said nominees duly elected for the year 1921.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: Gentlemen, I thank you for re-electing me President for another year. I did feel that when I asked the Society to elect me last year that I was going to wind up my final year as President of the Society by seeing our Society established in its own headquarters, and that I could retire with honor and credit. But, of course as the year went by difficulties arose about the building. The Legislature passed laws that prevented us from getting the tenant out of the building, and

seemed to offer no possibility of our getting in, and the fact that I believe change of officers is good for the Society, I did not feel that the Society would re-elect me, but I could not say anything. Secretly in my heart, however, I felt that I would like to be re-elected, and when Mr. O'Keeffe asked me if I would accept the nomination again I told him I would, and I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, as I feel you have done me a great favor in electing me President for another year, but will say that this will positively be the last year.

MISS LEVINS: I want to say that we congratulate you and feel honored to have you for President for another year and feel the Society should all join hands and join you in your love of Ireland and love of the Society and work with you for its success. We feel very proud of you and congratulate you as we feel you can do honor to the Society in accepting the Presidency.

Mr. Cahill read amendments to the constitution which were before the meeting to be adopted, copy of same having been duly mailed to each and every member of the Society more than ten days previous to this meeting, as follows:

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

37 West 39th Street
Borough of Manhattan
New York

December 18, 1920.

Dear Sir:

Please to take notice that pursuant to Article VIII. of the Constitution of the American Irish Historical Society the following amendments, recommended by resolution of the Executive Council, to the Constitution will be presented for adoption at the Annual Meeting of the Society to be held on the 22nd day of January, 1921 at the Society's rooms, No. 37 West 39th Street, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York.

Constitution as now in force:

ARTICLE III

Officers

Section 1. The officers of the society shall be (1) a President-General; (2) a Vice-President-General; (3) a Vice-President for each state and territory of the United States, the District of Columbia, the Dominion of Canada and Ireland; (4) a Secretary-General; (5) a Treasurer-General; (6) a Librarian and Archivist, and (7) an Historiographer.

Section 2. The officers and members of the Executive Council shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Society and shall hold office one year or until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE IV

The Executive Council

Section 1. The Executive Council of this Society shall consist of the President-General, Vice-President-General, Secretary-General, Treasurer-General, Librarian and Archivist, Historiographer and twenty-one other members.

Section 2. The Executive Council shall manage the affairs of the society. All appropriations of the funds of the society must be made by the Executive Council, unless ordered by the Society by a two-thirds vote at a regular meeting or at a special meeting of which due notice shall have been given. The Executive Council shall have power to fill vacancies in office until the next annual meeting. It shall have the power to enact by-laws establishing committees and making additional rules for the management of the affairs of the Society; provided, however, that no such by-laws shall conflict with the provisions of this constitution, and further provided that such by-laws may be amended or repealed by the Society at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

ARTICLE V

Powers and Duties of Officers

Section 1. The President-General shall preside over all meetings of the Society and of the Executive Council; see that the constitution is observed and that the by-laws are enforced; exercise supervision over the affairs of the Society to the end that its interests may be promoted and its work properly done and perform all the usual duties of a pre-

siding officer. In the absence of the President-General, or at his request, the Vice-President-General shall preside and perform the duties of the President. In the absence of the President-General and all the Vice-Presidents-General, a Chairman pro tem. shall be chosen by and from the Executive Council.

Constitution when amended to read as follows:

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JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
President-General.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,
Secretary-General.

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

37 West 39th Street
Borough of Manhattan
New York

December 18, 1920.

Dear Sir:

Please to take notice that pursuant to Article VIII. of the Constitution of the American Irish Historical Society the following amendments, recommended by resolution of the Executive Council, to the Constitution will be presented for adoption at the Annual Meeting of the Society to be held on the 22nd day of January, 1921 at the Society's rooms, No. 37 West 39th Street, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York.

Constitution as now in force:

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JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
President-General.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,
Secretary-General.

On motion all of the above amendments were adopted.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL CLARKE: I think the Society should render a vote of thanks to our retiring Treasurer-General, Mr. Alfred M. Barrett, for the splendid services he has given the Society. (Motion carried.)

MR. M. J. O'BRIEN: I think we should have a report from the Chairman of the Dinner Committee.

Mr. Gaynor reported that up to date he had reservations for 225 tickets for the Dinner and that he had made arrangements to meet Bishop Shahan and Senator Reed.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,
Secretary-General.

SPEECHES AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL BAN-
QUET OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL
SOCIETY AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK CITY.
JANUARY 21, 1921.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

Ladies and Gentlemen, distinguished guests and visitors, beloved fellow members and all friends of the American Irish Historical Society:

I welcome you heartily to this 23rd anniversary dinner of the Society. I perhaps owe an apology for my continued presence in this position of presiding at the annual banquet and I have only to say that nothing can persuade me, after this, to stay here because I feel like a certain gentleman in ancient history named Aristides. The citizens of Athens liked his government but they got weary of calling him the Just, so they held a meeting in the Agora, showered him with oyster shells and potsherds and ostracised him from Athens. Rather than that should happen to me I am going to get out and I only ask your kindly sufferance tonight.

It has been a great delight to me to be with this Society as its presiding officer for the last eight years. It will be the special star point of my life. It is only right that rotation in office should prevail; that the younger should come to the front and carry the flag to victory.

I have to say, concerning the Society, that while it has not made any marked advance in numbers, it has still increased in numbers during the past year; and a little examination of the situation will show you that there is good reason for our not having undertaken any large drive for members.

During the War, who could make headway for a Society like ours against the multiple, the hundreds of costly undertakings by our people to help the war along, helping those who were suffering and helping those who were fighting? The men and women of the United States were engaged in that for four years and we were not going to interfere with them.

During the past year we have seen another picture, that caused us to hold our hands; it is, my friends, the spectacle that comes to us from Ireland, the land of the great ancestors of most of us. When we behold that picture of a people relying on the call of self-determination, flinging themselves to the front and proclaiming an Irish Republic and working therefor, we could not be moved to interfere with that great movement a particle. My friends, when we look on that picture it comes to us again with the olden heroes of the past. We see a number of people fighting the armed forces of the British Crown and we see the armed forces of the British Crown not fighting the men who oppose them but burning the houses of the innocent, of the non-partakers, of the people who are struggling to live in that country, who have amassed something—burning the creameries which form the substance of the people of certain parts of Ireland—burning the factories which form the life substance of other parts of Ireland.

When we see these atrocities, these midnight assaults, these burnings of towns, all our wrath rises at it, and we cannot, or could not, begin a drive for members while that was going on.

But we have the duty upon us of furthering this Society. It is a great thing, and one that certainly demands of us a serious effort.

During the past year we have added some 63 members only to our Society. It numbers now in all, in 42 States of the Union, over 1,400 members. I contend that it should number 14,000; and the question is, will you members and friends of the American Irish Historical Society stand by us in our efforts to extend the membership? It is not a costly affair. It is simply five dollars a year. There is hardly a man turning a spade or turning a tool that could not afford to subscribe that amount. He will get full value in return for it, and I say we should make a propaganda for the spread of this Society; it will redound to your credit, and bring numbers to our ranks. We have given pledges. We have published eighteen volumes of the *Journal* during the 23 years of existence of the Society. We have been the step-father and step-mother of that great book, "The Hidden Phase of American History" written by our historiographer, Mr. Michael J. O'Brien (loud applause). We are prepared to push forward this work. We are prepared to father and mother any number of good books

bearing on the same subject; but it will require the organization of a band of research students and we will want funds for that.

But one thing at a time. We want now an extension of membership, and I beg of you to back every effort made by our officers to bring about an increase in our numbers.

During the year we have had one or two pieces of luck. One piece of luck I think deserves a special notice, namely, the fact that Mr. W. C. Durant bestowed upon this Society the gift of \$10,000 without strings or chains of any kind to bind us. (Applause.) When a man of the caliber of William C. Durant does that, although you may say that to the man of millions it is only a trifle, yet he has done that which is to us an immense thing. Think of it! In absolute capital it represents 200 life members—that single gift! The income of that sum represents what would come to the Society from 120 annual members, and when a man with a single gesture, out of a single impulse can do that for our Society we certainly owe him our thanks, and it will be, I am sure, a star light, a banner to guide the steps of our own wealthy millionaires to do likewise. It is not, of course, a very wonderful thing for a historical society to receive a gift of \$10,000. I am sure that our friend, Mr. Benedict, of the New York Historical Society, in his organization that is so used to receiving tens and twenties and forty thousand dollars that it is a mere commonplace, but to us it is a really wonderful thing. (Laughter.) Now, we invited Mr. Durant to be present this evening to receive the expression of our gratitude, but Mr. Durant just now is extremely busy, and he left for the west on a ten-day trip the day before yesterday and notified us of his regret that he could not be here. But we have prepared to be presented to him this evening, and now to be presented later in due form, the following testimonial, consisting of a letter and a preamble and resolution.

W. C. DURANT, Esq.,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

In view of your great and enlightened generosity to the American Irish Historical Society in contributing to its funds the handsome sum of \$10,000, the Executive Council of the Society has passed the following preamble and resolution which it is my

honor and privilege to present to you, in the belief that you will receive it as a sincere expression of our gratitude in the hope that your great example may be followed by thousands like yourself who are devoted to the truth of history and to good will among all the racial factors happily blended in the great soul of the United States.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
President-General.

J. J. LENEHAN,
Vice-President.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,
Secretary-General.

W. G. Durant Esq
1764 Broadway
New York City

Dear Sir

In view of your generous and
generosity to the American Society in
liberally contributing to its fund a sum
of ten thousand dollars, the Executive
Council of the Society has passed the following
preamble and resolution which it is my honor
and pleasure to present to you in the belief that
you will receive it as a sincere expression of our
gratitude and the hope that your great example
will be followed by those like yourself who are
true to the truth of history and to goodwill
with all the racial factors happily blended
in the soul of the "United States".

Believe me,

Yours faithfully

Frederick Douglass
Secretary General

January 22nd, 1921

Mr. Durant replied as follows:

DURANT MOTORS, INC.
1780 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

MR. SANTIAGO P. CAHILL, *Secretary-General*,
THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
35 West 39th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Cahill:

I regret exceedingly that circumstances prevented me from meeting personally the committee consisting of Dr. MacGuire, Dr. Quinlan and yourself when you sought to deliver to me the exquisitely decorated preamble and resolution as passed by the American Irish Historical Society. I feel very much honored to have been elected to a life membership in the society and I am sorry that I could not have expressed my gratitude through your committee when you called to see me.

You will not feel, I am sure, that my inability to see you or my delay in acknowledging receipt of the resolution and your letter indicate a lack of interest on my part. I would regret to leave any such impression with you. Please believe me

Very sincerely yours,

W. C. DURANT.

[Reading from a handsomely bound illuminated parchment.]

MR. CLARKE continued:

"WHEREAS: Our distinguished fellow citizen, W. C. Durant out of the generosity of his nature and in luminous recognition of the aims and achievements of the American Irish Historical Society to make better known the Irish Chapter of American history along the lines of fairness and proven facts, set down with clearness and moderation has donated the considerable sum of \$10,000 to our Society to pursue its labors and sustain its power for good, be it therefore:

"RESOLVED, By the Executive Council of the American Irish Historical Society that the profound thanks of the Society be hereby tendered to the donor whose name stands so high among the men of progress and captains of industry developing the

dynamic constructive forces of this nation making for its potency throughout the world; and the Council hereby elects him to honorary life-membership in the Society, wishing him honor, length of days and continued good fortune." (Applause.)

In further explanation of this I may say between ourselves that the occasion on which Mr. Durant became acquainted with the aims and objects of the Society was at a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York last March. At the same table with him, sitting beside him, in fact, was the Vice-President of our Society, Mr. J. J. Lenehan (applause); and Mr. Lenehan so impressed Mr. Durant with the pureness of our aims, with the clearness of our intentions, and with the fulness of our efforts, that then and there he made this offer, and in four or five days thereafter made it good.

Now, it has been suggested by a gentleman that he had some little share in bringing about this state of mind, first of all, on the part of Mr. Lenehan, next on the part of Mr. Durant. He said: "Ah!"—and mind you he is a medical gentleman—I placed a phial of very inspiring liquid on the table in front of these gentlemen and I observed that they partook of it during the meal." (Laughter.) Now, I do not think it is at all fair to infer anything from that. We will let the generosity of the good doctor go, and will give Mr. Durant and Mr. Lenehan full credit for the achievement at the time. (Laughter.)

The facts regarding the progress of the Memorial Hall which we are to occupy are rather depressing in a way, but I think we can manage to survive until a proper condition exists. Under the will, you know, we were given a large house in 16th Street, and it has eventually passed into our hands but not, unfortunately, into our possession. You will find the difference in this, we are receiving the rent but we have not been able so far to get the tenant to move out, (laughter) because much as we commend the laws, the new, recently passed laws regulating the relations between landlord and tenant, have interfered. (Laughter.) The man at 16th Street took advantage of those laws, to our detriment. (Laughter.) Therefore, it was a mixed blessing but we have certain able and forward looking minds in our Society who belong to the legal profession, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Edward J. McGuire to tackle this problem. Mr. McGuire did tackle it

to this extent, that when it came up in Court, despite the cohorts of the opposition, the Judge agreed with Mr. McGuire in our contention and ordered that the tenant vacate the premises. Now, we are not the kind of people that want to throw people out on the roadside. At the same time we want our property, and, therefore, the thing was left open for about a week, when, as was his privilege, the tenant put in a claim for another trial. You know the word (A voice: "Appeal"), "Appeal," I thank you. The word came so reluctantly to my mind! (Laughter.) But he has put in an appeal, and we think that it will be adjudicated within a week or two, and that possibly, or probably, the Society will enter on its own some time in the Spring of the year. Now, let us hope so, because, while we want our property, we do not want to do an injustice to anybody.

Regarding the large sum of \$60,000 bequeathed by Dr. Nagle we have not received any of it yet, and the executor is good enough to say that he does not think we will for a little time longer, that it is tied up in some way with the sale of real estate and we can only hope that it will be sold quickly, and come to a good end.

In approaching the introduction of the speakers of the evening, I know that you will expect me to be brief as I intend to be.

So I can only say that the first orator upon our programme was born in Ohio; and when I say that it means a man born to the likelihood, almost the necessity of filling high office during his life. (Applause). Nothing like it has ever been seen in history; the persistency with which men of distinction come out of Ohio. We need not go further than the last election to know that, when both sides of the fence had their stakes in Ohio. But with the gentleman under consideration we find that he did not go at once from Ohio to the place where he finally planted his banner, but proceeded to Iowa, and there, by the rapids of the great river, he grew up a lawyer and a man of substance and consideration in the community; and then he moved to Kansas City.

Kansas City is one of the magic cities of the world. I was mentioning to the orator a little while ago that I passed a few days in that city in the year of 1868, and he said: "My, it was a small city then, was it not?" And it was, but my! what a city it was! You never met in your life twenty thousand "boomers"

like the men in Kansas City of that day and they felt themselves the heirs of the ages; they felt everything was coming to them; and the remarkable thing is that it has since been coming.

Now, when our orator reached Kansas City, it did not take the Kansas City people long to discover the brilliancy of the man that had come among them. They elected him, for instance, the prosecuting attorney; what we call here the District Attorney; and there is a terrible record against him there, a terrible record; out of 275 cases that he tried, he won 273. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, think of the suffering which that entailed upon the worthy army of crooks! He had no mercy but he stood for justice, and when in 1911 they elected James A. Reed (loud applause and cheers those present standing), when they elected James A. Reed to the Senate of the United States they elected a brilliant man who has sustained the fame of their State, and the fame of their City, and he will be their member until 1923, and God knows how much longer. (Laughter and applause.)

Senator Reed. (Applause.)

At this point Judge Goff arrived and was greeted with loud applause.

SENATOR JAMES A. REED.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

How would you like to be stuck out here to make a speech after an introduction like that? (Laughter.)

I am not responsible for having been born in Ohio. (Laughter); I was not consulted. (Laughter.) I had the good taste to move to a better State when I got old enough. (Laughter.)

But really I must thank the chairman for a very kind introduction. You must not lay it up against him. He is an Irishman and cannot help being polite. (Laughter and applause.) At least he is undoubtedly a very good Irish type.

While I was born in Ohio and while nearly all of my ancestors had lived in this country since long before the Revolution, I suppose there are very few drops of blood in my veins that did not come originally from old Ireland. (A voice: "Good!"), and I count it a matter of pride and congratulation, for I believe that the historian of the future will write the fact that the most remarkable fight that has ever been waged for human liberty is the

seven century long tragedy of Ireland's struggle for her rights. (Applause.) Other races have yielded and their blood has mingled with the blood of the oppressor until the race has been lost and forgotten. Other races have accepted the yoke and borne it preferring profit to liberty. But the fires of Irish patriotism burn as brightly today as they did seven centuries ago. It is the deathless love of liberty; the wonderful epic nearly a thousand years long; and every page of Ireland's history is blazing with the flames of persecution, and every line is written in the blood of the oppressed, and yet Ireland is deprived of her liberty today by sheer brute force. Against British bayonets Irish men and women expose their naked and unarmed breasts. It is the most splendid example of heroism the world has ever produced in all its history. (A voice: "Good!") (Applause.)

But, I have been asked tonight not to talk about Irish history or Irish aspirations. There has been assigned to me the topic of "A Century of American Democracy."

That subject cannot be sketched in the few minutes I must occupy for I am admonished that men of distinction are to follow me upon this programme and anything like an exhaustive discussion or even a complete sketch is quite out of the question.

I prefer, Mr. Chairman, to modify this topic and not to talk upon "A Century of American Democracy" but to talk upon "A Century and a half of American Democracy." For the real starting point was the Revolution. July 4th, 1776, 144 years ago, was the natal day of human liberty. (Applause.) It was the greatest day since the Crucifixion. It was the most complete reversal of all that had passed. It was the beginning of a new era upon this earth.

July 4th, 1776, there was not a free people in all the earth. A single little country, Switzerland, laid claim to the form of a Republic but it was not a Republic of liberty. Aside from that every nation of the world was governed by a despot, holding the power of life and death without any real limitation upon the authority of the monarch. Beneath him a brood of titled parasites feeding upon the substance of the people and then forcing their will by faggot, torch and flame.

The doctrine was taught that all powers descended from God and had been conferred upon hereditary rulers and a hereditary

aristocracy. That doctrine was fortified by precedent, backed by armies, and taught from the pulpits of every country on the earth. Men were not only the chains of physical but of intellectual slavery. The right to think was denied; the right to speak was denied; the right to worship God according to the dictates of the conscience was denied; the flame was still burning about the funeral pyres where men and women had died for conscience sake.

In our own country communities had been obliterated. Catholics in this country found their refuge in Maryland. A Catholic colony, not much longer ago than the date of which I am speaking, had been obliterated in America, men women and children, and it must be admitted by the candid that the crime and oppression was not altogether upon one side.

The serpents of superstition, of ignorance, bound themselves around the brains and souls of men. This country, peopled by savages, where men and women sought refuge only because of intolerable conditions in the parent country, offered a haven to those who fled here in preference to death or terrible persecution; many of our early settlers were of the alleged criminal class who were dumped upon these shores; many had sold themselves in bondage for their passage. All of them came bearing upon their backs the weight of centuries of ignorance, oppression and wrong—not all—but nearly all—and yet so wonderful were the opportunities here offered, the mere opportunity of liberty to move about, the mere opportunity of a vast and wonderful country, that within one generation of time, we had produced a new race of men and of women. The man who came here with his mind crowded with the superstition or ignorance of Europe beheld in our clear skies the prophecy of a better day and the light of a better soul, and in one generation of time we had produced orators whose words of flame could light the fires of patriotism in every heart; artists whose magic brush could turn the dull and unexpressive canvas to pictured harmony of color, light and shade; musicians whose wonderful genius could turn the air to melody and transform into harmony and glory all the dull sounds of life; soldiers who could stand with Washington at Valley Forge and tell the story of their patriotism in bloody footprints amid the winter snows and frosts, and women who could stand at the cabin door and beat back the naked savage and keep the home while the

fathers stood with the Revolutionary soldiers at the front. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

These men dared to deny all the traditions of the past. They declared that the right of government did not descend from on high to a ruling class but that it descended from on high to the great masses of men God had created (applause), that all just governments derived their powers from the consent of the governed; all men were born free and equal, and that no government had the right to exist save by the will of the people who set it up for their protection and for their preservation.

This was a denial of all the doctrines of the past. Against the shield of ignorance, superstition and tradition they hurled the javelin of a new truth and they struck down the monster of the past.

This was the great accomplishment of the Revolution. They set all men in this country free. They told the boy of the humble laborer that there was no path of glory barred to him because of the humility of his birth. They told the daughter of the wash-woman that there was no aspiration her soul could conceive that was not as open to her as was ever the kingly highway for the Lord's anointed. They told every man and woman that his own destiny under the providence of God was in his own hands. So they liberated the souls and the bodies of men and thus there was created a force that was equal to the sum total of the force of all the people of the land instead of a titled few; and a miracle began. The War of '76 was ended when the banner of King George came down above the battlements of Yorktown never to float again; (loud applause) and then the aristocracy of the world stood with sneering lips and said, "Behold, the experiment shall surely fail!" But the soldiers returned to their homes and the sound of the carnage upon the battle front gave place to the music of the myriad axes and to the crash of falling forests; the sound of hammers and of saws; and cities and towns and villages took the place of the primeval wilderness.

Mountains were tunneled, railroads were built, bridges were erected; the western horizon of civilization pushed on and on until it reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean and now within one century and a half of time from two and one half million people we have become one hundred and ten million people; from

the weakest of nations the greatest and strongest; and every hill is clothed with the twin blossoms of civilization, the Church and the Schoolhouse; (applause) and from countless chimneys goes up the smoke that marks the habitations of men and women who bow to the God of liberty and who are ready to lay their bodies upon the altars of human freedom.

Here we have gathered the oppressed of the earth and ah! how prejudice fought against it! When the Germans came in the early days, our ancestors were told they would Germanize America; but we Americanized the Germans (laughter and applause), when the Swedes came in the early days we were warned the Swedes could not be amalgamated into our civilization. When the Irish came, when they came from fields that were barren, from lanes that were hedged by windrows of the skeletons of the starving and dead—when they came to escape persecution—when they came to be liberated from that government that had destroyed their industries and burned their homes and decimated their population and desolated whole counties and driven men, women and children into the open with a barbarism never practiced by the Sioux Indian in the bloodiest day of his bloody career. (Applause.) Why, they warned this country against the Irish. They called them: "Bog-trotters," "ignorant," and many of them were ignorant, and yet—and let the story be told and as I tell it let me give the author of the work "A Hidden Phase of American History," who sits here tonight (loud applause), credit for a demonstration of the fact that when the War of the Revolution was on, when this city was full of Tories, when Boston was full of Tories, when Virginia was full of Tories, that it was the universal Irishman who filled the ranks of Washington's Armies (applause); and let those who speak today of it being wrong or impolitic to express our sympathy for Ireland remember that in the days of the Revolution a great American visited Ireland and collected money in Ireland for the American Revolution and let it be remembered—and this is the glory of our civilization—that we have taken the oppressed of all lands and they have not dragged our civilization down; they have contributed to its glory and its greatness; and of all the races who then came here, what race is, after all, comparable to the Irish? They were with Washington at Valley Forge, they were with him when he crossed the

Delaware, they were with him at Yorktown, they were behind the flag in the War of 1812, they marched with it to Mexico, and planted it in glory above the capital of the Montezumas; they followed the tattered banner as it was borne aloft on the fields of carnage in the War between the North and the South; they bore it upon the depths of the ocean and Irish sailors dyed the waters of the sea with their glorious blood; and in the last great struggle who is it will say that Irish boys and the sons of Irishmen did not play their own full man's part and do not sleep today on all the fields of France having gallantly died for flag, for country, for this their adopted country, that no Irishman has ever failed to serve, that no Irishman has ever betrayed! (Loud applause).

So we are building here a nation out of all the nations; but this blood that runs so red and so true, this blood that courses in the veins of men whose ancestors have suffered for seven hundred years and who have learned to love the flavor of liberty because it has been withheld from their lips—this race of men who have learned to hate tyrants because the gyves of tyrants have been riveted upon the limbs of their ancestors—this race that has learned to hate the lash of the despot because the backs of their fathers and mothers were scored with that wicked, cutting, biting lash—this race that sucked the love of liberty from their mothers' breasts has done its full and glorious share to make America the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And now, if you will permit me, a word in conclusion: what of our destiny and what of our future?

My friends, we hear much of the duty of America, but let me say to you the first duty of America is to preserve America. (Prolonged applause and loud cheers.) No selfish thought have I in that but bear in mind that we have established a civilization here entirely different from the civilizations of other countries. In God's good name, and I say it reverently, would it be possible for this race of men we have brought into existence here under the providence of God to send out its armed officers to shoot men in their beds, unarmed men? Would it be possible for this Government to live, if it were sending soldiers with dynamite furnished by the Government to blow to pieces the homes of citizens against whom no scrap of evidence had ever been gathered? Would it be possible for this Government to live if its

emissaries dared to burn the manufacturing establishments of a city or town because some officer of the government had been shot down by an unknown man? The kind of government that can do that sort of thing must be backed by a people with different ideals from those that we possess. (Applause and cheers.) Would it be possible for our people to start on marauding expeditions, to steal half the world, and to establish our domination and our civilization at the point of the bayonet; to hold in subjection as Great Britain does 400 million protesting human beings, every one of them kept in subjection by *force majeure*, by the brutality of steel and powder and poisoned gas? (Applause.) Would it be possible for this civilization to develop a monster like William the Second of Germany and to keep him up on the throne?

I shall not pursue this theme. I want you to understand we have built up a different kind of people, with different ideals. (A voice: "Good.") (Applause.) And I want to keep that civilization pure and undefiled. I want to keep it so that as we progress along the line of the future the blood of all these races shall meet and mingle, the best of their genius being preserved so that we may unite the gallantry of the Frenchman, the poetry of the Italian, the sturdiness of the German, the courage and generosity of the Irishman, and the great qualities of all races, until we shall have created here the superman and the superwoman. How then shall we serve the world? In the one way it is ever possible to serve. We shall have built a civilization so great that no monarch can ever hereafter deny that people are capable of self-government. We shall give the lie, by our example, to every kingly claim of authority. We shall prove the fact to all mankind that men and women can govern themselves, and that civilization can only produce its most perfect flower in the soil of perfect liberty; and so as we progress along the line of the centuries, every slave who looks through his matted blood-soaked locks and catches a glimpse of the flag of this Republic will know that there is such a thing as Liberty, such a thing as free government, and his heart will be inspired to strike at tyrants everywhere. (Applause.)

Every king who sits upon his throne will know the mockery of his false pretense when he claims that men and women are not capable of self-government. Thus in the course of time the fires

we have lighted here upon those shores will pass their effulgence into the night of ignorance, of superstition, and of tyranny driving all the shadows away and illumining the future for all nations, kindreds, and tongues.

Such is the glory and such the vision I entertain of this one and only free country of all the earth. (Loud applause and cheers, all standing.)

THE TOASTMASTER: I wish to be indulged, ladies and gentlemen, for a moment, out of the regular order of business, to introduce to you for four or five words one of our members, well known to you all, one of our most brilliant members in former years, who has lately been put upon the bench of the General Sessions of the State of New York, the Hon. Alfred J. Talley. (Applause.) I simply want to show you a young, brilliant man, a boy of New York, who is on his way to greater things yet ("That's right!"). (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF JUDGE TALLEY.

I suppose it may be attributed to poetic license that a chairman or toastmaster, on an occasion like this, should so soon break in upon so splendid a programme of oratory as is reserved for you, to introduce a member of your society. I cannot help but think—and my impression is deepened by the eloquent words of Senator Reed—that the brightest page of American history must, if we maintain the traditions and ideals of which the Senator spoke, be written in our day and in our generation, and that will be the page that will tell to all the world what this country will do in a substantial and effective manner to help the struggle that is now waging at its bitterest fury within the domain of Ireland for liberty ("Hear! Hear!"). (Applause.)

Ireland comes as no suppliant to American shores, asking for aid. Turning back the pages of our history, we may recall the sympathy and assistance that greeted Kossuth, when he was backed up by the ringing words of so great an American as Daniel Webster. History will record that Americans were not afraid to express their sympathy for Kosciusko, when he came here representing his people, and when we realize what this country owes to the Irish men and women that have enriched our ideals and strengthened our visions, when we recall that the priests who

were in Ireland had only the cots of the poor, and the cabin for sanctuary, when we recall them as missionaries in the United States filling every pulpit from which to preach the highest ideals of American freedom and American security, when we recall that from the hedge school that gathered under the blue sky of Ireland, there developed through the teacher when he was transplanted to these shores, universities of learning, when we recall that in every legislative assembly throughout the length and breadth of this land, the men who stood strongest in their effort for the perpetuation of the ideas of American liberty were men of Irish birth or of Irish blood, when we recall the boon, inestimable in its value, that has been given to the uplifting of the American mind and the American heart that came from the household presided over by the Irish mother—then I say that Ireland comes to America not as a suppliant, in asking for our aid, but comes as a matter of right, asking for a return in some measure for the contributions that the Irish people have made to American glory and American liberty ("That's right!"). (Applause.)

Mr. President-General, accept my thanks for the honor that you have done me in presenting me to-night to this audience, with my judicial honors so new and blushing upon me (laughter and applause). I rejoice in the hope that the prestige that high office may bring to a man, if that office is properly and honestly administered, may aid me, some time, to raise my voice with more appeal, and greater effectiveness, for the perpetuation of the ideals and the standards to which, in the glory of American liberty and American traditions, this American Irish Historical Society is dedicated. (Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER: Didn't I tell you? (Applause.)

It now becomes our great pleasure and our great honor to listen to the wisdom and learning of one of the brightest and most learned minds in the United States. You have only to look down the lines of his biography to count up the steps of the ladder of learning that he mastered and became captain of; but it has all been in the service of God, in the service of his Church, which, of course, means ultimately in the service of man, in the highest sense: Bishop Shahan (applause) is an American-born man of good Irish stock. He is a man that we are all proud of and will listen to with humility mingled with racial pride. (Applause.)

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP SHAHAN.

If the word "future" implies any doubt as to the existence or progress of our American democracy I desire to apologize for it. While scenes like these tonight, so many fine strong men of the highest order of achievement, so many good and beautiful women, are possible in the City of New York and can be repeated in a hundred social centers of our vast American States, there can be no question of any kind of a future for American democracy but the most happy and the most glorious.

It is perhaps not too much to say that at this moment our American democracy offers, broadly speaking, every element of successful government, every hope of a populous state administered by the people and for the people. Its immense population of over one hundred million, drawn largely from the best Western stocks, and fed continuously to recent date from the same sources, is engaged without surcease in agriculture, industry, commerce and the professional activities. Its national site is the fairest in the world, for extent, climatic advantages, soil, and accessibility. Its resources stagger the imagination, all the raw materials of industry and commerce, foodstuffs of every kind in abundance, all the countless products of the earth and the mine, the sea and the forest, whatever necessity could demand or luxury desire. In the course of a few years it has earned the return of its property and securities held abroad, has loaned on public or private titles fifteen billions to Europe, and stands to collect on the same more or less one billion interest annually; it is now an independent carrier on the high seas, and may soon hope to be not only the world's chief manufacturer, but also its chief merchant, shipper, and banker.

Never since the Pax Romana of two thousand years ago, has one people held such a predominant position in the world, or become so closely related to all its problems, interests and affairs, or been so insistently solicited by all the opportunities, advantages, and also, alas! by the anxieties and responsibilities of humanity.

Its communications, abroad and within, are admirable, by ocean, river, lake, and air it is in contact with all civilized mankind, and science has long since perfected the gifts of nature. Its govern-

ment, broadly considered, has no equal in history, is indeed something new in the world, a federal power, with its own resources and its own authority, and its well defined area of legislative, administrative and judicial functions, holding together amid popular good-will and respect nearly fifty sovereign states, some of them imperial in extent and resources. Its experience of national life is vast and varied, for it has taken up and solved every problem of peace and war, and has opened up and civilized directly or indirectly an entire continent.

Its political inheritance is clean and clear, for this American Democracy is original, primitive, the natural outcome of the free life which developed spontaneously amid the new conditions that faced the men of Europe transplanted to the forests and the prairies of a new world. No memories of oppression and wrong, no memories or traditions of the hard-bittered will to dominate and exploit their white brethren, disfigure its annals, unlike Europe where the fringes of each state are often dyed with blood for ages and are yet alive with a hatred ever fierce and active, that at all times affects gravely the comfort and threatens the security of the people or nation which has inherited the fatal role of oppressor, and read "England."

American Democracy has justified all the prophecies of the philosophers, statesmen and poets who witnessed its birth, and enters upon the twentieth century endowed with every gift of nature, every attainment of science, the heir, in a great measure, of the wealth of the world and the ages and of the best political thought of mankind—in the words of John Adams, the first example of a government erected on the simple principle of nature, founded on the natural authority of the people, and destined to secure the rights of mankind by its sure diffusion over the immense territories from which it had expelled its tyrannical parent.

Like all the great forms of government, democracy, our own in particular, has its full share of perils. An original and perhaps perpetual peril is the selfish spirit of a certain class of citizens. The near, local tangible assets of freedom, the loaves and fishes of the current day, naturally attract a multitude of patriots who are willing to divide on reasonable terms, or otherwise, the spoils of victory. Their vision is narrow and their in-

terest low and selfish. Democracy has to struggle constantly against their great number, their cohesion and power, and a certain contempt or distrust or fear of the people which is everywhere common to such men.

On the other hand American Democracy is deeply affected at regular intervals by great educative movements, of a high order, which bring to the front and assert all the original idealism of the American State. Whether in peace or in war, American Democracy is ever holding open school in the heart of the nation, and is every correcting and punishing, in its own way, the offenders against its spirit and its interests.

Over every democracy hangs the shadow of the mob. The arts and wiles of its leaders, the demagogues, are well known to us. But popular education, the immensity of the land, its overflowing population, the natural good sense of multitudes of citizens, the experience of the past, and the visible common enjoyment of all the advantages of a free and independent country, diminish greatly his influence, or soon compel him to come into the open and suffer the pitiless searching light of publicity, in which his dangerous or foolish theories or designs wither and are lost.

The restless spirit of change, so easily possible and so ever present, is no mean enemy of a democratic order of life. The heart of *Demos* is after all only the individual heart multiplied and magnified, but subject to the same restless temper, the same pursuit of the vague and the unattainable. Nowhere, perhaps, does it come to the front so practically as in the matter of legislation, that immemorial cross of democracy, the conflict between the social power and the restless lawless temper of the sovereign people. Its amount and variety are often in inverse ratio to popular acceptance and obedience, and in this way is bred that contempt of law which is the greatest enemy of the laws.

Another moral weakness of our democratic life is a certain weariness and disgust which lay hold of men, when they behold the poor results of the best efforts in favor of Democracy's success. Naturally enough it affects citizens of the highest order, of whose service the state stands badly in need at all times, since it is intelligent and unselfish. This political pessimism is a grave menace to democracy, since it assumes the hopelessness of popular government. Patriotism becomes a mere word, shining but

hollow, self-sacrifice and mutual service delusions, while close by lurks always some enemy of the people ready to seize the reins of power as they fall from the hands of the weary and the disillusioned.

Great private wealth is often an enemy to democracy, given its ambition to wield the public authority in order to protect its widespread interests, or to secure itself by privilege or favor, or to shatter the opposition of its adversaries. Florence, that model of medieval democracy, withstood its many enemies for two centuries, but in the end put on very tamely the yoke of its chief banker. On the other hand, when used in the higher interests of the people, wealth becomes their powerful servant and honors society and itself by recognition of its duty as steward of resources too vast for an individual's use but not too vast for the needs or the honor or the comfort of the community.

To the honor of American democracy be it said that nowhere in the world have greater benefactions been made to the causes of charity and education, nowhere have so many men and women of great wealth risen to so high a concept of its best uses.

And now what part will the American children of Ireland play in the future of American democracy? Judging from the past and from the nature of the race, their role will not be insignificant. Every section of the United States acknowledges the services of countless men and women of Irish race. What service is comparable to the conquest of primeval nature, to the hard and perilous onslaught on the unknown and variously hostile depths of a continent? They were among the first pioneers along every far western trail; they blazed their way through a thousand forests, they threaded our countless rivers, they crossed our great lakes and they climbed our great mountains. The place—names of the nation betray their presence wherever in the last century the social order cast its newest roots. They were for a long time the man-power and the woman-power which opened up the great modern ways of communication and this small but prolific race earned richly the gratitude of the American people for its share in the building of the railroads and canals which made it possible at an early date to handle the teeming riches of the western prairies and mines and to provide for the safety of the state against hostile aggression. All honor to that humble but vast

multitude of the shovel and the pick, in no small measure the rude creators and forerunners of modern American civilization. Is there not great truth in the words of the poet?—

“Exile is God’s alchemy! Nations
He forms like metals,—
Mixing their strength and their tenderness;
Tempering pride with shame and
Victory with affliction;
Meting their courage, their
Faith and their fortitude,—
Timing their genesis to the world’s needs!”

With their numbers they enriched the same civilization, whether we consider the vast outpouring of the eighteenth century whose details the historical skill and the patient industry of Mr. Michael J. O’Brien have revealed, or the great exodus of the nineteenth century when all Ireland seemed to arise and fly from the inhuman conditions of life on its soil.

These thousands, nay these millions, were the finest raw material of American democracy a gifted, intelligent, Christian, English-speaking race, driven wholesale from its ancient seat of power and happiness, across a wide and unknown ocean, but on whose shores Freedom herself stood with open arms to welcome and comfort these poor exiles of Erin. (Applause.) Historians and statesmen, philosophers and poets and artists have dealt in their own way with this great and wonderful human fact, but no one has yet risen to give adequate expression to the gratitude of the Irish race the world over and through all time for this priceless boon of freedom, literally immense and without price. As a faint index of their feelings of joy and gratitude I venture to quote from an humble little tale entitled: “The Irish Emigrant,” published at Winchester, Va., in 1817. It began this way:

“Hail Columbia, happy land.” May the Genius of Freedom which presides over thee remain until the “wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.” May you still continue the land of the free; may you still continue the home of the brave emigrant, who after having experienced all that oppression could devise or unjust policy dictate, finds on thy shores a hospitable reception where virtue reigns triumphant and where man becomes a candidate for Heaven in the way which he thinks proper without molestation. Oh, my country! oh, thou Emerald Isle, on which nature has so lavishly distributed her bounty, would to God that thou couldst take the wings of the morning and fly to the West, there to behold the

difference, the great difference, between liberty and slavery; there to behold the degradation of thy bondage; there to behold the thralldom in which thou has been held, and lastly there to taste the sweets of freedom which to thee would have a doubly pleasing zest."

Poor Owen McDermott has long gathered to his fathers, but his gratitude to this original refuge of his persecuted forbears remains in every American of Irish race, is ingrained in his being, and given his loyalty and intelligence, is one of the most secure guarantees of American democracy. (Applause.)

In the annals of patriotism, the American-Irish rank second to no element of our people, and in every way have borne gladly their share or more than their share of good-will, devotion and peril. Physically and mentally they are ideal soldiers, nor have they tarnished in the late war their splendid record of nearly one hundred and fifty years in the military service of the Republic. This has its own significance when we remember that today a very large portion, some say one-tenth, others say one-fifth, of the American people is of Irish origin, and that they are intimately interwoven with the texture of American society. An observant Englishman has said recently that they move as a vehement stream through the confused and tumultuous life of the nation, permeating the whole structure of American society, established in the seats of the mighty, powerful in finance, in law, in literature, in the services. Naturally the patriotism of so large an element of its population is of supreme importance all the time to the American state, not alone in the actual hour of conflict, but amid all the humming, changing vicissitudes of public life which in the past at least have culminated so often in the horrors of war. Kelly and Burke and Shea have never failed yet to respond when the call of duty resounded in the land. (Applause.) Wandering one day among the graves at Arlington, it struck me as quite fitting that those glorious solemn spaces should be consecrated by Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," the solemn stanzas of his immortal dirge proclaiming on every side the fidelity unto death of so many of his race in every war of the Republic.

American Democracy stands in no fear of monarchistic temper or reaction, now particularly that the world is running to republics. But it rightly fears the growth of certain monstrous and savage theories of government, rooted in the evil philosophy of

materialism, and bred in a satanic atmosphere of hostility to religion and Christian civilization. This fear naturally increases in proportion as the education of the people prescind from positive moral training and from the teachings and the spirit of Christian faith.

In this respect the deeply religious training and severe discipline of so large a percentage of the American-Irish are no small advantage to American Democracy. It will never need to appoint a committee to root out Bolshevism among their teachers or to secure from them respect for and allegiance to their country's flag. (Applause.) Among these citizens of Irish descent the philosophy of life is fundamentally Christian, and they recoil instinctively from the false principles and teachings, economic, social and political, that aim equally at the ruin of religion and of the American State as now constituted. No one doubts the merits of our children of Erin along the higher ranges of American life, the imaginative, romantic, emotional side of our growth in the last century. In letters, music and arts, in oratory and journalism, they have pursued, despite some disadvantages, an ever ascending course, and have impressed their genius not unfavorably on the nation at large. May we not add here the splendid lines of John Boyle O'Reilly:

"What send ye else, old mother, to raise our mighty wall?
For we must build against Kings and Wrongs a fortress never to fall.
I send you in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent tongue,
Whose crowns should engild my crowning, whose songs for me should
be sung.

O flowers unblown from lonely fields, my daughters with hearts aglow
With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms white as snow,—
I smile through tears, as the clouds unroll—my widening river that runs!
My lost ones grown in radiant growth—proud mothers of free born sons!
My seed of sacrifice ripens apace! The Tyrant's cure is disease:
My strength that was dead like a forest is spread beyond distant seas."

On the other hand, American Democracy owes no little to its citizens of Irish descent in the way of humor and sport, national humor and sport. National humor is, roughly speaking, the kindly criticism, pungent and corrective, of a peoples' oddities, defects, or peculiarities; the public exhibition of them on some broad stage, dramatic, pictorial or literary, where all may see

themselves as others see them. It is a traditional feature of democracy from ancient Rome and Athens to New York, profoundly equalitarian, sparing none and exercised by all, a kind of rude popular teaching by way of castigation, and incidentally a school of better manners, popular justice, and mutual toleration. It is scarcely necessary to say that since the Civil War many of its leaders have been American Irish, or that these gifted men have mightily relieved life's daily burden in our country from ocean to ocean. As to sport their national record is so much an element of our every-day life, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that it did not fail to arrest the attention of the gifted English correspondent, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, as a strong side-light on the extent to which, on its highest level, American democracy had absorbed an immortal feature of the social life of Ireland.

It amounts to this, after all: the children of Ireland in the new world, and particularly in the United States, are natural-born democrats, or republicans, if you will (laughter), first, because they are such by choice; then because for long centuries they have been on a war-footing with English monarchy and aristocracy and oligarchy their only resources being in themselves, and finally because in God's own time he cast multitudes of them on the soil of the United States just when they were needed, and badly needed, to turn the tide of battle in favor of American Democracy, and secure the Revolution which the loyalist majority were gravely imperilling. "America was lost by Irish emigrants," said Lord Mountjoy before the Parliament Committee on the causes of England's final defeat. Let it stay at that, or rather let it be said that America was won by Irish emigrants, won through gratitude for a new, immense and glorious freedom, won through hatred of oppression and injustice, won for the struggling minority of brave men who followed Washington through all the dark vicissitudes of his military career, won for all humanity, for all the millions who since that day have entered fearlessly through the gates which Irish valor held open until Divine Providence secured them with its blessing and its protection.

No wonder that Benjamin Franklin was deputed by Congress to promise American intervention in favor of that commercial freedom which the Irish Volunteers afterwards seized with their own arms. "I am charged to assure you," he said (Oct. 4, 1778),

in his "Address to the Good People of Ireland on behalf of America," "I am charged to assure you that in this respect means will be found to establish your freedom in the fullest and amplest manner." Alas! in the century and a half that intervene between these words of hope from the infant Republic and the prostrate and bleeding Ireland of today, the means promised by Benjamin Franklin, either economic or any other kind, have never materialized, though the records of tyranny offer no parallel to Ireland's sufferings in these fateful years, "a record," said Ex-President Taft, twelve years ago, in this city, "with but few intervals, of misgovernment, intolerance, selfish exploitation, and confiscation." (Loud applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER: Turning from the solid knowledge of the Reverend Bishop who last addressed you, we are about to enter another land and other atmosphere, none the less agreeable, none the less delightful. We are going to hear from a distinguished writer of magical tales, of the sea, the name of whose works "Great Seas Talk," "Seas," "Running Free Before the Wind,"—every title breathes of that life of the seas that seems natural to the people of an island in the Atlantic Ocean; and I wish to remark a peculiar thing, that in the name of James B. Connolly (applause) is concealed something that appeals at once when it is mentioned, to every Irishman who has read the story of his country; his name in full is James Brendan Connolly (A Voice: Good man!); the name of St. Brendan, the great Irish mariner and saint of the sixth century, the first to cross the Atlantic from the European side, to find there a land that hereafter would be great, and great as the home of the Irish.

Let us recognize one thing, that where St. Brendan landed in America is now known as South Boston (laughter and applause), because it was there that James Brendan Connolly was born, and in Mr. Connolly, we don't find those usual things; we have been dealing with statesmen and clerics, and we don't find that he has been ascending the steps of institutions of learning solely; he has been running up the rope ladders of the ships. You would not think to look at him, that in 1896 he won the championship at Athens in the first Olympic Games held in 1500 years in Europe. (Applause.) You begin to see something in that fact alone of the preparation that Mr. Connolly was making, to write stories

of the sea. To any man of poetic mind or imagination, there is an appeal in the mere thought of a Kelt or a Gael of Ireland standing on the plane of Athens and winning the laurels that had been the laurels of the ancient Greeks, whose last Olympic Games in Athens had been in 394 A. D.—that is to say, 1500 years before James B. Connolly took the palm at Athens. Think of the great heroes looking down upon him,—the wonderful beings that we admired in our school days, and that still stand as stars in the temple in the story of personal prowess and achievement.

But he didn't cease there to prepare for his work, because when the tocsin of war sounded, where should he be found but in the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry on their way to the Spanish War, and there he participated in the taking of Santiago. Then we find him getting closer and closer to the seas, in the American Navy, and so he progressed, and so he prepared himself, and he stands now the finest writer, take it from me, in the English language of the tales of the sea. (Applause.)

It gives me great pleasure to introduce James Brendan Connolly.*

THE TOASTMASTER: Ladies and Gentlemen: Let us break the order of scheduled events, so to speak, and permit us to hear briefly from our friend Judge Cohalan. (Applause and cheers.)

SPEECH OF JUDGE COHALAN.

Dear Friends: With your permission, this is one night that I am going to enjoy myself. I came here to listen. I have had a delightful time, so far, and I am going to express my gratitude to all my friends and to all the members of the Society, and I am going, with your leave, to complete the evening in the way in which I began the evening: to enjoy myself. I know, if some of the rest of you do not, how well Judge Wall goes, when he gets into his stride. I see he is just getting ready to get into his stride. So, with your permission, and again thanking you for calling on me, I desire to express my very grateful wishes to everybody here, and I am going to finish the evening by enjoying myself all the way through (laughter and applause).

THE TOASTMASTER: Ladies and Gentlemen: The Judge has taken from the presiding toastmaster largely the task of introducing Judge Wall.

*It was found impossible to secure the copy of Mr. Connolly's address.

In Judge Wall, we have briefly two recommendations that I will mention; one is that he was born in Tipperary ("That's good!") (laughter and applause); and the next is that he was for some time a fellow prisoner of Charles Stewart Parnell, in Kilmainham Jail (applause).

Now, of his further history: it is known to most of us, and, as the hour is late, I shall cut myself short, and I will ask Judge Wall to begin his address forthwith.

POST-BELLUM PROPAGANDA.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE J. M. WALL OF BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

My fellow-citizens and members of the American Irish Historical Society: I take note in particular of two men in this influential gathering who may be looked upon as prize workers each in his own chosen field, and each of whom has carved his way to lasting renown by response to that inner prompting which beckons us onward in the path of duty and keeps forever urging us to do the right. A public man who has the courage to deliberately risk the hostility of the leader of his own party, and that leader no less a personage than the President of the United States, in pursuance of what he honestly believes to be right and for the common welfare of all, is by no means an every-day occurrence. Senator Reed, of Missouri, as I view it, presents one of the finest examples of moral courage that the history of American politics affords. (Applause.) In his searching and eloquent opposition to the League of Nations Covenant Senator Reed held his ground firmly from first to last, and when the contest closed—and a bitter contest indeed it was—he came out of the battle a bigger man by far than when he went into it. He showed indeed that firmness in the right, "as God gave him to see the right," following Lincoln's unerring formula; and while those who assailed him for his courage, and in some instances adopted even rowdy un-American methods to refuse him a hearing, fall more and more into public disfavor with the lapse of time, the name of James E. Reed of Missouri will be an inspiration to every American who holds that country must always be regarded as more precious than party. (Applause.)

Senator Reed is an American of American birth, while the other man whom I have in mind is an American of Irish birth, Michael

J. O'Brien, whose wonderful book, "A Hidden Phase of American History," is one of the most convincing illustrations of unflagging industry, of painstaking effort, and of loyalty to facts that it has ever been my good fortune to know about. (Applause.) Indeed, if there be anyone at this moment within hearing who has not read the book it is not unfair to say that he is lacking in full duty to his American citizenship. (Prolonged applause.) Nor will it be deemed irregular if I take this occasion also of suggesting to my friend, Mr. Clarence Bowen, President of the New England Society—a one-time colleague of mine in days long ago on the New York Tribune, whom I see seated near by at this festive board—if he has not read it as yet—to lose no time in making a diligent perusal of this monumental work, which no true son of New England can afford to miss. When a similar hint is offered in the same friendly fashion to my friend Mr. Benedict of the New York Historical Society (applause) it will be proper to take leave of any further such gratuitous references and go ahead with my speech.

I look upon this anti-American pro-British propaganda as really a great compliment to our people, because it shows clearly that the Irish element in America is what in the main has kept America to her original ideals; is what has preserved her *as America*, and saved her from becoming English. (Cries of "Good".) It may be considered therefore as I have said in the light of a compliment, or at any rate as a significant recognition of our influence and power in the republic. Its underlying motive is first, to wean America away from us, and then to wean her away from herself, so that she may become once more incorporated with Great Britain, having good-natured Uncle Sam as a sort of subservient sleeping partner. But it has been carried on with subtle persistency that many amongst us have begun to wonder whether this is really an independent country, or only an outlying colony of Great Britain. Specific instances are not needed. The very atmosphere is laden with the offensive odor of the foul thing; and the boldness with which it is done, and the ease with which it has been suffered to go unchallenged, is either a wonderful tribute to American forbearance, or else a stinging rebuke to the integrity of our professions as freemen. (Cries of "Good"!)

The bloody "Black-and-Tans" would seem now to have their counterpart on this side of the ocean—with this difference, however, that whereas in Ireland they brazenly curse the Pope to one's face; flog, and torture and kill unarmed citizens; ransack and wreck convents; slaughter defenseless women and children; commit murder indiscriminately, and assassinate priests—their American confreres have been content, so far at any rate, with merely working to bring about such conditions as would tend ultimately to make these medieval forms of argument possible in this country also. I would, however, urge you earnestly, my fellow-citizens, to make strict note of the fact that it is the wilful abettors of this wicked work—and not the rank and file of the American people—who will be responsible, if unhappily there should ever occur any rift in that harmony and good fellowship among all classes of our citizens which for generations we have been taught to believe is instinct with the spirit of our institutions. (Applause.)

This anti-American pro-British propaganda might really just as well read "anti-Irish propaganda," for in strict analysis that is exactly what it amounts to. It is aimed directly against us, and is meant especially to react against us. What makes the position of Irish sympathizers here impregnable however is, that it brings that powerful element in America closer and closer to America, instead of—as our enemies had fondly hoped—driving us further and further away; because you see that propaganda, being so plainly anti-American in spirit, cannot hit us without at the same time hitting America. This is a comforting and encouraging thought, and should stiffen our resolve to combat the bigoted and unprovoked warfare now being waged against us. The chief purpose therefore of this sinister activity being to divorce America from all sympathy with Ireland, it follows that the effect of such effort, the grave lessons which it teaches, and the extent if any to which America herself is privy to the performance, must needs be the prevailing note in the thoughts that are to follow.

In view of what is at present happening in this our beloved country, it becomes difficult to decide whether all our high-sounding professions of the past—our Fourth of July orations—were real or have been merely a fantasy. It is impossible to reconcile the succession of death-stabs which have been aimed at Ameri-

can sovereignty and American tradition with the teachings of Washington, of Jefferson, and of Lincoln. It is MONEY, alas, that speaks now and NOT MEN; and this painful reflection is heightened on noting the frantic eagerness with which all public professions to the contrary are made. This surely, my fellow-citizens, is an abject and mournful avowal which no earnest and careful observer will care to dispute. It is a recrudescence of that era in ancient Rome which marked the worst and most dangerous turn, and which historians have depicted with such thrilling accuracy. Seneca—the most noted moralist of the pagan world—declared that those whom God approves, whom He loves, He exercises, He hardens; while those whom He seems to indulge and spare He preserves for future ills.

In estimating those tendencies in Roman life which proved forerunners of the destruction that was to follow, the historian speaks of it as “an age of material progress and material greatness, of civil liberty and intellectual culture, of pamphlets and of epigrams, of salons and of dinner parties, of senatorial majorities and electoral corruption.” The highest offices in the state were open in theory to the meanest citizen, but confined in practice to the men who had the longest purse or the readiest use of the tongue in the public forum. The rich were extravagant, for life had ceased to have practical interest, except for its material pleasures. Distinctions of birth had been exchanged for distinctions of wealth. Patriotism, he says, survived on the lips, but patriotism meant merely the ascendancy of the party which would maintain the existing order. Religion, once the foundation of the laws and rule of personal conduct, had subsided into opinion. The rich, in their hearts, disbelieved it. Temples were still erected with ever increasing magnificence. Outward forms were scrupulously observed. Men spoke conventionally of Providence, in order to throw on their opponents the odium of impiety. The whole spiritual atmosphere was saturated with cant—cant moral, cant political, cant religious; an affectation of high principle which ceased to touch the conduct, and flowed on in an ever increasing volume of insincere and unreal speech. Then the eminent observer from whom I am quoting sums up with this pregnant passage: “Unless other convictions get the mastery, the tendencies which now control the forms in which human

beings adjust themselves will make an end again, as they made an end before, of what are called free institutions."

This to mind is fairly suggestive of the situation by which we are confronted at this moment in this country. It is especially worthy of thought, when England's mad scramble to grab the world—ourselves included—is taken into account. The solemn warning of one of her own most gifted sons as to the fate certain to overtake her, if she persists in her present wilful ways, was never spoken with more thrilling significance than when spoken now. And these lines, while depicting the downfall of the mightiest empire of antiquity, just as confidently foretell that this great world empire of to-day—grown now more aggressive, more cunning, more arrogant than at any other time—is just as certainly marked for ultimate extinction.

She asked for all things, and dominion such
As never man had known
The gods first gave; then lightly, touch by touch,
O'erthrew her seven-hilled throne.
Imperial power, that hungerest for the globe,
Restrain thy conquering feet,
Lest the same fate that spun thy purple robe
Should weave thy winding sheet.

What change for the better has the great war wrought in us? Has it really wrought any change for the better? The President has for full two years at least poured forth such volumes of talk, such an infinite variety of polished phrases, that it might in truth be said of him—as D'Israeli once said of Gladstone—that he became "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Is there any evidence of public betterment, either here or abroad, as a result of all this tall talk? Love of liberty, in so far as it has been given to me to see, has not been quickened in America; on the contrary, it has been deadened. The spirit that has arisen and forced itself to the front, threatening to throttle us at every turn, has defaced that stamp of identity put upon us by the founders of the republic to such extent that this begins to look not like America any more. Were Patrick Henry to return now and take even a casual survey of things, it is a safe gamble to declare that he would revise his soul-stirring invocation of Revolutionary days, and instead of exclaiming "Give me Liberty or give

me Death," it is not unlikely that he might be tempted to embrace the latter alternative!

Before the war, Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln were our idols. We loved liberty then. Whom worship we now? Our idol now seems to be the sordid and ungainly figure of John Bull—and it begins to look as though we loved liberty no longer. If it be Ireland that is mentioned, the very word itself is banned, or else uttered only in whispers and as a sort of dim abstraction. In justifying his refusal to bring Ireland's case before the Peace Conference—although a unanimous vote of the United States Senate by solemn resolution affirmed Ireland's right to be free—the President did indeed have the goodness to describe it as "a metaphysical tragedy." True, it was already known to us and to the world as a tragedy, but it was revealed now for the first time just what sort of tragedy it is; so when the Republic of Ireland is recognized—as some day it must be—not a mother's son of us will ever fail to acknowledge the wonderful part which Woodrow Wilson played. A "metaphysical tragedy" indeed—much as that other noted Englishman,* in his book "The Foundations of Belief," cites reference to the Deity as "metaphysical abstraction." This conveys at least a hint of the physic unity which made these two noted Englishmen lean so tenderly toward each other. On the one hand, the most flagrant denial of justice to a nation, simply because she happens to be small and weak, is dismissed with an impatient gesture as being merely "a metaphysical tragedy," and on the other hand the Ruler of the Universe made mention of as "a metaphysical abstraction." When these soul mates met therefore in the flesh, it was but natural for the Englishman from London to open his bottomless bag, and for the Englishman in Washington to pour into it four billion, two hundred seventy-seven million good American gold dollars, of which for the moment he happened to be temporary custodian, while all he exacted in return for this empire's ransom were some empty certificates of indebtedness!

It has become the fashion now-a-days in certain circles to harp on what is termed England's "friendship" for America. Won't some kind friend step forward please and point to some real

*Arthur J. Balfour.

proofs of this "friendship." It would be so nice. Why is this proof hidden? Mere talk will not suffice. It ought be easy to produce proofs. We demand proofs. Where are the proofs? Where are they, I repeat? Real friendship is a wonderful stimulant. It begets instant and pleasant reaction. It puts us in good humor with ourselves and with everybody else. One feels, for the time at any rate, as happy as the day is long. When the awful Johnstown disaster occurred with its enormous loss of life, the citizens of Dublin, the capital city of Ireland, contributed out of their slender resources fifty thousand dollars to succor the starving survivors, while the Queen of England, head of the richest empire in the world, sent only a telegram of sympathy! This English "friendship" for America assumes such strange shapes. The London "Morning Post," the organ par excellence of the aristocracy, advanced the idea recently that the millions in Confederate bonds which England purchased eagerly during our bloody civil war, should now be debited against us in part payment, or in whole payment, of the billions out of which we were buncoed to save England from destruction during the world war! In other words, because an avowed enemy of this republic in the most critical period of its history lost money in financing an attempt to smash the republic, this loss should now be made good by the very government which it sought to destroy!

You must not laugh, my fellow citizens, for the suggestion in no sense represents grim comedy, as might seem at first blush, but is put forward seriously as evidence—or should I say proofs—of "England's friendship for America." So you see there is no end to the vagaries of what is called "the Anglo-Saxon impulse" when it goes on the rampage.

Must America, that was consecrated to Liberty, be ranged on the side of Tyranny now, merely because England wants it and because the power of MONEY might be hurt? It is right we are told to fight for freedom everywhere, anywhere, in fact—but within the confines of the British Empire. Must we really be compelled to swallow this despotic claim by the arch-enemy of freedom, the arch-enemy of all brands of political liberty that do not conform to what she is pleased to call liberty? This claim is monstrous and arrogant beyond all precedent. It is Tyranny pure and simple. Henry Grattan, the great Protestant patriot leader

of the eighteenth century, has crystallized the idea in form that has endured: "To depend," he said, "upon the will of any man is the very definition of slavery." But that is what Ireland is asked to do. Doesn't it sound droll? if one could afford to look only on the light side of such a serious matter. The famine in China is featured in scare headlines in the newspapers, while hardly a word of reference is made to the awful famine in India, which is decimating millions. Why? Because India is a British possession. How can citizens of intelligent and independent thought keep the peace and refrain from crying aloud against this brazen plan, engineered by British propagandists and their allies in this country, to keep the truth hidden? If one attempts to uproot British tyranny in Ireland, or anywhere else, it is anarchy or something no less dreadful. It reminds me of the definition of free speech once given by an Orangeman in that great centre of liberal thought called Belfast. "I am an uncompromising advocate," he declared, "of an open Bible and free speech; but where the bloke who claims free speech wants to spout sentiments different from mine, I naturally draw the line there and refuse to hear him."

Under a veneer of charitable seeming the public conscience has become bedevilled, embruited, I had almost said—rather than chastened by the horrors of the great world conflict. Life no longer counts, and as for Liberty—forget it! People have grown fiercer, more ill-feeling, more ill-mannered than they ever were. Lecky, with rare insight, ascribes the debasement of public sentiment in ancient Rome to the gladiatorial games, which so distorted the moral sense of the people as to render all higher forms of public appeal insipid. Nothing that now happens, outside the realm of money or of British Interests, is deemed really worth while. Even the epic story of Ireland's tragic and heroic fight does not matter. Our great editors view all such efforts with chilling indifference, with a wall of impenetrable silence, or else with such wilful distortion and mockery as must wring a hoarse laugh from the very devil himself.

And all this, too, my fellow-citizens—and I beseech of you to pay strict attention to the fact—in a country that has thundered in the ears of the world the Declaration of Independence, that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the gov-

erned, and that when any form of government becomes subversive of these ends it is the **THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO ALTER OR TO ABOLISH IT**"—assuredly the most stirring incitement to universal rebellion that was ever penned! (Prolonged applause.)

If you keep urging a man to resist a robber—whom, by the way, you once caught and punished for having robbed yourself—and then when he is in a tight place and appeals for your assistance (as Ireland now appeals for America's backing) reminding you the while that **HE IS BUT FOLLOWING THE DICTATES OF YOUR OWN INSISTENT COUNSEL**; if, in presence of this, you slam the door contemptuously in his face, rest assured that it is not upon him, but upon yourself, that the burden of discredit falls.

Listen to Lincoln's stirring tribute—his classic tribute, it might even better be called—to the author of our great Charter of Human Rights:

"All honor to Jefferson—to the man who in the concrete pressure of a great struggle for national independence had the coolness to forecast and the capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, **APPLICABLE TO ALL MEN AND ALL TIMES**, and so to embalm it there that to-day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

Must this noble thought which Jefferson fathered and which Lincoln declared was to endure forever; a thought which every generation of Americans since the days of the Revolution has been taught to believe is as unvarying and imperishable as the movements of the spheres—be now scrapped, and scrapped too at the behest of that very power who has sleeplessly fought its endorsement with the utmost bitterness, and whose own overbearing tyranny it was that directly gave birth to it? The "crime" of which Ireland at this moment stands guilty is thus laid at the door of America herself. If she is guilty, Jefferson is guilty. If she is guilty, Lincoln is guilty. If she is guilty, then our whole political structure is criminal and the men responsible for its circumstances should be adjudged enemies of the people and driven instantly from power. (Applause.)

We refuse to recognize the revolutionary government of Russia—not because it is revolutionary but because, as we claim, its

leaders do not derive authority from a duly elected constituent assembly; and therefore it is a government of force. Very well. Now let the same reasoning be applied in the case of Ireland. The government of Ireland is a government of force. Even England herself admits it is a government of force. Lloyd George declared recently that in no previous era was Ireland's opposition to England's rule as widespread or as vigorous as it is now; and at no time since Cromwell were England's methods of repression as savage and unrelenting as they are now. If it be wrong to recognize a government of force in Russia, why is it right to recognize a government of force in Ireland? Lloyd George, who mocks Ireland while he scourges her, is fond of declaring that he is ready to discuss the issue with representative Irishmen if they would but come to him. But how can they do this when he dispersed their parliament and hanged, imprisoned, or banished their leaders? Ireland has had her duly elected constituent assembly, the Dail Eireann, or Irish parliament, which organized and established in due form an Irish Republic. The election took place December, 1918, under the very forms of law which England herself has prescribed; not that the Irish were to be taken as approving English law, but they merely adopted this method so as to deprive even Lloyd George of a semblance of excuse to question the legality of the result. And what was the result? A victory so overwhelming that the victory of Germany over the Poles in the plebiscite deciding the fate of Silesia, is tame in comparison. In that election only one voter out of every five stood for English rule—although England has the prestige begotten of possession of the country for hundreds of years; only one vote out of every five. A victory even greater (in proportion) than the phenomenal triumph which swept Senator Harding last November into the Presidential chair.

Ireland has thus responded to our call; she has harkened to the imperious summons embodied in the Declaration of Independence. She has set up a Republic of her own—and, before God, it is unseemly and cowardly on the part of America to desert her now!

Crushed beneath the grinding pressure of the German hosts, England, her "back to the wall," and on the last lap of her existence, cried frantically to America for aid. Her most eloquent and most sympathetic American spokesman, from his place

beside Balfour on the steps of the City Hall, May, 1917, shrieked aloud, "For God's sake, hurry up; hurry up!" reminding one of that other Choate, Rufus by name, who as Senator from Massachusetts, seventy years earlier, spoke sneeringly of the Declaration of Independence as a "String of glittering generalities." We answered the cry, the dying cry, and saved her from destruction. For a much greater reason should we answer the cry of Ireland now. Her cause is just. It is the cause for which America fought. It is the cause which for 145 years has been indissolubly linked with all that is best in the traditions of the republic. When Kerensky, who succeeded Milukoff as second Russian revolutionary leader demanded to know what we were fighting for before he would consent to pledge Russia's continuance in the war, the reply of President Wilson was:

"We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of ALL PEOPLES, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. Phrases will not accomplish this result, effective readjustments will; and whatever readjustments are necessary must be made. NO PEOPLE MUST BE FORCED UNDER SOVEREIGNTY UNDER WHICH IT DOES NOT WISH TO LIVE."

This sweeping outburst was a decree absolute and unequivocal. It was not merely oracular; 'twas mandatory. Upon any reasonable construction the phrase implied that, if not himself the actual agent in enforcing the decree, he had the power to see that it was enforced and was determined to use that power. To plead that some unforeseen obstruction might arise to modify the decree so as to admit of exceptions won't hold. The presumption was that he knew of all which might be likely to stand in the way, but was bent nevertheless upon sweeping it aside. Yet when the test came, he took refuge in those subtle legal niceties which, alas, are so often cunningly devised to obscure the truth. Oh, this hair-splitting; oh, those legal niceties, so often sprung unawares to consign an honest man or a worthy cause to defeat or oblivion.

Truth for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own.

To anyone of vivid imagination, or even of commonplace imagination, is not the heart wrung with agony on witnessing the ease with which sinister forces—of whose existence the common people know little or nothing until it is too late—are lured into instant activity to throttle freedom, and lured too not infrequently by the very men who are themselves most vociferous in acclaiming freedom as their god! "If you study history," said Lord Salisbury, a former British premier, "you will find that where liberty is destroyed it is always destroyed by those who shelter themselves under cover of its forms, and who speak its language with unparalleled eloquence and vigor." It never occurred to that noted Englishman I am sure that this was a vigorous and exact description of the stale and sickening pleas put forth by Lloyd George and his brood of official underlings to justify their savage methods in Ireland.

Only a few weeks ago the British Labor Commission published its report concerning British atrocities in Ireland. It was the most influential body of that kind that had ever visited Ireland, consisting among others of two ex-Cabinet Ministers, Henderson and Adamson, and Lieut.-Gen. Thompson, the British Military Representative at the Peace Conference, himself also an M. P. The murders, the horrors following in the wake of the British occupation of Ireland, notably the savagery of the Black-and-Tans—the English irregular soldiery or Bashi-Bazouks—is declared by the Commission to have "MADE THE NAME OF ENGLAND STINK IN THE NOSTRILS OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD." Does anyone for a moment suppose that this DAMNING INDICTMENT OF ENGLAND BY ENGLISHMEN THEMSELVES can be put to sleep by merely ignoring it? On the contrary it is swelling and gathering volume day by day, making certain that the ultimate and inevitable explosion will be all the more violent on that account.

That the many millions which England is now spending here, and the powerful machinery of our own mighty government, are both needed to stifle the voice of America, while this heroic little nation, quivering under the lash of the usurper, cries aloud in helpless agony, is the best proof that the justice of Ireland's argument is unanswerable. (Applause.) Oh, if this pall of sinister silence in which our press and our public men are at this moment

enveloped were but lifted once for all, and that America would but consent to be her old self again, that old self with which we have been so long familiar, and which for generations has been the very breath of our nostrils as freemen. (Cries of "That's right" and applause.) If her sons would but come out again into the open and be Americans as they once were, as they always used to be—or at any rate as they always professed to be—and thunder forth a protest against England's misdoings and for Ireland's rights, that protest, like the Revolutionary shot at Lexington, would ring around the world, making even England pause and give way before the advancing torrent.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flags to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once th' embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Why doesn't America do this? England has never cultivated true friendship with America. England has never cultivated true friendship with any nation. So her only friends are the friends that the bully has, or the friendship that is won by cunning. She has greater need of American friendship now than ever; but surely America ought to have sense enough from now on at any rate to sell her friendship to the highest bidder; and when the transaction was complete, the unhappy purchaser generally found he was dealing with a bunco-steerer. She sold us a League of Nations for our Fourteen Points; and Woodrow Wilson took the suspicious bundle, tossed it into Uncle Sam's lap, and said, "Here, you **MUST** keep this,"—just as the village postmaster in my home town of Bound Brook, New Jersey, sometimes stuffs my letter box with some mysterious package from some unknown patent medicine vendor, labelled on the outside, "Cure-All For Bodily Ills," with ten chances to one that the first dose I took would leave me writhing in agony during the remainder of the day!

We examined the suspicious looking bundle carefully, and found it had a very bad smell; found it was tainted money, that it had a false jingle; and as Uncle Sam has never been in the business of counterfeit coin, we seized the thirty pieces of silver, in exchange for which our national honor was bartered, and hurled them into the fire!

We think we know what is going on in the world. Really, my fellow-citizens, we know only part of what is going on, and that part highly colored. We know about as much as England permits us to know. She is the boss cable censor over there, while her willing agents over here do the other half of the nasty business. England at this moment is on the verge of revolution—she is on the verge of bankruptcy. When a man won't pay his debts, he's a "scab." When he can't pay, he's a bankrupt. The balance of trade in 1920 was a poor showing for her as compared to the three thousand million dollars in our favor. Her birth rate—and remember, it is of her *legitimate* birth rate I am speaking—went down in almost the same ratio as the value of her gold sovereign has gone down. Her newspapers recently suspended publication for three whole days, because of a shortage of cash, something hitherto unheard of in the history of England. But she has the ear of the world, and can conceal or control the news as seems fit; and, shame be it said, there are among us types of near-Americans—near traitors would be a more accurate designation—who stand ever ready and willing to second the malign endeavor, and who do so in such subtle fashion that our easy-going, unsuspecting people are beguiled.

Why blink the matter; why shirk a conclusion so plainly inevitable: this great American nation has not yet passed the baby stage in psychological insight—and so, whenever we attempt to match wits in any diplomatic tussle, we are but as putty in the hands of that seasoned and unscrupulous old campaigner, John Bull. We did make a decent show on the Venezuelan question; but that great triumph is now forgotten, and the vigorous Americanism personified by Grover Cleveland is thrown into the scrap-heap.

We still speak with swelling anger of the Boston Massacre, and no one has ever yet questioned the accuracy of that designation. Yet the British redcoats on that occasion shot down only four Americans in the public square of the Massachusetts capital—three white men, Maverick, Carr and Gray, and one black man, Crispus Attucks, whose sacrifice has been embalmed in living lines by the classic pen of John Boyle O'Reilly.

If, when England shoots down four Americans, and then sneers when we call it a massacre, with how much greater reason ought

we not to sneer when she shoots down fifteen hundred worshipping Mohammedans at Amritsar, the sacred city of the Punjab, and when her military commission of inquiry describes this bloody butchery by General Dyer as merely "open to criticism." The wilful destruction of the beautiful city of Cork by torch and bomb—a deed so stark naked in its savagery, in its deliberate contempt for all civilized mankind as to outdo Nero at his worst—was referred to in the House of Commons by Lloyd George as having resulted simply from "acts of discipline" by a company of the "Black-and-Tans." His refusal to publish the report of his own investigators, on finding that the government's own forces were the criminals, made ex-Premier Asquith exclaim: "I say deliberately that never in the lifetime of the oldest among us has Britain sunk so low in the moral scale of nations." The unheard-of tyranny to which Catholic workers in Lisburn, and Catholic workers in Belfast, have been victims—merely because they are Catholics—is current history of the time. Driven from work, because they refused to swear allegiance to England, twenty-five thousand men, women and children, according to Bishop McCrory, have at this moment to depend on the benevolence of the outer world to save them from starvation. And to the doers of these black deeds, with Sir Edward Carson at their head, Lloyd George has just surrendered full possession of six out of Ulster's nine counties as a guarantee that religious liberty may be saved from the fury of their own unhappy victims! Has Lloyd George gone mad? Has England gone mad? The horrible atrocity in Croke Park, Dublin, when men, women and children were shot down like pigs in a pen, was mentioned in the official version at the time as having resulted from the government troops "firing over the people's heads."

The crude lying and evasion of Balfour in his recent tilt with former Chairman Denman of the United State Shipping Board is in apt relationship with this whole matter. When Balfour came here in 1917 to secure that four and a quarter billion loan—must we be forced to call it "gift"?—he was guilty, in the words of Chairman Denman, of "active deception as well as suppression of the facts." That's a grave charge by a responsible American public man. On the floor of the United States Senate, Mr. Balfour made unctuous professions of friendship for America. Eng-

land's cards were on the table, he declared. She had no diplomatic secrets. All she knew we also knew. Yet while making that statement the ink was not yet dry on the infamous Shantung Treaty, the most brazen affront to the moral conscience of the world of which even England had ever been guilty. Besides our abstract antagonism to that unjust juggling, the Treaty contained provisions that jeopardized our own interests. By one part England confirmed to Japan, our rival in the Pacific, possession of the Marienne group of Islands, which form an insurmountable barrier between us and the north Asiatic coast and the coasts of the Japanese Islands; while England herself took possession of the South Pacific group, which shuts out our possession of Guam from our possessions in the Philippines. When Denman cabled Balfour the other day to admit or deny the charge, he received only an evasive answer. And Winston Churchill, now Secretary of State for the Colonies, has a phrase to express contempt for any charges that put England in a hole—"terminological inexactitude," being his pet term.

Isn't it sickening that Americans are expected to sit by submissively and drink all this in? Isn't it even more trying that they seem willingly to sit by and drink all this in? A weakness for psychological studies has put me in touch with many writers on that alluring theme; yet I have been unable to find so far any true key to the strange psychology of the American mind. It baffles. There appears to be such a lack of serious permanent convictions on great public questions. Such convictions as there are seem to shift so easily. The average citizen waits obediently to be told what his favorite newspaper thinks—the opinion of just some other average citizen no better than himself and writing anonymously and to order. When he finds that out, the problem is solved—and it would be as idle to "whistle a jig to a milestone" as seek to dislodge him.

The English, and their American sympathizers, have made a special study of this weakness since the great war began. Between them they have America now by the throat, and are reaping a harvest richer and more bounteous than any that the coarser weapons of ordinary warfare could ever furnish. Doesn't it make any red-blooded American feel ashamed at the cheap estimate the English have of us, and at the lickspittles they take us to be?

Doesn't it make us feel doubly ashamed on witnessing the re-birth of this old tory spirit among us—invoking new watchwords that are strange to us, that have no part in our political system, and hoisting mottoes deliberately meant to mislead, so as to lure us once more into seeming partnership with that rapacious power from which the Declaration of Independence has sundered us forever.

Besides being a diplomatist, Mr. Balfour also is an author. He has written a number of books, but the one in particular I now have in mind is entitled "The Foundations of Belief." In that volume he bemoans "the insignificant part played by the moral conscience in the cosmic drama." I have been especially struck by this remark of the right honorable gentleman. As Chief Secretary for Ireland in the eighties, I can well recall how his drastic methods of suppressing the popular movement of that day earned for him the epithet "Bloody Balfour." Taken in connection with his behavior in America three years ago, when he was guilty, as Chairman Denman charged, "of active deception and suppression of the facts," this shows that he has better equipment than most men to perceive "the absence of moral conscience." The rumor that a new edition of his book is planned makes it not improper to suggest a revision of the title; so that instead of "The Foundations of Belief" it should read "The Foundations of American Belief"—with the authors own wilful deception of America as the cornerstone on which he would urge us to base our faith. England is essentially a greedy nation, but in her present plight she is **NEEDY** as well as **GREEDY**; and that **GREED** is a handmaiden of **SELFISHNESS** is well illustrated in the prayer of the sleek and well-fed parson: "We pray thee, Lord, save from fire and earthquake Lincolnshire and Sussex; and as I have a mortgage in Herefordshire cast an eye of compassion on that county also." Then with uplifted eyes and a resigned air: "For the rest, O Lord, do with them as Thou wilt."

When Admiral Benson uttered the now historic warning to Admiral Sims, "Don't let the English pull the wool over your eyes," he was but repeating with almost verbal accuracy the warning of a similar sort voiced by Thomas Jefferson in his memorable letter to Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, May, 1797, concerning the English propagandists of that day who, to quote

Jefferson's exact words, were "throwing dust in the eyes of our own citizens," while seeking at the same time to undo the work of the Revolution. Our last great domestic convulsion was an *internal* attempt, aided by an *external* foe, to disrupt the republic. The scene has shifted, and we are now confronted by an *external* attempt, aided by *internal* and domestic foes, not merely to disrupt but actually to destroy the republic; and this wicked work—this devil's work—is gleefully referred to (by implication at any rate) in the columns of the London Times a couple of years ago by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, as "the Anglo-Saxon impulse."

My fellow-citizens, America knows not this "Anglo-Saxon impulse"—and if ever she did, it was repudiated when the Declaration of Independence was signed and she hoisted a banner of her own on which was inscribed, not the unmeaning and misleading motto "Anglo-Saxon Impulse," but the talismanic battle-cry, "The Impulse for Liberty." And it was that impulse, and none other, that nerved the Fathers to first fashion and then launch the frail barque of this Republic and sail out boldly into uncharted seas!

This Irish issue will not down—and there can be no peace in the world until it does down. It will only down by lifting Ireland up to the status of an independent power—as Cuba, as Finland, as Poland, as Belgium have been lifted up. It will be safer for England that way—for Ireland—for the world. It is the only way.

An Irish Administration functioning once more in Dublin on an independent basis would awake the self respect of every son of Ireland. Embers that were thought dead would spring into life until the very soul of the nation was aglow. The spirit of the nation would take on new life, beckoning to her service those men of weight and worth who though silent throughout the long stress of battle have nevertheless by their mere presence on the field stimulated the rank and file to renewed effort until victory at last was achieved.

Victor Herbert, a Dublin man, and grandson of the noted Irish novelist, Samuel Lover, has thrilled critical audiences in this great metropolis with the first production of an opera of

real pretensions in the English language. The theme heard in the last act of that opera, denoting Natoma's fate as wrapped up in that of her disappearing race, is the musical representation of the thought sung by Natoma in the first act, when she exclaims in tones of sadness:

Vanished are my father's people,
Now a stranger comes as chieftan.

Who can listen to these lines without summoning to mind on the instant Moore's immortal ballad, "The Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni," in which that picturesque old chieftain makes pathetic lamentation of the first arrival in Ireland of the English invader, and without seeing at the same time also how close is the bond of thought that binds the two;

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain.

Why should not Ireland have Victor Herberts in plenty under the new order? Historians like Bryce. Scientific men of the measure of Lord Kelvin. Philosophers of the status of Berkeley. Authors like Laurence Sterne, the light sportiveness of whose style has been declared to be inimitable, and whose one work alone, "Tristram Shandy," made him the leading literary light of his time, just as did that other one work, "Childe Harold," published fifty years later, make Byron the leading literary light of his time, and concerning which it was said that the author awoke on the day following its publication "to find himself famous"; dramatists like Richard Brindsley Sheridan, whose immortal comedies, "The Rivals" and "School for Scandal," are as enlivening, as invigorating, as replete with human interest and lessons of life as when first put upon the boards in Dublin 135 years ago; satirists like Swift, to whom Thomas Jefferson is indebted, partly at least, if we are to credit Lecky, for some of the most pregnant passages embodied in the Declaration of Independence; writers like Conan Doyle, whose wondrous imagination and unrivalled power of analysis have given him an insight into human character second only to that of Balzac himself, and won for him a leading place among writers of romance literature in the English language; thinkers like Edmund Burke, a Dublin man and son of

the talented Miss Nagle from Cork—gallant Cork that is now bearing the chief weight of the burden in the fight for Irish independence—Burke whose system of political philosophy is the cornerstone of American freedom; sculptors like St. Gaudens, the greatest master in his line in the history of American art; a man who possessed nobility of imagination and a perfection of technical equipment unrivalled in the history of American sculpture. Yet this wonderful genius—this Dublin man transplanted to New York—was able to present a wholly American spirit in forms that, as a capable critic has said, owed little or nothing to the sources from which American sculpture had hitherto drawn its inspiration. In his five great monuments to the heroes of the Civil War St. Gaudens faced, and faced successfully, the difficult problem of conveying through the portraits of great men the spirit of the historical movement in which they lived and acted. Ireland is now robbed of the priceless heritage of these great names by English historians; but when Ireland comes into her own the world will stand ready to acclaim them as portions of her legitimate inheritance in the empire of the mind!

The kin of these mighty men—to whom we ourselves are kin—mingles with and forms part of that vast ocean of life that throbs from end to end of this continent. It is a rich current, the subtle workings of which lie hidden, but the visible effects of which are evident in every stage of our national growth—from the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia, whose princely contributions saved the starving remnant of Washington's Army in Valley Forge, to the fighting sons of St. Patrick, whose blood reddens the battlefields of Flanders and of France!

In this supreme hour of destiny, when our country stands at the parting of the ways, and when any false steps by those into whose hands is committed the sceptre of power might damn irrevocably the faith and purpose of the Fathers—which up to the present have escaped with only a black eye—let us have faith that America will remain true to her old ideals. Let us have faith that the Republic of Ireland will be acknowledged. We have that faith—for in the words of St. Paul, we speak not of the things that are seen, but of the things that are unseen; for the things that are seen are but temporal, while the things that are unseen are eternal.

When England has freed Ireland; when she has freed Egypt;
when she has freed India; when she has thrown royalty itself
into the scrap heap and set up a republic of her own—then, and
only then, will this so-called “Anglo-Saxon Impulse” have the
same meaning as has had our own untainted American Impulse
from the beginning—Liberty and Justice Throughout the World
unto All the Inhabitants Thereof!

And so, always and ever, we

Stand by the flag! Its folds have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! on land and ocean billow;
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing, passed it on to you. (Applause.)

Historical Papers



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*Very affectionately yours
Sylvester Malone*

Very Affectionately yours
Elizabeth Malone

THE CENTENARY OF REV. SYLVESTER MALONE, GREAT CATHOLIC AND GREAT CITIZEN.

DENIS R. O'BRIEN.

[Member of the Long Island Historical Society.]

On the 8th day of May in the year 1821 there was born in County Meath, Ireland, a boy who was destined to leave a deep impression upon the religious life and the civic development of Brooklyn. In the beautiful little town of Trim, situated on the River Boyne, about twenty miles from Dublin and nearby to the famous Hill of Tara, was born Sylvester Malone, son of Lawrence Malone and Marcella Martin. He received his schooling at a classical academy which was conducted by two brothers, named Carroll, graduates and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, both of whom were members of the Protestant Church. The environment wherein one is born and reared frequently, if not always, is a key to the subsequent life of the individual and so in the case of Father Malone, we may undoubtedly look to the associates of his earlier years at the classical academy of the Carroll Brothers to discover some of the most pronounced traits of his character.

About the year 1838, Rev. Father Andrew Byrne, pastor of old St. James' Church of New York City, went on a visit to Ireland to encourage young men who had a priestly vocation, to take up the study of theology in the United States. Father Byrne met young Mr. Malone, then a youth of seventeen years, and the result of the meeting was that on April 10th of the following year, 1839, he sailed for America on the ship *Susquehanna*, destined for Philadelphia and the land to which he was to devote his youth, his middle-age and his most mature years in the service of God and humanity.

Upon his arrival in Philadelphia, some thirty-one days after he had sailed from Liverpool, he was introduced to the Bishop of Philadelphia, Bishop Kenrick, later Archbishop of Baltimore, Primate of America, and the cleric who presided over the first great national council of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. The same afternoon he started for New York

and was there presented to the famous Rt. Rev. John Hughes, then Bishop and later Archbishop of New York. Very shortly thereafter Father Malone began his theological studies in St. Joseph's Seminary which was then situated at La Fargeville, Jefferson County, New York. He there pursued his studies for about a year when the seminary was transferred to Fordham, N. Y. Four years later on the 15th of August, 1844, the feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, Father Malone was ordained a priest of the Diocese of New York by the Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, then Coadjutor Bishop of New York, later Cardinal.

The diocese of New York then comprised the States of New York and New Jersey and included within its territory the present arch-diocese of New York and the dioceses of Albany, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Newark, Rochester, Ogdensburg, Trenton and Syracuse.

Shortly after his ordination Bishop Hughes appointed Father Malone the pastor of a little church and congregation which was situated in the village of Williamsburgh, Long Island, N. Y. This little church had been established, so tradition says, somewhere around the year 1840 by priests who came from old St. Mary's Church in New York to minister to the wants of the Catholics of that section. It is said that the first Mass in Williamsburgh was celebrated about the year 1837, in a private house situated on Fourth Street, now Bedford Avenue, between South Third and South Fourth Streets. Later on a stable was purchased which was situated on the rear of some lots that fronted on Grand Street on the south side of the street about two hundred feet west of Fourth Street. Mass continued to be said at the stable for several months during the summer of 1838, but because of the fewness of the congregation and its inability to provide for a priest and to meet the current expenses, services were discontinued. Thereafter until about the year 1840 the people of Williamsburgh journeyed either to St. Mary's New York, or to Jay Street in Brooklyn for their services. In 1840, however, a small church, accommodating about five hundred people, was erected near the northeast corner of North Eighth and First Streets, now Kent Avenue, and the church was dedicated

and called St. Mary's, the dedication ceremonies being conducted by the Rt. Rev. John DuBois, third Bishop of New York.

From 1840 until 1844 various priests ministered to the congregation at St. Mary's and on September 21st, 1844, at the age of twenty-three years, Father Malone was appointed pastor and continued as pastor of that congregation from that date until the day of his death in December, 1899. It is noteworthy that in the first sermon that Father Malone preached to his congregation his text from the epistle of the day read "Walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called, supporting one another in charity." Here is the key-note of Father Malone's life and ministry.

Immediately, Father Malone set on foot various projects looking forward to the spiritual and intellectual happiness of his congregation and began organizing various associations, all of which made a lasting impression upon not only the congregation over which he presided, but upon the life of the people of Brooklyn.

Father Malone's parish, when he was first assigned to it, extended from Hallett's Cove, Astoria, L. I., on the north to Myrtle Avenue on the south, from the East River on the west to Middle Village on the east, an area of some fifteen square miles. His church was the only church in that entire section which ministered to the wants of English speaking Catholics, a church having previously been founded on Montrose Avenue which ministered to the Germans of that section. In an interview in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Father Malone told of an incident which emphasizes well for us the conditions which he had to endure and the zeal that he had to exercise in the little parish to which he had been assigned:

"My earliest recollection in connection with Christmas Day here is of my having been called to Newtown to administer the last rites to a dying Catholic. That was in the afternoon of Christmas eve. It was snowing heavily and I had to walk to Newtown and walk back. When I returned to church I, being alone, had to take my place in the confessional and remain there until midnight absolving penitents. The next morning I sang two Masses, one at six o'clock and one at ten-thirty and preached to both congregations aggregating about five thousand people, while between the two High Masses, as was my privilege on Christmas Day, I said a Low Mass."

That was a sample of the work of this pioneer priest in the early days of Brooklyn.

Williamsburgh at that time, in fact all the country, was permeated with hostility, directed largely against Catholics and more particularly against men of Irish birth. Father Malone not only had to attend to his duties as a priest, with his congregation, but he had to combat boldly and fearlessly religious prejudice which found expression in acts of rowdiness and riot and even in the tenets of a political creed which was designated "Know Nothingism." As he passed through the streets of the village he was subjected to insult, but Father Malone, like the Master to whom he had dedicated his life, received these insults with charity and kindness. He talked with the men and pointed out the error of their ways. He told them of the truths of religion and soon by his own example of charity he turned those who were his bitterest enemies into his most ardent friends.

Due to his zealous work, the little congregation grew by leaps and bounds and St. Mary's was no longer large enough to accommodate all those who desired to attend the services. The problem then was to build and to build a church large and commodious and in a section of Williamsburgh which would be fairly central and where it might have a permanent abode. After great difficulty and many setbacks, due to the hostility of those who did not desire a Catholic Church in their neighborhood, Father Malone succeeded in purchasing a plot of ground on Second Street (Wythe Avenue) near South Second Street. Calling to his assistance a young Irish architect of his parish, P. C. Keeley, he soon perfected plans for the building of the church over which he was to preside until his death; a church whose name has always been beloved by the citizens of Brooklyn, a city of churches.

As an example of Father Malone's keen appreciation of ability and his all abiding faith in youth, which he never lost even in his declining years, it is well to emphasize his selection of Mr. Keeley as the architect for his new church. This young Irishman had never designed a church at the time that Father Malone summoned him to draw plans for the new building that he proposed to erect, but Mr. Keeley drew plans and built a church in the Gothic style of architecture which was in its time one of the most beautiful structures in the country. As for the young archi-

tect this was the start of a great career in church building, for this same young Irishman, whom Father Malone discovered and who built the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, afterwards drew the plans for and directed the erection of some six hundred churches throughout the United States, and to-day the cathedrals in the cities of Boston, Halifax, Montreal, Burlington, Buffalo and Portland stand as monuments of his architectural ability. He was also the architect for the Brooklyn Cathedral, which was begun by the late Bishop Loughlin, but never finished. The cornerstone of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul was laid on May 30th, 1847, by the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, and when completed the edifice aroused the admiration of all who saw it. On the day of its dedication non-Catholics as well as Catholics attended and all were impressed with the handsome architectural masterpiece which had sprung from the brain of architect Keeley.

Following the building of the church Father Malone devoted himself zealously to his parish, working oftentimes without any assistant priests. He never shunned danger and in that same year, 1848, when the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul was dedicated, he was stricken down with smallpox with which he had become infected after visiting a parishioner to administer to him the consolation of religion. Hardly convalescent from this dread disease, he resumed his labors to be again taken down—this time with cholera. Forced to take a short vacation to recuperate he went to Long Branch, N. J., then just beginning to be a watering place of prominence, and there, on one occasion, while bathing in the surf, he swam out and rescued from drowning three, who rapidly were being swept out to sea.

Father Malone was always deeply interested in educational work and from the beginning of his pastorate he insisted that a school should function along with his church. One of the earliest teachers in this school was John Gallagher, later the esteemed principal of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers. In St. Joseph's Academy, attached to his church he established the Sisters of St. Joseph, soon after this religious community was invited into the diocese of Brooklyn, and from that little nucleus were sent many women of noble ideals and virtuous life to found other academies and schools in Brooklyn.

In 1850 he established the Catholic Beneficial Society for the purpose of sustaining a Sunday-School and library, and to maintain a sick benefit and a burial fund. The first president of this society was John McCann, stove maker and prominent citizen of old Williamsburgh, one of the founders of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Brooklyn. Not content with this, in the same year, he established the Williamsburgh Catholic Institute and invited men of prominence to come to Williamsburgh to lecture to the people of his parish and the citizens of that section. Many distinguished men from all parts of the United States, all prominent lecturers, came and addressed the institute during the years that followed, offering subjects that presented a wide variety, but all tending to the advancement of education and the spread of culture among the citizens of Williamsburgh.

In the year 1851 for the first time after seven years of vigorous and unbroken application to his duties, Father Malone had an assistant assigned to him and thus was able to attend the first Council of Baltimore in the following year, 1852. Upon his arrival there he was appointed to act as theologian to Bishop Reynolds of Charleston, S. C., a designation due to the suggestion of the Rt. Rev. Bishop John Hughes, the great Archbishop of New York, who was a life-long friend of Father Malone.

In the year 1853 the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Loughlin, Vicar General of the Diocese of New York, was consecrated Bishop of Brooklyn. At the Mass of installation in St. James' Church in November, Father Malone sang the High Mass, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes preached the sermon, and the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini, gave the Apostolic Benediction. It is worth recalling in this connection that Father Malone at all times enjoyed the friendship and confidence and esteem of the late Bishop Loughlin and he invariably was the spokesman for his brother priests on ceremonial occasions connected with the career of that distinguished prelate. In 1869, when Bishop Loughlin left Brooklyn to attend the Council of the Vatican at Rome, Father Malone made the farewell address for the clergy; in 1878, when the bishop celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as bishop of Brooklyn, he voiced the congratulations of the priests of the diocese; in 1890, when the golden jubilee of the bishop's ordination as a priest was celebrated by the Catholics of Brooklyn

he again was selected by his clerical brethren to offer their felicitations. In the ten years of his service as pastor, Father Malone had seen his little flock grow until it had become a congregation of five thousand people; he had cleared off the debt from old St. Mary's Church; he had built a new church, the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, and a residence for the pastor and his assistants. A commodious school also had been established, the largest parochial school in the city of Brooklyn with an attendance of over one thousand pupils. To the church and school was attached a fine library and the activities of the young found expression in literary societies, such as the Eccleston Library Association, named in honor of Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore, and in the Williamsburgh Catholic Institute. The ten years had been years of anxious labor and application without any vacations except those enforced by illness and so with the permission of Bishop Loughlin, Father Malone in the latter part of 1854 journeyed to Rome to attend the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception on December 8th, 1854. Short as was the stay of Father Malone in Europe he made the acquaintance and lasting friendship of many prominent men among whom were Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Cullen.

During his absence in Europe, in the year 1854, Know Nothingism was raging and at times gangs of rowdies came over from New York and ran riot through the streets of Williamsburgh. Political and racial hatred was strong, and on the evening of November 9th a band of marauders paraded through Williamsburgh, firing pistols and striking terror into the hearts of the people with their acts of lawlessness and violence. Soon a frenzied cry arose, "To the church, to the church," and the gang of marauders swept toward the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul with the intention of setting it afire. Three young men, one of whom was John W. Flaherty, another founder of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Brooklyn, were returning from militia drill on that evening and learning of the intention of the mob they secreted themselves within the church, determined at the sacrifice of their lives, to prevent the mob from entering the church and desecrating the premises. The sexton after the arrival of Mr. Flaherty and his two companions, locked the doors of the church

and the gates in front of it. The mob came and beat upon the gates, breaking from the iron gate-way the cross which surmounted it. They threw stones through the windows and were about to force the doors to apply the torch, when the Mayor of Williamsburgh, William Wall, appeared upon the scene and warned the mob that no one should pass except over his dead body. Meantime a call had been sent for the militia and soon the tramp of the militiamen under Colonel Abel Smith was heard as they hurried to the scene. The mob then dispersed, passing up and along South Third Street, jeering and hooting as it swirled past the residence of Father Malone on that block.

From the day that he set foot upon the shore of America, Father Malone was devoted to the United States and its institutions. Next to God, this land of ours was the object of his ardent devotion. When, in 1861, he learned that Fort Sumpter had been fired upon, he felt that it was his duty to stand by constituted government, because he was convinced that the preservation of the Union was the one essential necessary to the perpetuation of a free government such as we enjoy. Actuated by the highest motives of patriotism and inspired by his great love for the flag of the Union, he hoisted to the steeple of his church the Stars and Stripes and there the flag continued to float from the opening days of the Civil War until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. All during the period of that war no man in Brooklyn, layman or cleric, contributed more to the success of the Union cause than Father Malone. At a great mass meeting held at Fort Greene Park in April, 1861, and again on August 15th and 16th, Father Malone addressed some fifty thousand citizens of the city and with words of courage and conviction inspired many men to rally to the colors. When during the year 1864 the Sanitary Fair was held in the Old Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Union soldiers, he was one of its most ardent supporters, and his parish contributed large sums of money to make the fair a success.

Due to the initiative of Father Malone there was organized in the village of Williamsburgh a little society which was destined to change entirely the method whereby the 17th of March was annually celebrated. Shocked and shamed by the conduct of some men of Irish birth who made St. Patrick's Day a day of riotous

abandon, Father Malone was one of the founders in 1861 of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Brooklyn, an organization that has continued from that day to this and has for its primary purpose to make St. Patrick's Day a day not merely of festal celebration, but one of religious significance and family reunion. To this society and its members he was loyal to the day of his death and was its beloved chaplain from 1861 to 1899. Love of Ireland was blended in him with the love of God and love of the United States. In fact his whole life, in all its activities, is characterized by love for these three things, God, the United States and Ireland.

After the Civil War was over, on Sunday, May 30th, 1868, at the first Decoration Day ceremonies which were held in Brooklyn, Father Malone was the Catholic clergyman who was asked to make an address over the graves of those who had sacrificed their lives for the Union. In the course of that address he said:

"When I was invited to celebrate the Lord's Day in this manner I asked myself this question, is it right? I found it not only right but a duty, a duty every citizen owes his country. I am here to-day as an American to express my patriotism. I am here as a Catholic and a Christian for patriotism is a Christian's duty. I am here to show my love for those who, beneath the mounds over which we stand, have mingled their bodies with the clay. They were martyrs for their country and it is for us who have witnessed the victory of unity and liberty to hold a sacred recollection and to respect them not only for the deeds they have done but for the cause for which they have laid down their lives."

So in the many years that followed Father Malone made the Commemoration Day address over the graves of the soldiers in various cemeteries.

In 1869, August 15th, Father Malone celebrated his silver jubilee as a priest. The ceremonies were attended by many men of great prominence in church and state, the sermon on that occasion being delivered by Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, a man for whom Father Malone cherished the warmest affection and esteem. At this time Father Malone made an address in the course of which he stated:

"I can say that I know of no one who is my enemy in the community in which I have labored, Catholic or Protestant. I well remember my first sermon in this parish was to tell my people of Christian charity, a

subject I trust I have never forgotten and I have reason to believe you have not lost sight of it. While I have been severe on occasions, I have yet to call to mind the first instance of having angered, since I have been with you as a pastor, any one of you, or any of my fellow citizens."

Father Malone had become universally loved by all the people, Protestant, Jew, Catholic, and as he passed down the street the little children would rush up to him and take his hand whether they were the children of his congregation or of other faiths. Every one knew and loved him, and every home on the Northside, and on the Southside of Brooklyn, had his portrait in the place of honor, together with those of Washington, Emmet and Lincoln.

In 1870 at a banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, on March 17th, Martin Kalbfleisch, Mayor of Brooklyn, jocularly and facetiously criticized some remarks Father Malone had made about charity and respect for all men, irrespective of their race, religion or color. Father Malone had maintained that every man, no matter what his color, race or creed was entitled to liberty and to the fullest enjoyment of all the blessings thereof. Mayor Kalbfleisch suggested that Father Malone should put in practice what he preached and stated to him that there was being held in a neighboring hall a ball for his Jewish brethren and suggested that Father Malone prove the sincerity of his remarks by paying a visit to the ball. Immediately Father Malone accepted the challenge and with the Mayor and the members of the Friendly Sons he walked to the Masonic Temple on Grand Street where the Purim ball was being held, and from the balcony in the ballroom he addressed his surprised and delighted Jewish brethren. With those of the Protestant faith Father Malone while always kind and charitable, was always insistent upon the authenticity of the church which he so ably represented. It was Father Malone's conviction that no religious belief should raise barriers to social communion. His idea was that in this great country of ours we should be united socially as well as civilly as one great national family; that such prejudices as were engendered at times in peoples from other lands—prejudices of race and creed—had no place and should have no recognition among the citizens of this great, free republic. It is true that at times criticism, venomous and hostile, was directed against him, even by members of his

own church, because of his desire to cultivate the friendship of people not of his own faith, but it was due to the example of Father Malone and his friendly association with those of other faiths, that there gradually died out in Brooklyn the religious bigotry, which in the early days had characterized the people of the city and had kept apart men who otherwise would have been very closely associated for the material and spiritual improvement of the community.

In the years 1870 to 1880 Father Malone continued to grow in popularity, esteem and public estimation, but his untiring devotion to his congregation and to his duties, as a priest and as a citizen, was such that in the year 1881 his health was impaired and he found it necessary to take an extended vacation. At that time he seemed to feel that he probably would not continue long in this world, so prior to his departure for an extended tour of Europe he delivered a farewell sermon to his congregation, wherein he gave an account of his stewardship from the year 1844 when he had first assumed the duties of his pastorate.

In this account he stated that during the course of his ministry he had delivered some ten thousand discourses to his congregation, speaking as many as four times at the Sunday services. At eighteen thousand baptisms he had officiated; he had joined in wedlock three thousand five hundred; five hundred thousand penitents had kneeled to him in the confessional; more than one thousand converts had been received by him into the church; for their first communion and for confirmation he had prepared thousands and thousands of the children of that section. And with all those duties, during all these years, he had been able to administer to the sick and dying whether the call came during the day or at the darkest hours of night.

For about ten months Father Malone remained abroad visiting various parts of Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, and in particular the land of his birth and the home of his aged mother. At this time matters in Ireland were in a very acute condition. Starvation threatened as it does now and the people of that oppressed isle were sorely distressed. Having seen conditions in Ireland as they existed, upon his return he began to give to his people and the citizens of Brooklyn his impression of the terrible scenes that he had witnessed only a few months before. As he stated:

"I wished to visit again the land of my birth, and see with impartial vision the actual conditions for myself. I thought, after what peoples I had seen, and what countries I had travelled through, and what civil systems I had observed in their practical workings among the different nations, I could better take in the situation of Irish politics.

Ireland has no friends among the aristocracy of the country. It matters little whether they profess belief in the Catholic Church or not. It is all the same with them. They must have their pound of flesh, no matter who starves.

It is my belief that were justice done, in a country where the life and happiness of a people depend almost entirely on the proper distribution of the land, there would be no bloodshed, no need of coercive legislation. It is justice the people want. They do not wish to defraud any one. There are no communistic doctrines believed or taught, as far as I could learn, and I investigated carefully for the fact in that relation. But treat any people in the spirit underlying wholesale eviction of families from their humble homes and retaliation even to murder is inevitable, I believe. I do not say that it is right, I do not seek to justify any such extreme remedy, but I say you will find human nature everywhere the same under the circumstances.

It is hard to expect a father or a grown-up son to show himself a saint when he sees the wife or mother and the younger members of the family ejected from the house that sheltered them, and from the place whence they strove to draw the food that was to nourish them.

And yet a motive so maddening as this, is ever to be found when you look for the cause of the murders which the English press strive to distort, so as to turn aside honest minds from seriously looking into the sad state of Ireland, as it is at present, and as it has been under British rule for more than seven centuries."

Those words spoken in April, 1882, might well be spoken to-day in May, 1921.

Thereafter he took a very active interest in the Irish Land League movement, tirelessly devoting himself to collecting funds for Parnell, and by his efforts collected many thousand dollars for the support of the Irish cause.

In 1886 an event occurred which caused deep sorrow to Father Malone and to many persons of the Catholic faith in the metropolitan diocese of New York—an event that for many years was the cause of bitterness in clerical and lay circles. That year marked the controversy of which the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn was the center. To Dr. McGlynn, his old-time friend, Father Malone remained loyal through all the troublous years and finally had the supreme happiness to see restored to him his sacerdotal faculties.

Just prior to the celebration of his golden jubilee, in the year 1894, Father Malone was elected a member of the State Board of Regents. This was the occasion of bitter controversy—controversy which was actuated by misunderstanding of a statement which he had made and which at that time was very widely quoted. During all his life he had been an earnest advocate of education as being the salvation of this country and the means whereby its institutions would best be perpetuated. Some of his enemies seized upon this as an endorsement by him of the public school system and a repudiation of parochial schools. This was unjustified for from the early days of his pastorate he had maintained in his parish a free school for the children of his congregation and those who had the desire to ascertain the real facts, knew that he was a most earnest believer in the establishment and continuation of parochial schools.

The celebration of his golden jubilee was noteworthy. Archbishops, bishops and clerics from all over the United States came to Brooklyn to attend the ceremonies and a great many of the officials of the city of Brooklyn, among them Mayor Charles A. Schieren, gathered at the Academy of Music, where the people of Brooklyn, irrespective of religious or political belief, gave expression to the love and admiration in which Father Malone was held by the entire community.

On the eve of the closing year of the nineteenth century, December 29th, 1899, Father Malone died. For more than half a century he had been pastor of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul. He had seen the city of Brooklyn grow from a few thousand, to a community of over a million inhabitants; he had seen the children that he had baptized grow to manhood and womanhood, and take their part in the activities of church and state. And through all this long period he had been faithful to his ideals—Christian charity, love of country, and love of the land that gave him birth.

Pope Pius IX and Pope Leo XIII had shown him affectionate regard; princes and prelates of the Church had held him in esteem; clergymen of creeds other than his own had cherished and admired him; presidents of this glorious country of ours and public men of every political party had been his friends; the citizens of this city had loved and honored him.

Many Brooklynites remember the kindly old gentleman whose figure was so familiar in the streets of the Eastern District during the eighties and nineties. Some of them in infancy had the waters of baptism poured upon their heads by his consecrated hands; to some he gave their first communion; others he joined in holy wedlock to the lady of their choice; to their parents or relatives he had administered the last rites of our Church and had consoled and strengthened them in the last few moments before they passed from this world to the world eternal.

The life of Father Malone points a lesson of courtesy and charity, intrepidity and industry, sincerity and simplicity, prudence and piety. For Ireland, the land of his birth, he had undying affection; for the United States, the land of his adoption, he had unswerving loyalty; for the Church of our Fathers, he had unfailing zeal and enthusiasm; for all men and for all creeds he had unbounded charity.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
GOVERNOR CHARLES J. McCARTHY OF HAWAII

June 24, 1921.

DR. JOHN G. COYLE,
Editorial Committee, THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
37 West 39th Street, New York City,
New York.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of February 24th reached me at a time when I was very busy with a session of our Legislature. When the session adjourned I could not find your letter but ran across it this week while I was cleaning up my desk, preparatory to leaving this office as I expect my successor to take charge in a very short time.

I have lived here in Honolulu for a trifle over forty years and have lost touch to a very great extent with my relatives who live in Boston and San Francisco.

My father and mother were both born in County Cork and my mother's name before her marriage was also McCarthy. My father was born in Bandon and my mother in Skibboreen.

My father's name was Charles McCarthy and my mother's Joana.

My father had two brothers of whom we have not heard for more than fifty years. Their names were Jeremiah and Dennis. He also had two sisters that I know of, one of whom married a man named Regan and who lived in Boston until her death; her family is still living somewhere in Massachusetts. The other sister married a man named Patrick Leary, who lived in San Francisco. They had two daughters. All of this family are dead.

My mother had a sister who married Jerome Walsh; she died sometime ago in San Francisco. She also had three brothers; John who lived in California, where he died about twenty years ago and Timothy and Florence who both died in Boston many years ago.

I was born in Boston, August 4, 1861, and came to San Francisco with my parents in 1866. I was educated in the grammar

schools of that city also attended the Pacific Business College. Came to Hawaii in March, 1881, as an employee of a wholesale fruit house, which shipped tropical fruits to San Francisco. When this firm went out of business I engaged in different lines of business.

In 1890 I was elected to the House of Nobles of the Hawaiian Monarchy which is equivalent to our present Senate. In 1892 was Secretary of the Legislature. In 1906 was elected as the only Democratic member of the Hawaiian Senate from the Island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is located, and served for a period of four years.

In 1912 was elected Treasurer of the City and County of Honolulu and served a term of two years lacking two months, when I was appointed Treasurer of the Territory for a term of four years. After serving three and a half years of this term was appointed Governor of Hawaii on April 18, 1918, for a term of four years. On March 4th, 1921, I tendered my resignation to President Harding to take effect June 1st, of this year, and my successor has been appointed and confirmed and is due here shortly to succeed me. I have been appointed by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce to represent them in Washington, D. C., where I expect to take up my residence for a period of two years.

In addition to the above offices I was appointed by Governor Frear as a member of the Territorial Board of Harbor Commissioners and served as such for seven years until I became Governor of the Territory.

In 1889 I married Margaret Teresa Morgan who was born in Honolulu but both of her parents were born in Dublin.

I have five daughters, all of whom were born in Honolulu:
Eileen, unmarried.

Mary Louise, married to Guy N. Rothwell of Honolulu, a civil engineer. They have two boys.

Pearl Lydia, married Frank W. Burns, of Fort Fairfield, Maine. He is a civil engineer and assistant manager of the Makee Sugar Plantation on the Island of Kauai. They have two daughters.

Virginia Milicent, married Oswald Lightfoot of Honolulu, who was manager of the Pukoo Ranch on the Island of Molokai. They have three boys.

Margaret, married Oswald Steven of Honolulu, an automobile salesman. They have one daughter.

I belong to the following societies.

I. O. O. F., having the rank of Past Grand, withdrew from order in 1889; Member Knights of Pythias, Past Deputy Supreme Chancellor; Past President of the Fraternal Order of Eagles; Past Exalted Ruler, B. P. O. Elks.

Am a member of the Commercial Club and Myrtle Boat Club.

I am sorry that I cannot give you something more of my genealogy but I left home a long time ago and both of my parents have since died. We boys did not pay attention when the old folks were talking on this subject.

I have three brothers, Dennis J., born in Boston, lives in San Francisco; was a member of the California Senate about 1886. Jerome Thaddeus, born in Boston, lives in San Francisco. John Francis, born in San Francisco and has been connected with the Post Office there ever since 1887.

I had one sister, Mary Louise, who was born in San Francisco and who died there in 1917.

I had expected to give you something more of my genealogy as some of my San Francisco relatives are very familiar with it and traced the family back for many many generations. In case I should get the same at some later date I will send it to you.

I am very sorry at the delay but the reason is as set forth in the above.

Very truly yours,

C. J. McCARTHY,
Governor of Hawaii.

P. S. After August 20, 1921, my address will be 283 House Office Building, Washington, D. C.





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MOST REV. DANIEL MANNIX
Archbishop of Melbourne



MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY GREET ARCHBISHOP MANNIX.

When the officers of the Society learned that His Grace, the Most Rev. Daniel Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, was about to visit New York on his way to Europe, they made arrangements to tender a reception to the Society's distinguished Vice-President for Australia.

On the arrival of His Grace in New York City the officers of the Society learned that His Grace's engagements during his stay in New York would be entirely in the hands of the New York ecclesiastical authorities, hence, organizations such as ours or others of a like character, could not arrange for a public demonstration.

Mr. John J. Lenehan, our Vice-President, as soon as possible after His Grace's arrival, communicated with the officials who represented the great Archbishop of Melbourne in New York City, and through the courtesy and with the aid of His Grace's secretary, Rev. Arthur Vaughan, arrangements were made whereby the members of the Society had afforded them the privilege of an audience with His Grace at the New York archiepiscopal residence, Madison Avenue and 50th Street, New York City.

The only day that could be named for this audience was the 30th day of July. Unfortunately at this time, our President-General was out of town, as were a great many members of the Society, owing to the summer vacation. Notices were sent out by the Secretary-General to a large number of members in New York and the vicinity, informing them of the audience. Although but little time intervened between the sending out of notices and the date set for the audience, a large number of members of the Society and their friends were able to avail themselves of the privilege of meeting His Grace.

On the morning of July 30, 1920, the members and their friends assembled in the vestibule of the south transept of the Cathedral and then marched in a body to the archiepiscopal residence. His Grace appeared in a few moments and graciously greeted the members and their friends.

Mr. John J. Lenehan, Vice-President, in behalf of the Society, made the address of welcome. His remarks were in part as follows:

Your Grace:

The American Irish Historical Society extends to you a warm greeting and very cordial welcome to the United States.

We take this occasion of expressing our appreciation of the honor you have conferred upon us by serving as our Vice-President for Australia.

Our purpose being to make better known the Irish Chapter in American history, so splendidly attested by long devotion to the Constitution, laws and institutions of this free land of America, we have been delighted to find in Your Grace a friend and associate deeply interested in our broad, beneficent and patriotic work.

It is a source of regret to us all that the limited time of your stay in New York has not afforded us the opportunity of providing a more formal reception when a larger number of our members might have attended to greet you.

Their absence at this season on summer vacations precludes an adequate expression, in numbers at least, of their interest in your visit here and abroad. But we who are here present take this hurried moment to express our pleasure at meeting you face to face and to wish you a safe and pleasant voyage to the old country and to the Eternal City.

While ours is not a political organization, it may not be inappropriate to say to you as a brother member that we admire your sturdy and intrepid courage in behalf of the principles of self-determination and of Irish Nationalism.

It is vouchsafed to few,—as it has been to you,—to have the courage of their convictions;—nor is it given to every one occupying high station to have the fortitude publicly to advocate the application of the doctrine of self-determination to Ireland. In that connection we may well recall in passing that the generally accepted coiner of that phrase—the present President of the United States,—whose grandfather was born in Ireland—, is and has long been a member of our Society. We hope he may yet see his way clear to give concrete shape to the aspirations of the Irish people.

What the people of our race have contributed with loyal affection to these United States of America from colonial days to the present time, affords ample testimony of their unfaltering devotion to the principles of liberty and independence,—those eternal principles which are forever singing the hymn of freedom in every Irish heart.

We admire you as a fellow member, as an ardent champion of liberty, as a fearless exponent of principles altogether just and righteous; and we admire you, too, Sir, for the enemies you have made,—believing that in you Ireland has found its Cardinal Mercier.

JUSTICE DANIEL F. COHALAN, addressed Archbishop Mannix, saying:

Your Grace, it is with great pleasure that I arise to say a word of greeting and welcome to you. Mr. Lenehan and Mr. Cockran have so admirably covered the ground this morning that I shall not venture into the field which they have crossed. As the member who had the honor of proposing you for Vice-President of the Society to represent Australia and as one who has, with great admiration, followed for years your brilliant career, I shall express a thought or two that I know to be uppermost in the minds not only of those who are assembled here, but also are held by many millions of the scattered children of the Gael who all over the world are following with intense interest the situation of which you have been made the center.

The old race which down through the centuries has produced so many courageous sons is singularly fortunate, at a time when one man has been forced by the acts of the British Government to act as its representative, in having the Archbishop of Melbourne as that man. It would seem, Sir, as if fate, which so often has been against the race, had on this occasion gone to the opposite pole of action and done what it could to place the race in its proper position before the world.

Lloyd George, like so many men who have acted for tyranny in the past, has done the cause of liberty a great service in saying that you, a man of peace, and a man whose whole career has shown you to be an ardent lover of justice, will not be permitted to land in your native land, unless upon conditions which would destroy your self-respect and strike at the very roots of liberty

of action as they are recognized by freemen throughout the world. He has given you an opportunity of showing again to an onlooking world that the possession of liberty is as necessary as the breath of life to the Irish race and that it is animated by the same spirit of resistance to tyranny that has marked its life through the long centuries in which it has stood against oppression and wrong.

A great responsibility rests upon your shoulders. You are, for the hour, in the eyes of the world the man by whose character, fortitude and courage the Irish race will be weighed in the opinion of mankind. May your action be such as to prove that the old standards of the race are being maintained in this generation! May you be able to show once again how impotent are the material forces of life when weighed against the moral and spiritual ones!

Lloyd George stands, in dealing with you, with all the forces of government back of him, and his followers believe that in the contest you must go down to certain defeat.

But they have left out of the reckoning the fact that the imponderables are upon your side; that right and justice and liberty are fighting with and for you.

In such a contest there can be but one result. While might may win for the moment, right will win in the end.

This contest between England and Ireland, age long in its character, is now passing through another phase like the thousand through which it has already passed. May it be the last one—the one in which will come final victory for the right; the one in which the forces of might will go down to destruction! May you, in playing your part in it, live, as I am confident you will, up to the highest standards and traditions of the race and help to prove once more to mankind for history the truth

“that Freedom’s battle once begun
bequeathed from bleeding sire to son;
Though baffled oft
is ever won.”

I wish you *bon voyage*, every success and a safe return to the land of your labors.

The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, in his usual eloquent style addressed a few words of felicitation to His Grace.

His Grace, in responding to the addresses referred to the pleasure it gave him to meet the members of the American Irish Historical Society and dwelt upon the noble work which it was engaged in and the impression it was making in far off Australia.

He also referred to the book of Mr. Michael J. O'Brien, namely, "A Hidden Phase of American History," a copy of which he had had the pleasure of receiving but a few days before and said he would, at the first opportunity, take up the serious reading of this book, which he considered a monumental work.

His Grace referred to his contemplated visit to Ireland and said: "I do not know what is before me in my coming travels but I am willing to go to prison, even to be put in chains, for the cause of Ireland's freedom."

After the Archbishop had finished his remarks everyone present was introduced individually by the Secretary-General to His Grace, who had a gracious word and a cordial handshake for each one.

Among those present were: Miss Anna Frances Levins, Miss Mary C. Donelin, Miss Anita M. Cahill, Mrs. George A. Parker, Miss Mary A. Keena, Messrs. William D. O'Donnell, Edward Hamilton Daly, Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan, Santiago P. Cahill, James F. McNaboe, Dr. C. J. MacGuire, Dominick Henry, Edmund J. Healy, John J. Lenehan, Philip B. Gaynor, Michael J. O'Brien, Daniel O'Connell, Joseph T. Ryan, James A. McKenna, William F. McKenna and P. J. Brennan.

Of course, a great many more members of the Society would have availed themselves of the extraordinary privilege of greeting Archbishop Mannix had it not been for the fact that the officers of the Society had so short a time in which to send out notices of the proposed audience and also that at the end of July a great many members who otherwise would have been delighted to attend and have the honor of meeting His Grace were out of town.

SANTIAGO P. CAHILL,
Secretary-General.



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HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

By **THE REV. THOMAS P. PHELAN, A.M., LL.D.,** Professor of
Modern and Church History at the American Foreign Mission
Seminary, Maryknoll, N. Y.

"Both the Church and America have lost one of their greatest men. The name of Cardinal Gibbons will go down in history." So spoke the Vicar of Christ when the news of the passing of the great churchman reached the Eternal City. No nobler or more exalted tribute could be paid to his memory. During the four score and seven years of his earthly life, he was pre-eminently Catholic and American. God and Country were his twin ideals, religion and patriotism, his most cherished virtues. Sixty years a priest, fifty-three years a bishop, forty-four years an archbishop, thirty-five years a Cardinal, he passed through all clerical grades and in each displayed that piety and zeal, intermingled with tact and wisdom, which have made his name a household word in America, and even in the religious and diplomatic circles of foreign lands. In his youthful days, Catholics were few and needy, despised and persecuted in certain sections, their priests subjected to hardship and slander. He saw the rise and fall of the "Native American" and "Knownothing" parties and their imitators and successors of later years. He lived to see the one Archbishop and five Bishops who attended the first Provincial Council of Baltimore increase and multiply with the fecundity of the prophet's gourd into the sixteen archbishops and ninety-three bishops of the present hierarchy, with twenty thousand priests and eighteen million communicants. Born during the administration of Andrew Jackson, the seventh president, with its memories of nullification, the Seminole War, the repeal of the charter of the United States Bank, harbingers of the bloody civil struggle of the decades later, and redolent with the eloquence of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, he lived to see the twenty-ninth president inaugurated and the twenty-four stars in the national emblem increased to forty-eight. The population of the republic had grown from twelve millions to more than one hundred million souls. Treaty, purchase and

conquest had extended her boundaries from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and in the southern seas and in the far east, alien peoples dwelt beneath the aegis of the American flag. The inventive genius of the American people became proverbial and the telegraph and telephone, the railroad and the automobile, the sewing machine, the phonograph, electric light and power added to the amusement and the utility of the entire world. For three score years he was not only a spectator in this brilliant panorama of religious and national triumph, but an actor adding his appreciable mite to the advance of both. The words of the Sovereign Pontiff are eminently appropriate, for Cardinal Gibbons was a great Catholic and a great American.

Born in Maryland, "The Land of Sanctuary," he passed his years in the cradle of Catholicity of the nascent Republic. Memories of George and Cecil Calvert, Fathers White and Altham and their Jesuit confreres, the Toleration Act of 1649, the subsequent ingratitude and persecution of the Anglican and Puritan refugees, the patriotism of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his co-religionists, and the renaissance of religious toleration after a century of suspension, crowd thick and fast around the history of the city and the state. The consecration of John Carroll as first Bishop and then as first Archbishop of the new nation; his illustrious successors, Neale, Marechal, Eccleston, Kenrick, Spalding and Bayley, the establishment of the Seminary under the exiled Sulpicians, the founding of Georgetown, of Mt. St. Mary's College and the Visitation convent, are milestones in the history of the growth and development of Catholicity in this land. His parents, pious Irish folk, brought with them the religion and the traditions of the Island of Saints, and instilled into his youthful heart the mustard seed of faith which grew into the mighty tree of later years. By heredity and environment he was Catholic and American and his subsequent career was thoroughly in accord with those early impressions.

Two months after the fall of Fort Sumpter, James Gibbons was ordained to the priesthood. Maryland was a border state, with affection for her southern neighbors yet loyal to the Union. There were some advocates of secession, and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops on their journey to Washington were attacked. It was a critical situation for the young Levite, but with his cus-

tomary tact and inherent patriotism, he remained loyal to the Union. Serving as chaplain, he ministered to friend and foe, endeavoring like St. Paul to be all things to all men. In 1868, he was named Vicar Apostolic for North Carolina. Catholics were few and widely scattered, and poverty and attacks of bigotry were his portion. The "Carpet Bag" politicians of reconstruction days controlled the public offices, business was paralyzed, education and religion were at the lowest ebb. He overcame every obstacle through sheer perseverance, acting as pastor, and teacher rather than as Bishop, until he had laid the foundation of religion on a solid basis. Four years later, he succeeded Bishop McGill in the See of Richmond. For four years that city, the capitol of the Confederacy, and its suburbs had suffered the brunt of the Federal military attack. On Virginian soil many battles were fought and at the close of the struggle that once great state was ruined and desolate. Yet the young bishop never faltered at his apparently hopeless task. Ruined churches were restored or rebuilt, schools and asylums were opened, and the scattered flock reclaimed. In 1877, on the death of Archbishop Bayley, the Holy See transferred Bishop Gibbons to Baltimore. During his forty-four years of incumbency, the archdiocese increased in population and wealth, churches and institutions were erected, priests and religious multiplied. In 1875, Pope Pius IX named Archbishop John McCloskey as Cardinal of the Church. The pioneer Cardinal died in 1885 and the next year Leo XIII created Archbishop Gibbons a Cardinal priest. At his death he was the dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals. For more than half a century Cardinal Gibbons was a leading figure in the hierarchy and during the controversies and disputes of the period, was the sword and buckler of the Catholic cause. At the Vatican Council, the first held since Trent, he was the youngest Bishop present. At his death he was the sole survivor. In a late work, "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," he tells the story of the Council and sketches with a master hand the various personages and scenes of the famous conclave. In 1884 he presided as Apostolic Delegate over the deliberations of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. His affability, courage, dignity and tact were prime factors in the success of the deliberations and the practicability of the regulations adopted for the guidance of the Church in the United States.

In 1889, the centenary of the establishment of the See of Baltimore was celebrated. The city was *en fête* and the hero of the celebration was the Cardinal. Perhaps a greater triumph for him was the laying of the corner stone of the Catholic University. From the very beginning he was the fairy godfather to that institution serving as Chancellor for years, aiding, advising, correcting and at all times laboring for its advancement. Through his enthusiasm and friendship, many notable contributions were made, especially by the Knights of Columbus, who presented fifty thousand dollars to endow the Chair of American Catholic History and supplemented this gift by donating five hundred thousand dollars for scholarships. To the end of his career, he maintained a keen interest in its administration and his advice was always sought and gladly given.

During the eighties and nineties of the preceding century various external and internal problems disturbed the Church in America. The Knights of Labor aimed to ameliorate the condition of the masses by welding all workers into an organization with certain social and fraternal features, but primarily to secure justice for the toiler. It grew by leaps and bounds and capitalists and employers became alarmed. The President, the Cabinet and Congress were disturbed and feared the outcome of this mighty movement. The Church, ever conservative, was investigating, and in Canada the Holy Office had forbidden Catholics to affiliate under pain of excommunication. The outbreak of anarchy in Chicago, bringing bloodshed and riot in its wake, seemed the death knell of the society, although the Knights were not concerned in the outrages and bitterly denounced them. Cardinal Gibbons, like his confreres in the Sacred College, Manning and Lavigerie, had always been the champion of the working man, maintaining that the present relations between capital and labor were opposed to the maxims of the Gospel. In a celebrated letter, learned and emphatic, he urged the Holy See not to denounce this organization of American workers, in whose ranks thousands of loyal Catholics were enrolled. He was ably seconded by Archbishop Ireland and other members of the hierarchy, and won a signal triumph at Rome. The stigma was removed from the Knights of Labor and the Cardinal was henceforth hailed as the champion and the defender of the working classes. Another danger to the Church

was the interference of European Catholics in the unity of the establishment. "Cahenslyism"—as the movement is historically designated—planned to place the emigrants under bishops speaking the language of their native country and maintaining the manners and customs of the fatherland. Cardinal Gibbons denounced the movement as un-American and disloyal, tending to destroy the unity of clergy and people, so necessary for the full development of the Church in the Republic. His courage and loyalty triumphed, and the insidious propaganda failed. On the school question, as upon prohibition and other debatable matters, his opinions occasionally differed from those of his episcopal colleagues, but with the lapse of years these controversies were amicably adjusted, invariably proving the tact and wisdom of the great Cardinal.

His loyalty to country was second only to his loyalty to God. Born in Maryland, a border state, and filled with love and admiration for the Southland and its people, he was true to the Union during the dark days from '61 to '65. The homely character and rugged honesty of Lincoln appealed to him and he deplored the President's untimely death as a blow to the cementing of good feelings between the North and the South. During the Venezuelan boundary dispute, when war seemed imminent between Great Britain and America, he joined with his fellow cardinals, Logue of Ireland and Vaughan of England, in asking that the dispute be referred to arbitration. His advice was followed and the troubles were amicably adjusted. Even before the United States entered the World War, he counselled moderation in dealing with difficult problems, while dwelling on the necessity of preparedness. When the break came, the hierarchy, the clergy, the laity responded so cheerfully to the President's call, that the most hidebound bigot could not point the finger of scorn at Catholic loyalty. His striking Americanism was recognized by every President from Cleveland to Harding and his advice was frequently sought. He formed lasting personal friendships with Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and his influence brought many favors and benefits to the Church. The just settlements in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines after the Spanish War, by which the friars were reimbursed for their lands and the Church was enabled to assume her ancient rights were brought about by Com-

missioner Taft. A writer in the *London Tablet* aptly sums up his loyalty and devotion to country and the reciprocal feelings of her presidents: "For America had no greater patriot then he, and America knew it, and was proud of her knowledge. One president was among the throng that rose to its feet and cheered the Cardinal on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee; and another named him, what he well might claim to be, 'America's First Citizen'."

He never lost his love and devotion for the land of his sires. As a boy he was sent to Ireland for his preliminary studies and was confirmed by Archbishop McHale of Tuam, the "Lion of the Fold of Juda." In after years he often spoke of the scenes during the famine years, the political events of the period and the gallant leaders of the movement. He recalled the earlier efforts of Isaac Butt to form a parliamentary party and he followed the fortunes of Parnell and Redmond with eagerness and hope. In every plan to ameliorate the condition of Ireland he was a leading figure. Essentially a man of peace, he hoped by his good influence with the British Embassy and his clerical and lay friends in England to bring about a just and peaceful adjustment of Irish claims. English statesmen were advocating the creation of small nations and the emancipation of conquered peoples from the tyranny of the beaten foes. Irishmen in Ireland, England, America, as also in Canada, Australia and the other dominions and colonies had fought valiantly for the allied cause. Ireland was excluded from these benefits. The Cardinal bowed to the inevitable and accepted the will of the Irish people. His last public appearance was at the Irish Race Conference at Philadelphia. To his last hour he hoped and prayed for Irish independence.

The Cardinal's interest in religion and mankind was not insular, but catholic or universal like the Church of Christ. In Rome he was the representative of the Church in America and four successive pontiffs relied on his judgment and zeal. The Cahensly movement, the Knights of Labor problems, the school question had sorely puzzled the Roman authorities, but the clear, calm, logical advice of the Cardinal had cleared away every obstacle and restored tranquility to the Church. The Oxford movement fascinated him. He admired the scholarly attainments and

high ideals of Newman, and was thoroughly in accord with the sociological principles of Manning. At the London Eucharistic Congress in 1908, he spoke from the pulpit of the Westminster Cathedral, in loving terms of the two great churchmen who had passed away and paid a glowing tribute to their successor. The Irish and English Catholics who thronged the noble edifice hailed him as their own; a son of the Celtic race, educated in Erin, the ecclesiastical relative of him, who had received his consecration from the hands of Bishop Walmesley. His intimacy with the Irish prelates, his love for the land of his fathers and the scene of his boyhood studies, his many friendly visits, made him known and loved by the kindly Irish people. During the dark days of invasion and destruction, his voice was raised in protest against the outrages and his helpful words and generous purse endeared him to the afflicted people of Belgium and Northern France. It is little wonder that at his episcopal silver jubilee, Ireland, Belgium, France, Italy, England and Wales sent members from the hierarchy to honor him who was not only the friend of America but a friend to all mankind.

During these busy years, he found time to preach and to lecture, to instruct converts; to encourage religious vocations; to visit his Seminary, famous old St. Mary's; to aid the Catholic University, Georgetown, Mt. St. Mary's, St. Charles, and the various other educational and charitable institutions of his archdiocese. His sermons and lectures were plain and simple, occasionally rising to heights of eloquence, but always solid and instructive. His writings were cast in the same mold. "The Faith of Our Fathers" is undoubtedly the most popular and best selling religious book ever issued in America, and its effect in dissipating religious bigotry and instructing the Catholic laity is incalculable. "Our Christian Heritage" and "The Ambassador of Christ" follow the same plan and have accomplished much good within and without the church. In 1916, "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," was published. It contains an account of the Vatican Council, and his choicest essays, lectures and sermons. Like his other works, it is written in simple, clear diction, yet fascinating and instructive. In his writings and in his sermons there is neither verbosity nor circumlocution. Every expression, every sentence shows the logical mind and clear tact of the author.

In his own city and state he was the "First Citizen" as Charles Carroll of Carrollton had been during the revolutionary struggle and his cousin, Bishop John Carroll, during the infancy of the Republic. His spare figure was a familiar sight on the streets of Baltimore, for he was an indefatigable walker, and the lures of horse or automobile could not wean him from his accustomed stroll. Religious differences, racial traits made no difference in his reception, all saluted him, for he was, "Maryland's Grand Old Man." In his modest home he lived simply and frugally, fatherly towards his priests, a kindly host to all who sought him. The Nation paid him every honor, the Church showered on him her choicest favors, yet he was always the same modest, unselfish levite who had consecrated his life to the Lord more than three score years before. Here in peace and tranquility, he spent the evening of life, "Waiting at the gate, till the hinges turn for me."

His memory never can fade. He was a great Catholic and a great American. He was a link between the infant Church and the infant Republic, and the triumphant Church and the triumphant Republic of to-day. Centuries hence, his name will be a synonym for faith and patriotism, an inspiration for churchmen and statesmen. Truly has Pope Benedict XV spoken: "The name of Cardinal Gibbons will go down in history."



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PATRICK F. MAGRATH

PATRICK FRANCIS MAGRATH

BY HON. JOHN J. CANNON, Binghamton, N. Y.

Patrick Francis Magrath, a life member of the Society and for many years a member of the Binghamton Council, also a charter member of Binghamton Chapter No. 1 of the Knights of Columbus, and one of the most highly respected residents of Binghamton, N. Y., died at his residence at Binghamton on January 18, 1921. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in November, 1854, and was the eldest of two children, born to Edmund and Margaret (Bourke) Magrath, natives of Murroe, County Limerick, Ireland. When he was still an infant he was taken by his parents to their native home in Murroe. He received his early education at the village school of Murroe, and later taught school in the same. At the age of seventeen he came to America. His first employment in this country was with the railroad contracting firm of Phelan & Casey at Albany, N. Y., as a time-keeper and bookkeeper. He settled in Binghamton in the year 1876 and resided there up to the time of his death. After locating in Binghamton he was employed for a brief period in the freight department of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad Company, leaving there to take a position in one of Binghamton's cigar factories, first as bookkeeper and later as traveling salesman. He continued with this firm for over thirty-five years, severing his connection in July, 1919, when he retired from active business life. Mr. Magrath was a man of splendid physique, genial personality and fine address. He always took an active part in the affairs of his adopted city. He was a man of sterling integrity and his advice and counsel had been sought by men of all classes, and his aid was solicited and received by many. He was a member of the old Land League in the days when such organizations flourished and he gave generously of his time and money in furtherance of its interests. He was a *country gentleman* in every sense of the term and a patriotic and aggressive citizen at all times. In every way Patrick Francis Magrath was a fine type of the genuine Celt and good American citizen. Like a true Irishman he was always ready to help a fellow man in



PATRICK FRANCIS MAGRATH.

BY HON. JOHN J. IRVING, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Patrick Francis Magrath, a life member of this Society and for many years a member of its Executive Council, also a charter member of Binghamton Council No. 206 of the Knights of Columbus, and one of the most highly esteemed residents of Binghamton, N. Y., died at his residence in Binghamton on January 18, 1921. He was born in London, England, in November, 1854, and was the eldest of ten children, born to Edmund and Margaret (Bourke) Magrath, natives of Murroe, County Limerick, Ireland. When he was still an infant he was taken by his parents to their native home in Murroe. He received his early education at the village school of Murroe, and later taught school in the same. At the age of seventeen he came to America. His first employment in this country was with the railroad contracting firm of Phelan & Casey at Albany, N. Y., as a time-keeper and bookkeeper. He settled in Binghamton in the year 1876 and resided there up to the time of his death. After locating in Binghamton he was employed for a brief period in the freight department of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad Company, leaving there to take a position in one of Binghamton's largest cigar factories, first as bookkeeper and later as traveling salesman. He continued with this firm for over thirty-five years, severing his connection in July, 1919, when he retired from active business life. Mr. Magrath was a man of splendid physique, genial personality and fine address. He always took an active part in the affairs of his adopted city. He was a man of sterling integrity and his advice and counsel had been sought by men of all classes, and his aid was solicited and received by many. He was a member of the old Land League in the days when such organizations flourished and he gave generously of his time and money in furtherance of its interests. He was a courtly gentleman in every sense of the term and a patriotic and aggressive citizen at all times. In every way Patrick Francis Magrath was a fine type of the genuine Celt and good American citizen. Like a true Irishman he was always ready to help a fellow man in

trouble or distress and the American Irish Historical Society had no more devoted member. His demise is a great loss to the community in which he lived. He is missed by those who knew him best and who loved him for his genial, kindly disposition and the charm of his personality. He hated tyranny and loved liberty and every pulsation of his heart beat in unison with the cause of Ireland and its hope for liberty. In his death America loses a loyal and patriotic son and Ireland a true friend and worker whose love for the land of his fathers was as unsullied as God's sunshine.

Mr. Magrath was a man of keen insight, quick to detect a sham, a hater of hypocrisy, a lover of truth, and of sound judgment and foresight on governmental matters, domestic and foreign. His predictions of popular opinion changes were remarkable and elicited admiring comment from all who knew him. He was a man, a neighbor, a friend, a citizen of repute, a true-hearted Celt.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY EDWARD M. TIERNEY.

"When musing on companions gone; we doubly feel ourselves alone." Surely all men who enjoyed the companionship and confidence of our late Brother Patrick F. Magrath in truth do feel themselves alone, for to have shared in his daily greetings and warm hand clasp was to experience a thrill of joy that radiated from a charming personality that attracted to his side hosts of friends from everywhere.

For thirty-five years he was my neighbor and friend, and every day during this long lapse of years, my life was enriched by his unfaltering and optimistic good nature and the honesty of purpose in his affairs among men in every walk of life.

His fidelity to the fundamental principles of his religion and his country was known to all men. He was inherently a man of high ideals and his lofty conception of the sacredness of the home fireside made his family circle of wife and two daughters a happy palladium of love and contentment, where his sociability and hospitality shone out with resplendent generosity.

Possessing generous impulses of mind and heart, he was ever ready to respond to a call of duty, and so we often found him taking the initiative in civic, social, religious and fraternal movements, where his activities and influence could be helpful to the cause he espoused. He never failed to hold the mirror up to nature, or to defend the right against the wrong as he saw it.

His advocacy of the cause of Ireland will ever remain in cherished memory among his friends who knew the depth and sincerity of his devotion to every cause that had for its purpose absolute Independence and freedom from English rule.

No member of the American Irish Historical Society, since its inception, contributed more of his time and zeal towards its upbuilding and maintenance than did Patrick F. Magrath. He was always solicitous for its needs and success, and no one was more alert to its possibilities for good among his own race.

The compilation and preservation of the history and data respecting the genealogy, heroism and deeds of the Irish Race in America, was nothing short of an obsession with him, and his fascinating speech and enthusiasm were never more manifest than when recounting the valorous and imperishable deeds of men with Irish blood in their veins, whose names are to be forever perpetuated in the archives of the Society.

In his business relations, which were widely diversified, he found a fruitful medium for the dissemination of those qualities of cordiality and friendship that gave him the stamp of an individuality as brilliant as it was attractive.

He erected a monument of reverence for honesty and truth among all men who knew him best, that will long endure to shed lustre on an honored name, which even now in the still watches of the night gives solace to the vigils of the beloved one of his family who will forever "long for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."



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HON. MYLES TIERNEY



MYLES TIERNEY.

For many years an outstanding figure in business and finance in the metropolitan district, Myles Tierney was called from the scene of vast and fruitful labors when within a few months of his eightieth year. This biography is one written by his friends, by those whom he was most closely associated, by those in a position to know the extent and value of his work, and is dedicated to his memory in the sincere regard and respect that was his throughout his life.

Myles Tierney was a son of John and Bridget (McCartin) Tierney, and was born in Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, April 6, 1841. He attended public school in the neighborhood of his home, and as a young man entered the employ of his uncle, Myles McCartin, of Jersey City, N. J., also that of Peter Henderson, of the same place, both of whom were engaged in farming and gardening operations. He became skilled in this line of work, and his industry and ability impressed Mr. Henderson so favorably that he invited Mr. Tierney to enter partnership with him. The young man had no intention of confining himself to such a career, and gradually worked his way into contracting operations, first digging cellars in Jersey City, N. J., then advancing to the grading and paving of streets there and in Bayonne, and finally was equipped to enter the broader field of general contracting. He executed commissions all along the Atlantic Coast, building water works in Boston, Mass ; Kingston, N. Y. ; Norfolk, Va. ; Long Island City, and New Rochelle, N. Y., and constructed plants for the Hackensack Water Company in New Milford, Oradell, Woodcliffe Lake, New Durham, Englewood, and at many other places in the State of New Jersey. His most notable contracting achievement was the construction of the Washington Bridge in New York City over the Harlem River, an operation that gave him place among the foremost contractors of the East. This work stands out conspicuously in the history of public works in New York City for the efficient manner of its performance and its freedom from influences that have so often contaminated such work. As a building con-

tractor Mr. Tierney was likewise widely known, and he directed the construction of hundreds of small dwellings and flats in both Jersey City and Hoboken, N. J. The construction of several buildings for Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.; the present home of the Hudson Trust Company, Hoboken, N. J., and numerous public buildings throughout the State of New Jersey, also stand to his credit in this period of his active career.

From contracting activity, Mr. Tierney extended his sphere of influence into electric railroad construction, operation and ownership, becoming president of the former North Hudson County Railway Company, embracing all the surface roads in the upper part of Hudson County, New Jersey. During his presidency the motive power of these roads was changed from cables and horses to electricity. Mr. Tierney was the originator and builder of what is known as the Hillside road on the trolley system at Fifteenth street, Hoboken, N. J., and the Side Hill road at the Weehawken Ferry, Weehawken, N. J. Public utilities of all kinds claimed his attention, and from 1882 until his death he was vice-president of the Hackensack Water Company, giving earnest attention to its management and exercising an important influence upon its affairs.

It was in the field of finance that Mr. Tierney attained his greatest success, and it was for this line of endeavor that his qualifications best fitted him, worthy as had been his accomplishments in the other lines of business that he had entered. For many years he was a director of the Hudson County National Bank, Jersey City, N. J., and from 1898 until his death was known as one of the foremost financiers of the district. At various times he was a director and vice-president of the First National Bank, Hoboken, N. J.; director of the Corn Exchange Bank, New York City; trustee of the New York Trust Company, New York City; and director of the Commercial Trust Company, Jersey City, N. J., also being a member of the executive committee of the last named institution. For many years he was vice-president and chairman of the executive committee of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, New York City, and played a leading part in the development of this institution into the largest savings bank in the world, a position that it now proudly fills. In 1900 Mr. Tierney became president of the

Hudson Trust Company, Hoboken, N. J., and he with his associates directed its business with such wisdom, foresight and decision that under his leadership it became one of New Jersey's largest and soundest banks. The following is taken from the minutes of the Hudson Trust Company:

The directors of the Hudson Trust Company of Hoboken and West Hoboken, with deep sorrow, are called upon to record the death of their late President, Mr. Myles Tierney, and in doing so they have ordered that the following preamble and resolutions be entered upon the minutes:

Whereas, We have learned with profound sorrow of the death of our beloved associate, Mr. Myles Tierney, President of the Hudson Trust Company for twenty-two years and a director for thirty years, and desiring to place upon the records an expression of the feelings of love and affection in which he was held by every member of the Board, their high esteem for his great ability, their appreciation of his successful labors as chief executive officer of the Trust Company, and their sorrow and regret for his death, it is

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Tierney, the Hudson Trust Company has lost an executive officer who presided over its affairs for a generation, and who, by his courage and great ability, had built up its business to its present proud position. He brought to the office all those sterling qualities which go to make up the ideal executive of a bank. His great business ability, integrity and sound judgment enabled him by advice and suggestion to guide the bank's affairs upon sound and conservative lines and build up for it a name and reputation of which its directors and officers are justly proud. In the various important crises both political and financial through which the country passed during his long term of office he was always found on the side of safety and conservatism.

Resolved, That in their departed and much respected colleague the directors, officers and employees of the Trust Company alike had a true and warm-hearted friend whose every act in public and private life could be pointed to with pride. His name was the synonym for kindness among his intimates. Strong in his convictions, he was frank and outspoken in his views. Kindly and

modest in his nature, unostentatious but discriminating in his many charities, his death will be deplored and his name held in grateful remembrance by every one who knew him.

RESOLVED, That this preamble and resolution be entered in full upon the Minutes of the Board as a token of our sincere respect and sympathy and an engrossed copy thereof be prepared.

That which impressed Mr. Tierney's associates most strongly was his faithful stewardship of his means and his talents. He was never too completely engrossed in the business cares that were his life-long portion to give time to service for the general good. He was appointed by Governor Roosevelt to the original New York Tenement House Commission. Here his practical building knowledge and experience stood him in good stead, and many of the present Tenement House Department Regulations represent the time and study he gave to conditions as they existed in New York. He was appointed by Mayor Seth Low a member of the board of trustees of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals of New York City, was made chairman of the building committee, supervised the alteration and building of Fordham Hospital, Harlem Hospital, and Gouverneur Hospital, and started the new Bellevue Hospital. Influenced, no doubt, by the circumstances of his own boyhood, Mr. Tierney was particularly solicitous for the welfare of children, and no service was too arduous, no gift too generous for him to give to this cause. He was a member of the board of managers of St. Joseph's Day Nursery of New York City, was President of the New York Catholic Protectory, and a member of the board of managers of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin of New York City, and the Spring Valley Fresh Air Home of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. During the latter years of his life, Mr. Tierney was mainly responsible for the establishment of the Lincoln Agricultural School in Lincolndale, N. Y., an institution which it is admitted heads all others in the training of boys in farming and dairy work. He was devoted to all of the activities of his church, was for many years a trustee of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and served as chairman of the Calvary Cemetery Committee. Under his direction many new methods and numerous improvements were instituted in the management of the cemetery, the new mortuary chapel, receiving vaults and

water supply system being some of the results of his activity. His unfailing devotion to his church and the great number and extent of his good works both within and without caused him to be made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Pius X, one of the highest honors conferred upon laymen by the Holy See. The following appears upon the minutes of the board of managers of the New York Catholic Protectory, covering a meeting held January 14, 1921:

Mr. Myles Tierney, President of the Board of Managers of The New York Catholic Protectory, died on January 13, 1921. He was elected to the Board in the autumn of 1895. He served for many years on the various committees of the Board, and in December, 1912, was elected President, an office which he continued to hold without interruption until the time of his death.

Mr. Tierney will be forever remembered by all the friends of the Protectory as the moving spirit in the erection and development of the farm school at Lincolndale. He was the chairman of the committee in charge of the project, planned the enterprise and superintended its construction. Upon its completion he followed its development closely, contributing generously to its maintenance and improvement and giving freely to it of his own most valued time.

He kept in close personal touch with every branch of the institution, and implanted in each of them his own sterling zeal for order, patience, industry, straightforwardness and courage.

Our departed President was of heroic mold. His was the rugged temperament that makes leaders among men. He had firmness of mind, tenacity of purpose and an indomitable will. He was patient, prudent, tactful and wise, and above all he was the very essence of kindness, generosity, charity and love—a deeply religious man, permeated with a never failing realization of his own obligations to God and to his neighbor—an ideal chieftain for an enterprise such as ours, dedicated to the Christian education and upbringing of the young.

In Mr. Tierney's death The New York Catholic Protectory loses a guiding spirit of inestimable value, and each member of the Board of Managers a well beloved and always to be remembered friend.

In view of the foregoing be it resolved that the Board of Managers attend his funeral in a body, and that a copy of the minutes be forwarded, suitably engrossed, to his family.

MICHAEL COLEMAN, Vice-President.

JOSEPH P. GRACE, Secretary.

Among Mr. Tierney's affiliations were those with the United Aid Society of Hoboken, the Catholic Club of the City of New York, the International Catholic Truth Society, the Society of Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society, the American-Irish Historical Society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and the New York Botanical Garden.

Myles Tierney married, in Jersey City, N. J., April 3, 1872, Elizabeth L. N. Finn, of Newark, N. J., born December 20, 1846, daughter of Timothy and Mary A. E. (Downey) Finn, her father an insurance broker. Children of Myles and Elizabeth L. N. (Finn) Tierney: 1. Anna T., deceased; married Dr. John Aspell, of New York City. 2. Lillian M., deceased, married Paul W. A. McMahon, of Montclair, N. J. 3. Myles J., physician, of New York City. 4. John C., contractor, of New York City.

Myles Tierney died in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, January 13, 1921. The farmer boy of many years before had become the noted man of affairs, honored by his fellows for great practical and humanitarian works, and given high recognition by the earth Head of his Church. There is no standard by which the worth of a man can be measured that does not accord him pre-eminence among his fellows, yet such was the friendly kindliness of the man, so even his democracy, that envy of his success and position was never felt. He had received the best that earth could offer, and passed to higher rewards.

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"FROM STEEPJACK BY JAMES G. HUNEKER."

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.

JAMES GIBBONS HENDERSON

THE GAELIC STRAIN IN A GREAT CRITIC AND ESSAYIST

NO LOSS to literature, above all to American literature is about to be compared to the void left by the passing away of James Gibbons Henderson on February 10, 1921 in New York. To our ordinary mind contemplating the world of art and letters, it is the passing of the poet, the dramatist, the master story-teller, the novelist, the painter, the sculptor, the singer, the actor, the dancer, the dancer, which covers the artistic personalities whose death has often pause and lament that a burst of light and color from the world has disappeared. The death of James Gibbons Henderson showed that in literature there was another stamp of greatness whose effulgence fairly dazzled and delighted every sensitive person capable, however poorly, of measuring it, namely, that of the critic and essayist of the seven arts—a critic and essayist who wrote with authority. Critics are the commonplace, for it is the badge of the writing tribe to be critical and to write about it; essayists are plentiful. But we measure upward in these volumes until we reach an altitude of learning, knowledge, discrimination and judgment in both the critic and the essayist where greatness begins. It is characteristic of our time that Henderson's books—seventeen volumes in all—are almost entirely built up of contributions to the periodical press of America—magazines, weeklies and daily papers—and most from the latter. It is equally notable that in the book, the ephemeral character which we associate with such origin is all but entirely missing. They are as if written for all time, dating from the hour of their production. A volume of 1899 reads as fresh and as new today as when it came from the printers. It is quite possible that to the volumes already to his credit many will hereafter be added, for after all they are only his own tilting of his output of work which was enormous. He had an incessant pen, a wonderful command of language, and he ever adorned his work, the slightest to which he touched hand, with something from the vast store of his knowledge of the art world which no other writer in America—the world perhaps—could have in his grasp. Added



JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.

THE GAELIC STRAIN IN A GREAT CRITIC AND ESSAYIST.

No loss to literature, above all to American literature in recent years compares to the void left by the passing away of James Gibbons Huneker on February 10, 1921 in New York. To our ordinary mind contemplating the world of art and letters, it is the passing of the poet, the dramatist, the master story-teller, the historian, the painter, the sculptor, the singer, the actor, the musical composer, which covers the artistic personalities whose death makes men pause and lament that a fount of light and beauty to the world has disappeared. The death of James Gibbons Huneker proved that in literature there was another stamp of greatness whose effulgence fairly dazzled and delighted every man and woman capable, however poorly, of measuring it, namely, that of the critic and essayist of the seven arts—a critic and essayist who wrote with authority. Critics are the commonplace, for it is the badge of the writing tribe to be critical and to write about it: essayists are plentiful. But we measure upward in these matters until we reach an altitude of learning, knowledge, discrimination and judgment in both the critic and the essayist where greatness begins. It is characteristic of our time that Huneker's books—seventeen volumes in all—are almost entirely built up of contributions to the periodical press of America—magazines, weeklies and daily papers—and most from the latter. It is equally notable that in the book, the ephemeral character which we associate with such origins is all but entirely missing. They are as if written for all time, dating from the hour of their production. A volume of 1899 reads as fresh and as true today as when it came from the printers. It is quite possible that to the volumes already to his credit many will hereafter be added, for after all they are only his own sifting of his output of work which was enormous. He had an incessant pen, a wonderful command of language, and he ever adorned his work, the slightest to which he touched hand, with something from the vast stores of his knowledge of the art world which no other writer in America—the world perhaps—could have in his grasp. Added

to a marvellous memory, he was gifted to use a lightning recognition of likenesses or pointed dissimilarities which served to stimulate him to the luminous comparisons which are among the certificates of greatness in the working plan of criticism. The titles of most of his books do not often help one strange to his work. They are generally more ascriptive than descriptive, mostly, I presume, an endeavor on his part to strike a general note that will harmonize with some special quality emphasized in the essays and criticisms that make up the book. Here is the list:—*Mezzotints in Modern Music* (1899), *Chopin:—The Man and His Music* (1900), *Melomaniacs* (1902), *Overtones* (1904), *Iconoclasts; A Book of Dramatists* (1905), *Visionaries* (1905), *Egoists; A Book of Supermen* (1909), *Promenades of an Impressionist* (1910), *Franz Liszt* (1911), *The Pathos of Distance* (1912), *New Cosmopolis* (1915), *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks* (1915), *Unicorns* (1917), *Bedouins* (1920), *Steeplejack*, 2 vols., an autobiography (1920), *The Painted Veil* (1921). In these volumes he roams over the field of the arts, care-free, heart-free, picturing matters and men with a masterhood that here we cannot stay to describe or analyze, or to make constructive excerpts from his works by way of illustration.

The point of this brief, heartfelt tribute to the genius of Huneker in the *Journal of the American Irish Historical Society* is that for all of the Hun in the German name of Huneker, he derived a full half of his being from the Irish race, and as to scholarly bent, artistic leaning and literary predisposition, he gave the credit to his adored mother, born Mary Gibbons, a daughter of James Gibbons who saw the light in 1801 in Donegal, who "not finding the politics of his land to his taste, did what millions of his countrymen have done, emigrated to America." This was in 1820. He married Sarah Duffy and settled in Philadelphia.

James Gibbons was a leading spirit among the Irishmen and Catholics of Philadelphia during the last twenty years of his life, a zealous Fenian in the sixties, and, up to the day of his death in 1873, a determined hater of England for her misgovernment of Ireland. He was a forceful, fluent speaker, and he wrote a large sheaf of patriotic poems that were read and liked in Fenian circles. He was made a Fenian Senator, and Vice-President after the Civil War. Well I recall the zealot in his clean-shaven, eager

face, his hair off his forehead, as he addressed a Fenian Convention in Philadelphia in 1869 or '70. His words burned with an inner flame. Meeting him thereafter I recall his simple human friendliness and his love of poetry. He was all Irish—an earnest soul, a man who sacrificed much and labored hard for Ireland in days of gloom and hours of hope. To his daughter, Mary Gibbons, Hunecker pays beautiful tribute. Devoting a chapter of *Steeplejack* to "My Mother" he says:

"The few wits I possess came to me from my mother, who was a woman of brains, above all, of character. Before twenty she was the principal of a high school somewhere in Kensington. She saw men shot in the streets during the Know-Nothing riots of 1844, and also the burning of St. Augustine's Church on Fourth Street. She always had the faith, but these outrages on the Irish and her religion crystallized this faith. She was a pious and practical Churchwoman. Her erudition was notable. In matters of theology I never met her superior among her sex. I was inducted into the noble literature of Bossuet and Pere Lacordaire, early in my teens. * * * Yet she was not a bigot. She did not condemn to the everlasting bonfire dissenters from her faith."

His mother was anxious to see him enter the Church as a priest, but he says, "I hadn't the vocation." Indeed he had not—the courses of reading which he chose prove that. In this same chapter he says: "I had been confirmed at St. Malachi's by Bishop Woods, afterwards Archbishop, as I had been dedicated at St. Michael's by Bishop Gibbons, later Cardinal James Gibbons. I was taken by my mother into the Sacristy at St. Michaels and kissed the hand of that distinguished churchman."

But nothing could make a priest of him. It is quite in the character of Hunecker that he should not in relating these things have told of his mother's cousinship to the great Cardinal, and hence his own, one step removed. But even now it is well to know it, and note it, and to note that the chorus of tribute and lamentation which went up all over the United States from the highest to the lowest, from our greatest officials, our university and college authorities, from the high priests of a score of creeds, down to the plainest citizen when the aged Cardinal passed away, was merely an expansion to the entire nation of the very similar, widespread personal grief that went up from the America of thought and art when the papers last February told that James Gibbons Hunecker lay dead at his home in Flatbush, N. Y., after

four days' illness and a month past his sixty-first birthday. Blood will tell.

I have no doubt, however, that his great musical talent came from his father, John Huneker, a man of most companionable character and artistic taste who led a blameless, useful life and provided well for his family of a wife and two sons of which James was the younger. Martin I. J. Griffin of Philadelphia, "an authority" says Huneker in *Steeplejack* "in historical research, a genealogist, particularly interested in old American Catholic families, wrote my brother, John Huneker, that Mark Honyker, in 1782, gave twenty-five pounds to enlarge St. Mary's Church. He was an uncle of John Huneker (Huneker's father). Your family in Philadelphia goes back to 1700, and were among the earliest Catholic settlers. Huneker continues:

"A tradition is that the family originally stemmed from Hungary, then an autonomous state. An old Viennese Bible, dated 1750, spells the name Hunykyr, though we can't claim alliance with the noblest among Hungarian families, Jonas Hunyadi. Well I recollect the fear this bible aroused with its pictures of the damned in hell: indeed I conceived my first prejudices against the theological hell from these cruel illustrations."

But the Huneker blood was not all Hungarian. Huneker's father's mother was a Bowman, of English descent and there were plain Pennsylvania Dutch also among his forbears on his father's side. "My love of pictorial art was fostered at home, my passion for music stimulated in a musical atmosphere. My father was an easy-going man with a waggish disposition and a large fund of dry humor, which found expression in pithy, if not always parliamentary expressions."

Music had found expression in his father's family for generations. His grandfather, John Huneker, had been a church organist—at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church certainly after 1806—and choir leader nearly all his life, and music was the life occupation of his great-grandfather. Of his father, Huneker tells us that he was a music lover, a singer of ballads with a rich baritone voice, a constant patron of such music as Philadelphia could sustain or procure, and entertained all prominent musicians reaching the town of the Quakers during Huneker's boyhood, such as Thalberg, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull and other charmers of tone from piano or violin, men in the full light of worldwide musical fame. His father, too, was a collector in

"black and white," and when in 1904 his collection was sold in New York it contained thousands of pieces of high quality:—mezzotints, line-engravings, etchings and lithographs. "That collection" says Hunecker "not only educated my eye, educated me in the various schools, but it gave me the first æsthetic thrill of my life."

Thus we see James growing towards the two great arts that, with literature were to be the main interest of his life—music and pictorial art. Meanwhile he had been attending Roth's military Academy from which he graduated from in 1873. He had been a haunter of picture galleries and an all-devouring reader from his ninth year, seeking the widest range in poetry, fiction, essays and descriptive writing. He was an impassioned piano student. Sending him to a law office, he passed his days in utter boredom. Another attempt was made to get him to work in another business. It was in vain. The Centennial Exposition of 1876 brought new and wider art-horizons to Philadelphia, and James grasped all he could learn from its pictures and sculptures in marble and metal. He fixed his mind on following his art emotions to France, to Paris with the view of making mastery of the piano his lifework. We need not follow the details of his subsequent educational history. They can be found in his fascinating *Steeplejack*. He never went to an American University. He reached Paris in October 1878 and plunged into his work, living on a sea of art enjoyment in that city of the art world, and toiling six to eight hours a day at the piano.

He did not succeed in becoming quite the master of the instrument that he had dreamed. He knew his music thoroughly, his performance was fine technically: he had a beautiful touch but public exhibition became through an abiding shyness of temperament, impossible to him. He expanded, however, in his destined ways, knowing intimately all the art wonders of the French capital and knowing and measuring its literary and art workers through intensive study of their works. He studied languages and became perfect in French, German, Italian, and burned his way through their literature. It was here he began his newspaper work, writing articles for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. At length in about 1880 he returned to Philadelphia.

Some five years of study and piano teaching followed and in February 1886 he went to New York which for twenty-five years became his home and then, except for his annual months of Summer travel and residence in Europe—Paris, Berlin, Munich, Prague, Christiana, Stockholm, Rome, he found a hearth in the Long Island suburb of Flatbush.

In New York after a period of piano teaching in the National Conservatory of Music under Rafael Joseffy, his drift to newspaper work, which he called Bohemianism, became definite. At first he wrote for musical papers only. Then for four years he was music and dramatic critic of the *N. Y. Recorder*. Subsequently he held the same position on the *N. Y. Advertiser*—both papers long since dead. Years followed in which he did art, musical, dramatic and literary criticism for the *New York Sun* (in the time of the Laffan regime) for the *New York Times* and the *New York World*. It was the latter post which he held when going home to Flatbush from the Opera last February he had an attack of giddiness. A "cold" developed. It proved to be pneumonia, and, falling asleep four days later, he did not waken. Alas!

It was not so long before that from the endurance with which he carried the tremendous mountain of his work, not a dent on his splendid physique, his time of Bohemian revelry nigh twenty years down the wind, that he playfully wrote he would not be surprised to live fifty years further into the century. And he truly was a splendid looking man through his manhood. Tall and commanding, he stood on stalwart limbs, was broad and deep of chest with finely formed head and massive brow, dented deeply with the upright "lines of concentration" between the strongly marked eyebrows. His latter portraits show a severity of expression that came from the depths of his study, his habit of professional combat with the problems of his work rather than from the depths of his nature which were sunny and warm and affectionate, as any who knew him could at any time prove.

It was something to have known this man, to be of those in whom at need he confided, but it is of moment that those who knew him at work and play should testify their knowledge of him. No more genial or brilliant man in everyday contact breathed. His enormous erudition was always at service, but it

exacted little from others. He seemed to have no bitternesses. He had dislikes, as for instance, "canned music." It was not snobbery, but the revolt of the lifelong virtuoso to whom tone, interval, the dynamic were not for machines. Knowing as he must have come to know, his hundred superiorities, he cherished a certain shyness, an apparently real self-measuring that gave him almost the garb of humility. Yet boldness, freedom, modernity characterized his writings. His manner of flinging light across light from scores of sources and angle in illuminating a subject made his work fascinating and unique. Of European art, music, drama, literature and philosophy he knew the entire gamut, constantly increasing his store. His knowledge kept the level of the day.

No one could be more aware than he of the Celtic in his being. It was there for all men to see. His interest in the modern Irish renaissance was keen. The work of William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, Johnson, Russell, Stephens, James Joyce, St. John Ervine and others he was familiar with, as he was the repository of Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Turgeniev, Ibsen, Flaubert, De Maupassant, Bergson, Freud, Huysmans, Newman and so on in scores. In his book "Unicorns," he has papers on James Joyce, Bernard Shaw and George Moore. He once said jestingly quoting another: "I have read everything," and it seemed so, for every writer you mentioned to him would seem already ticketed, weighed and measured in his brain. He wrote some fiction, but usually it was short and went to prove a contention of his intellect. Of late years, with many lapses, he was tending toward the faith of his early youth. Once he wrote to me that as the years went on he only saw safety in the Church. "I am a 'Hickory' Catholic" he says in *Steeplejack*. For other Christian faiths or cults he had no predilection whatever. He admired the Jewish intellect. He was hospitable to agnosticism. What he would have become we may not know.

It may be added to this brief tribute that he was married three times. His first wife was Miss Clinton, the talented sculptress. As so often happens in married life where all the conditions seem propitious, some unexpected differences are discovered. The lady had beauty, talent, charm of manner, high ideals, yet after a short term she passed out of his life—*sans rancune*. I went with him

to the steamer when she was sailing to Europe after the break. There was stoicism on both sides as they said farewell. "She will be better off," he said as we walked away. "And you?" I said. "I have my work," he said. He never alluded to the lady in my hearing thereafter. The modernity of it all was something of a shock.

The greatly interesting thing to me, apart from my strong liking for the man, is that he stems so strongly from the Irish race, that he was collaterally kin to the great Cardinal James Gibbons, and like him exhibiting so many brilliant, unique facets in the great precious stone of his mind. His power of memory was of course congenital. I never knew but one other man who had it, namely Morgan Doheny, son of the dashing Irish Michael Doheny of 1848, and who also died young. James Gibbons Huneker's work will be the live evaluation of the Seven Arts during the half century bounded by his boyhood and his death.

Let me finally quote the brief opinion of H. L. Mencken, perhaps the most distinguished critic and essayist left to us. It reached the world from Baltimore when his friends and fellow-workers in New York were honoring Huneker's name, genius and lovable personality at a decorous funeral gathering at the Town Hall, which might perhaps have been more fitly held at the Cathedral. It runs:—"Huneker almost created civilized taste in the United States. Before his time criticism was three-fourths moral, and the fine arts were regarded as mere means "to improve" the mind. He taught the young generation that beauty was an end in itself—that a first rate work of art was its own excuse for existence. The man was learned, hospitable to ideas, curious, amusing and charming. No other critic of his time, in any art, is to be mentioned in the same breath with him."

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

July, 1921.

MARY A. KEENA.

The death of Miss Mary A. Keena, a member of this Society, took place on March 7th, 1921. It was a sad and serious loss to the host of enthusiastic workers in America for the cause of Ireland's freedom. While she was attending the Convention at

Syracuse, N. Y., called by the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, she was taken ill and died two weeks later.

Mary A. Keena was born of Irish parents, who had left their native land to seek the opportunity in America that was denied them in Ireland. John Keena and Mary Galvin were pioneers in the Middle Western States. When their daughter Mary was two years old they settled in Jackson, Mich., where she was educated by the Sisters of the Immaculate Virgin. Even as a young girl her leadership began to declare itself for she would assemble together the young girls like herself and try to interest them in the beloved land of her parents. Later she founded a reading circle to foster their faith and to keep also the traditions of Ireland, and her efforts were not in vain for she created interest in Ireland's freedom wherever she went.

After the death of her parents she came to New York, where in a quiet way she continued this work, while maintaining a business in which she was most successful. During this time she made several trips to Ireland. From her study of its art, literature, geographical situation, excellent harbors and the industrious habits of its people, Ireland's hopes to her stand among the great nations of the world would yet, she believed, become an assured fact.

After the Easter rebellion of 1916, she realized that Ireland's dawn was breaking. Being a natural diplomat, she saw that a powerful propaganda should be started to arouse the patriotism of those of Irish blood in America. She gave unselfishly of herself and did her part for Ireland as bravely and truly as any soldier in the battle line.

Believing that in unity there is strength, she gave every assistance to Irish organizations, and about a month before her death organized the Riverside Council of the A. A. R. I. R. Its membership exceeds any other council in New York City. She was its first Vice-President.

When the press refused to give the truth of the atrocities committed by the British in Ireland, Mary A. Keena led a number of patriotic American women to Washington, where by picketing the British Embassy and throwing the flashlight of truth on our own

government, she helped to attract the attention of the American people to a knowledge of the brutality of the English Government and the atrocities in Ireland.

When she was asked, "How can you appear in public to be ridiculed and abused?" She would answer: "It has been a hard, hard duty, but as I cannot shoulder a gun, I will at least let our people know what the horrors of British militarism are."

She was most energetic in distributing O'Brien's "A Hidden Phase of American History" so as to make our people familiar with the great part the Irish took in building up America. Possessed of great dignity and culture, her personality made her successful in many ways others would not undertake. She gave and gave of the light that was in her until it flickered out.

On March 17, 1921, the Riverside Council attended Mass at Holy Trinity Church, West 82d Street, New York City, for the repose of her soul. Rev. John G. McCormick spoke in eloquent terms of Mary A. Keena and her life work.

DENNIS JOSEPH DOUGHERTY, D.D., LL.D.
SIXTH AMERICAN CARDINAL OF THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By THOMAS HOBBS MAGINNISS, JR.

The two decades preceding the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States were the period of the greatest influx of immigrants from Ireland. They came from north and south, east and west,—cottiers, farmers, laborers, gentry. Most of them came from homes of direst poverty, in a land that offered little opportunity for even a bare living and very remote possibility of rising above the conditions to which they had been born; yet thousands of these immigrants had a remarkable influence on the industrial growth of our country and the development of its physical resources, and were the founders of families that are the backbone of our political, religious, and cultural progress.

Among these immigrants were Patrick Dougherty and Bridget (Henry), his wife, who came from the County Mayo. They were just like countless others that came to our shores, with little else but pride of race and the undying "hope" that is inherent in Irish character. They settled in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, in Schuylkill County, and here in a frame house on "Main Street", Homesville, their fourth child, Dennis Joseph, was born August 16, 1865. Shortly after this event the family moved to Ashland, a village two and a half miles away, but later returned to their former residence at Homesville. Patrick Dougherty passed away thirty years ago; his widow departed this life, June 4, 1920, at the age of 90, leaving surviving her five daughters and five sons, namely: Mrs. Edward Monaghan and Mrs. P. J. McCormick of Philadelphia; the Misses Winifred, Rose, Annie and Anthony of Homesville; Patrick of Girardville; and Dennis Joseph, the subject of this sketch. The Misses Dougherty and their brother Anthony occupy the old homestead. Miss Annie is a school teacher, while Anthony is Tax Collector for Butler Township, an office that has remained in the family since his father held it before him. The homestead within recent years has been modernized by

the addition of steam heat, electric light and a bath room, but the water supply is still obtained from a pump that stands in the front yard, a silent reminder to the occupants of the hardships of earlier days.

The boy, Dennis Joseph Dougherty, attended the public schools at Ashland and Girardville. He received his early religious training at St. Joseph's Church of Girardville and served there as an altar boy. There are men now living in Homerville and Girardville who played baseball with him as a youth. There are men and women living there who remember seeing little "Dennie" Dougherty wending his way homeward from his work as a breaker boy, carrying his dinner pail, his face and hands black with coal dust. But few men have received so great an ovation as that which was accorded this same Dennis Dougherty by all classes and creeds of men and women on his arrival at Philadelphia, in May 1921 from Rome, where he had been invested with the high rank of Cardinal of the Catholic Church. Only the highest and most outstanding merits are crowned by the Cardinalial dignity. Severe and searching scrutiny of his life and character precedes the elevation of an ecclesiastic to this exalted rank, and the College of Cardinals is quite unique in that all its members possess a record of excellence and service unparalleled by any other body of men.

Like thousands of other boys of his generation, born of Irish parents, Dennis Dougherty had the stuff successful men are made of. At the age of fourteen he passed the entrance examination for admission to the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, Pennsylvania, but those in authority thought him too young to enter and he was refused admission. After two year's study at St. Mary's College, Montreal, he again took the examination for a higher class at St. Charles Borromeo and was admitted to the class he had tried to enter at 14. Although the youngest in his class, he immediately took first place and continued to hold it until three years thereafter when he was sent by the late Archbishop Ryan to the American College in Rome, where he studied for five years, taking the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1890, and was ordained in Rome May 31, 1890, by the late Cardinal Parocchi. On his return to Philadelphia he was appointed professor in the Seminary

of St. Charles Borromeo, where he remained for thirteen years. He was successively American Bishop in the Philippines, Bishop of Buffalo, and in 1918, at the age of 55, was appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia, one of the youngest men ever named for the post of Archbishop of that See. Within a few months after his appointment as Archbishop of Philadelphia an epidemic of influenza threatened to assume the proportions of a plague in the city. The municipal authorities sent forth appeals for help. Later, in a letter to the Archbishop the Mayor said: "The epidemic came upon us so suddenly and developed so rapidly that there was no time for preparation and the help which was so urgently needed to cope with the conditions had to be offered promptly. Our call for help not only received ready and prompt response on the part of the Archbishop, but the help and assistance at once offered by his Grace and the nuns was of the kind which was immediately effective. There were no means at the command of his Grace which he did not place immediately at the disposal of the health authorities. The prompt opening of those buildings within the jurisdiction of the Archbishop as emergency hospitals and the equipment of them placed at our disposal facilities which we needed so urgently and which beyond any doubt resulted in the saving of innumerable lives. I have never seen a greater demonstration of real charity or self-sacrifice than has been given by the Sisters in their nursing of the sick, irrespective of the creed or color of the victims, whenever the Nuns were sent. I look upon the services rendered by the Archbishop and the Nuns as one of the most potent aids in making the headway we have toward getting control of the epidemic."

The Cardinal's work has taken him into twenty-six countries; he speaks fourteen languages and is said to be one of the most able administrators the Catholic Church has ever had in America. Among his stupendous achievements in Philadelphia in three years are the establishment of twenty-one new parishes, seven new religious orders and many institutions, and performing all of the archiepiscopal duties without the aid of an auxiliary bishop.

He was one of the most active workers for the various Liberty Loans, Red Cross and other war work, and weekly sent letters and preached on the power of the Church to assist in great national and public affairs.

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HON. EDWARD D. WHITE



SEN. CHARLES McNAMARA

CHIEF JUSTICE EDWARD D. WHITE.

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK S. GANNON, JR., JUSTICE SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK STATE, JUNE 5, 1921.

Each night for many years a kindly old gentleman stopped at the same flower-shop in Washington and asked to see its wares. The same young lady, growing mellow, too, year by year, spread them proudly before his gaze, and he selected the daintiest, the gracefulest, the most fragrant flower—just one—and when the sales girl asked: "Shall I wrap it up?" he always answered the identical words: "No, thank you; I'll carry it in my hand and let it get the air." Then the old gentleman bowed gravely and trudged off home to his wife with his fragrant greeting. Washington folks cannot remember when this was not how Justice White changed his official responsibilities for his domestic tranquility.

Why is it that the truly great always have some trait of child-like simplicity? Lincoln had it, and Leo XIII. It seems that a ray of celestial sunshine remains in their evening from their golden youth and lends its lustre to their every word and act.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the greatest example of moral force that the human mind has ever evolved. It began in distrust and obscurity. States openly flouted its decisions. President Jackson less than a century ago publicly denied its right to check the executive or legislative branches of the government. When the capital was moved to Washington, no provision was made for the housing of this august tribunal, so little was it regarded. It has no arm of force to compel its decree; no police power to call upon to uphold its laws. Yet in the short space of a century, from Marshall's time to the day of Justice White, by the pure exercise of its moral influence, by its insistent dignity and self respect it has become the most powerful force for the good of mankind at home and through all the earth that the human race ever has known and perhaps ever will know,—and this marvelous, overshadowing growth is due to the ability, the integrity, the genius of the men who have sat in that tribunal, and especially to the leadership of the judges who have filled the

chair of the Chief Justice. It was the responsibility of Chief Justice White which he fearlessly and ably accepted to preside in his court during the most perilous and important years in the history of his country, perhaps of civilization.

It is almost amazing to realize that the life of this government can be measured by the mature careers of eight men. From Jay to White there have been only that number of Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. After twenty-seven years on the Supreme Bench of the United States, Chief Justice Edward D. White died on May 19th, 1921, at Washington. He was born in Louisiana, November 3rd, 1845, and educated at three noted Catholic institutions,—Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Maryland; the Jesuit College at New Orleans, and Georgetown University. Before his graduation the Civil War broke out and he enlisted in the Confederate Army where he served with fidelity and ability. He next took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1868. Interesting himself in politics, he was elected State Senator in Louisiana in 1874, and four years later was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of his native State, a place filled by him with distinction for twelve years. He then was elected to the United States Senate from Louisiana and was sitting when President Cleveland appointed him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States on February 19th, 1894. He finally achieved the highest position that his country could offer him in his judicial capacity when, on December 12th, 1910, President Taft selected him for Chief Justice. It was the first time that a President had chosen a Chief Justice from an opposing political party.

Justice White was noted for probably the most retentive and accurate memory ever possessed by a Supreme Court Justice. He dictated his opinions to a stenographer and had them written out, and then delivered them from memory, letter-perfect, without so much as glancing at the manuscript. In like manner he was able to cite authorities at great length without referring to the books. Justice White received the Laetare Medal from the University of Notre Dame in 1914, and the degree of LL.D. from Georgetown College, from St. Louis University and from Harvard, and that of Doctor of Canon Law from Trinity.

Fitting and deserved were the words of ranking Justice McKenna delivered at the Capitol a few days ago, as he faced the empty chair and the somber drapery upon it that had so long been occupied by Justice White. "What of the future of these United States? Anticipating it I see no shadow on his fame, no lessening of his example nor of the impression his life and services have made upon the country. I venture comparisons. I make full concessions of the recognized and illustrious merit of those who have preceded him. I make full admission, in assured prophecy, of the abilities of those who will succeed him; yet, considering his qualities and their exercises, I dare to say that, as he has attained, he will forever keep a distinct eminence among the Chief Justices of these United States."

And this great Judge was also a Christian gentleman, a practical Catholic. The man who bought one of God's flowers every evening for the woman that God united to him saw nothing in the complication of civilized life, in the advancement of the sciences, to rob him of the simple faith that he learned at his mother's knee, and whatever the world may think, we know that this is the capstone of his greatness. So with sincerity we say "There is a man," and with more than ordinary confidence we pray "Peace to his Soul."

CAPTAIN MICHAEL PIGGOTT.

Captain Michael Piggott, a member of this Society, veteran officer of the Civil War, loyal American, intense patriot and deep sympathizer with the cause of Ireland, died from the infirmities of advanced age at the family home on East Vermont street, at Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 10, 1921.

A resident of Quincy for more than sixty years, Captain Piggott was for many years prominent in the public and political affairs of the city. He served as postmaster for sixteen years, receiving his first appointment from President Grant and also filled other important government positions.

Born at Thurles, Ireland, September 29, 1833, Captain Piggott came to this country in his childhood, his family locating in St. Louis where he learned the trade of brick mason. Coming to Quincy in 1854, he promptly found work at his trade and assisted

in building the original brick factory of the Collins Plow Company, still standing at Twelfth and Vermont streets, the Pinkham residence at Fourteenth and Maine Streets and others of the older buildings, prominent and important in their day.

At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, Captain Piggott enlisted early in 1861 in the Birges Sharp Shooters, in St. Louis. He was soon transferred to the 66th Illinois Infantry and made captain of company F. Serving his full three years' enlistment and taking part in many of the notable battles of the war, he re-enlisted when his time expired and soon after started with Sherman's Army on its march to the sea. In a skirmish at the head of his command, near Resaca, Georgia, he was shot in the ankle with a minie ball, the wound resulting in the loss of his leg.

About the time of the close of the war, with the late Gen. William A. Schmitt, Captain Piggott organized a company and built the skating rink at Ninth and Jersey streets, at that time one of the largest and finest natural ice rinks in the entire country. He was afterward appointed gauger in the internal revenue service and later door keeper in the House of Representatives, at Washington. In 1869 he was appointed postmaster of Quincy by President Grant, serving until the first election of Grover Cleveland, a period of sixteen years. He was for a time engaged in the plumbing business after he retired from the post office and was later appointed claim agent in the Indian department serving in Kansas.

Captain Piggott was married in 1855, to Eleanor Ann Cannell, who passed away in 1901. He is survived by two sons, Joseph and Schuyler and four daughters, Jane, Fannie, Eleanor and Catherine. One son, Robert, died while his father was in the army.

A strong partisan, having the courage of his convictions, Captain Piggott was a recognized leader in the Republican party in this county and congressional district for a term of years. He was one of the organizers of the Irish Republican National League, prominent in political affairs some years ago.

Kindly and generous, this veteran soldier, never free from suffering from his wound received in battle, making a brave fight against serious odds, was ever ready to extend help to the needy. There was sincere sorrow in many Quincy homes at the announcement of his passing.

JUSTICE MATTHEW P. BREEN.

Among my first friends in America was a brilliant, clean-shaven, well-built young man who had come out of Ireland two years before—that is in 1866—bringing with him an inviting address, such education as Queen's College of Dublin afforded and a determination to enter the law. At college a forensic aptitude had led him toward the latter calling, and we had many a sample of it of evenings in the cheery parlor of our boarding house—103 East Broadway. We were a merry company there—mostly young fellows in the twenties whose Fenian activities in Ireland and England had pointed to the pathway of expatriation. Matthew P. Breen, the young man I am describing, could hold his own among them, such charming companions as Edmond O'Donovan, afterwards famous for his "Ride to Khiva;" his learned brother, John, afterwards Professor of Greek, both sons of the great Celtic scholar and writer, Dr. John O'Donovan of Dublin; James O'Kelly, a sculptor who had served in the French Foreign Legion in Mexico, and was later Member of Parliament for Mayo; with the late Denis Spellissy and a dozen more of like origins, some with distinguished service in the American Civil War. Breen had had no nationalist history, but like others of the gentry in County Clare where he was born, he felt and thought on our side. He was one of us, welcome to join in our songs and fun or sit in with us in our colorful gatherings in our own rooms that often lasted half the night with stories, choruses and hot punch. He had a fund of faintly acidulous humor, but he comes out clearest in my memory standing up and declaiming in full sincerity with a fine flow of language and a turn for epigram. Indeed on two or three occasions we went to hear him debate in public halls on American topics with great success. He passed his law examinations in flying colors and hung out his shingle with Spellissy.

A couple of years naturally sufficed to scatter the circle of young joyous spirits of "Happy hundred and three." Life demanded serious effort, and the pleasant memories and affections alone remained of it. Breen worked assiduously at the law. Also he entered New York politics. For a Democrat that meant Tammany Hall. He became a member of the Executive Committee. In 1879 however at the Syracuse Convention he repu-

diated the Tiger and joined the Independents, allying himself with the Greater New York Democracy. He lived in the Bronx, and in 1881 served in the Assembly. Next year he fathered the Landlord and Tenant Act. He also aided in the Rapid Transit and Harlem Railroad Bills and worked for the original measure to establish the five cent fare on all city transit lines. He was later made Deputy Register of New York County. For a while he was partner with Daniel F. Cohalan, now Justice of the Supreme Court. Twenty years ago he published a book entitled, "Thirty Years of New York Politics," which attracted wide attention at the time, his career enabling him in his intimate knowledge of local affairs to say he knew the Democratic organization "looking out and looking in."

In 1902, Mayor Seth Low appointed him Police Magistrate, in which capacity he gave a total active service of fifteen years, receiving an unsought, unexpected reappointment from Mayor Gaynor when his original ten year term was expiring, the Mayor recognizing in him a devoted public servant mentally above the general run of City Magistrates and with a turn like himself for judicial apothegm and dry human humor. Many of Judge Breen's rulings and decisions have governed procedure in the Magistrates' court. Most of his richest and best utterances are buried in bluebooks and reports. His fine inner spirit, his enthusiasms, his warm, true friendships live in the bosoms of his wide army of friends, and most perhaps in the oldest like myself. Some three years ago he fell ill, and although devotedly served and ministered to, was unable to remount the bench, and retired to private life about three months before August 22, 1921 when he passed away amid his family in his seventy-sixth year.

Of the manner in which he relieved the drab humdrum of his court, *The Sun* has recalled an episode that may well stand for a salient example:

"I can't hold you because of lack of evidence," he remarked once to a 16-year-old pickpocket who came before him, "but I will ask you to step aside for the moment until the next case is disposed of and I trust you will give that case your earnest attention."

A decrepit gray haired old man of 72 years shambled in and stood before the rail in his ragged clothes, awaiting the disposition of his case. This ancient scarecrow was a pickpocket who had plied his trade for fifty years.

"Take a good look at this man," said the Magistrate to the youth. "His present condition represents the highest possible success in the career you have chosen, for with the exception of eighteen months he has managed to keep out of jail for half a century of crime. He elected to choose a career in which all the odds are against one, and to-day he is a helpless outcast that society is brazenly anxious to bury and get out of the way."

Judge Breen was twice married. His surviving children are of his second marriage to Miss Cull, a stately beauty who preserves her charm in her widowhood along with the comforting memory of her long and close devotion. There are two sons, lawyers, and two daughters, Grace—who is the wife of William Joseph Clarke, my son—and her younger sister, May. Judge Breen was for many years a member of the American Irish Historical Society, and Ireland was always dear to his heart.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

Sept. 17, 1921.

HON. FRANKLIN M. DANAHER.

Judge Franklin M. Danaher, prominent Albanian, and leading member of the bar of New York State, died suddenly at Gloucester, Mass., August 27, 1921, where he was on his annual vacation. The news of his demise came as a great shock to the people of this city, for Judge Danaher was apparently in the best of health when he was in town a few days ago.

Judge Danaher was one of Albany's best known citizens. He was sixty-six years of age, having been born in Albany on June 27, 1855. He was educated in the public schools and at the Christian Brothers' Academy, from which institution he was graduated. He taught school for a short time after graduating and then entered the law office of Warren S. Kelly and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He conducted an extensive law practice for many years in partnership with Col. Anson S. Wood, for a long period Deputy Secretary of State. Judge Danaher was elected Judge of the City Court of Albany and served on that bench for a period of twelve years.

Judge Danaher was a deep student of social and economic problems, a vigorous and able writer, an authority on the history of Albany and on antiquities, and took a most active part in the making of the arrangements for the celebration of Albany's

Bi-Centennial in 1886. The memorial card and the Bi-Centennial Flag were designed from ideas suggested by Judge Danaher. Judge Danaher was a member and was secretary of the State Board of Law Examiners for many years. He had an extensive law practice and was legal representative of the J. B. Lyon Co. for some 30 years.

Judge Danaher married Miss Mary Low, sister of Will Low, the famous artist. Mrs. Danaher and their three daughters, Mary Danaher, Eleanor, now Mrs. Ralph Starr Butler, residing at Bronxville, N. Y.; and Elsie, now Mrs. Pratt, wife of Dr. Frederick Pratt, also of Bronxville, survive the deceased. Judge Danaher was the first president of the Alumni Association of the Christian Brothers' Academy, a member of the Dongan Club, the Albany Club, the Catholic Union and other local organizations. Judge Danaher was a member of the parish of St. Vincent de Paul. He resided at 437 Western Avenue.

Members of the Albany County Bar association, judges of the various courts and personal friends unite in paying many tributes to the late Judge Franklin M. Danaher.

J. Sheldon Frost, president of the Albany County Bar association, appointed the following committee to prepare a memorial upon the death of Judge Danaher: P. C. Dugan, chairman; T. F. Wilkinson, John T. Cook, Michael D. Reilly and Charles E. Brennan.

Former Judge Thomas F. Wilkinson, a life long friend of Judge Danaher, paid a glowing tribute to him, emphasizing his sterling character, his culture and liberal scholarly attainments.

Judge Hirschfeld expressed the sorrow of the court upon the death of Judge Danaher, sketching the time when he was judge of the city court, his long and active career before the bar, his high character and the efficient service as Secretary of the State Board of Examiners, and his unselfish devotion to all patriotic and civic work.

The funeral was held from Judge Danaher's late residence, 437 Western avenue, and from St. Vincent de Paul's church. The Rev. Father William R. Charles officiated.

The pall bearers were Judge D-Cady Herrick, former Governor Martin H. Glynn, Charles M. Winchester, Daniel J. Dugan, Ellis B. Staley, Peter D. Kiernan, William F. Beutler, Isaac Blauvelt,

Ernest Barvoerts, John A. Delahanty, John Reynolds and Frank B. Graves.

IN MEMORIAM.

The directors of the Albany Institute and Historical and Art Society have placed upon the records of the Society the following minutes:

Franklin M. Danaher, a citizen of Albany, honored for his legal attainments, acknowledged for his civic activities, his appreciation of art and his intimate acquaintance with the history of this ancient town, has passed from this life.

For many years Judge Danaher was a member of the board of directors, having been successively reelected to that office with the expiration of his term since the time of his first membership in the board twenty-one years ago. He was active in the original consolidation of the institute with the Historical and Art Society and was a staunch and vigorous supporter of its efforts and purposes, always ready with counsel and with action, never reluctant to give freely of his expert knowledge on its behalf. His service to the society has been generous, sincere and unfailing and was a measure of his appreciation of its usefulness and of his confidence in its benefits to the community. His allegiance was affectionate and parental, endearing and inspiring, and his labors on its behalf have borne fruit in usefulness to this city.

AMASA J. PARKER,
ROBERT OLCOTT,
EDWARD N. MCKINNEY,
For the Directors.

FUNERAL OF JUDGE DANAHER.

The mortal remains of former Judge Franklin M. Danaher were consigned to their final resting place and a high tribute of honor was paid to the memory of that distinguished Albanian. Impressive services were conducted at St. Vincent de Paul's church and were attended by a congregation of representative citizens. It was, indeed, a most befitting farewell to a man who had lived a life of great usefulness, who had rendered eminent service to the community and who, by his sterling character and nobility of nature, had enshrined himself in the hearts of his

fellow men. Enjoying apparently the best of health and vigor but a few days ago it is difficult to realize that for him the final knell has sounded and that earth will know no more his genial smile and the accents of his pleasant and cheering voice. The chapter which he contributed to the book of existence is laden with precious treasures of mind and heart—with a wealth of worth-while accomplishments. A more glorious page has been turned for him but the memory of his life will live on, an inspiration to those who came within the radius of its influence.

It is requested that notice of the death of members of the Society be sent to the Secretary-General with published or special account of the deceased.

FORM OF APPLICATION

247

TO THE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE AMERICAN
IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Dear Sir:

*I hereby apply for membership in the American Irish Historical Society
and enclose check (or P. O. Money Order) for
\$5.00 for Initiation Fee and Dues for current year.
\$50.00 Initiation Fee and Life Membership.*

Name

Occupation

Address

Date of Application.....

*Proposed by.....

*Initiation fee and dues for current year \$5.00.
Annual dues \$5.00. Life membership fee \$50.00.*

**Where an applicant is unacquainted with a member it is not necessary to
fill this line.*

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